Collier's

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Why Does Ike Say:

'BETTER CHECK THAT WITH HERB'

•

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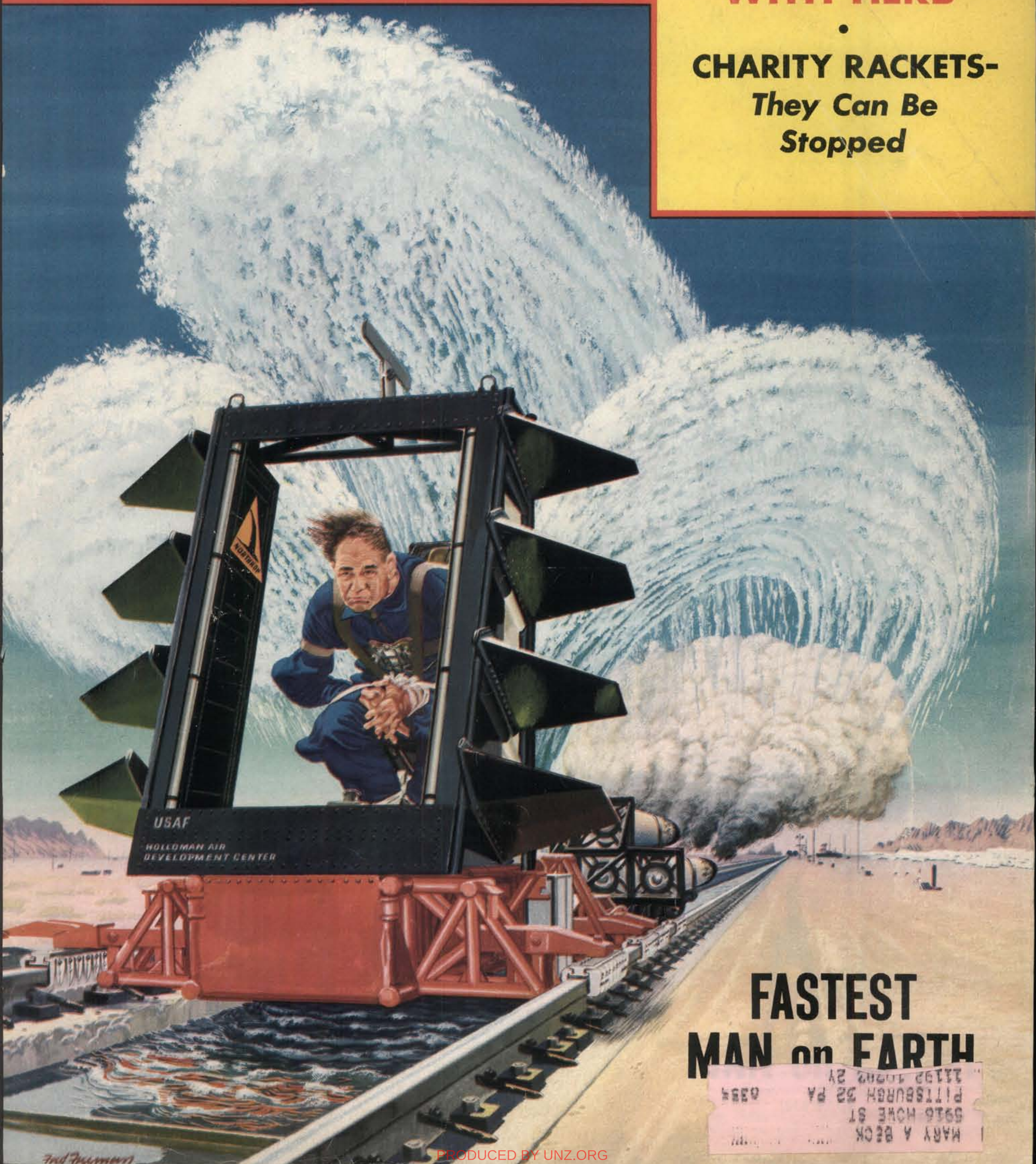
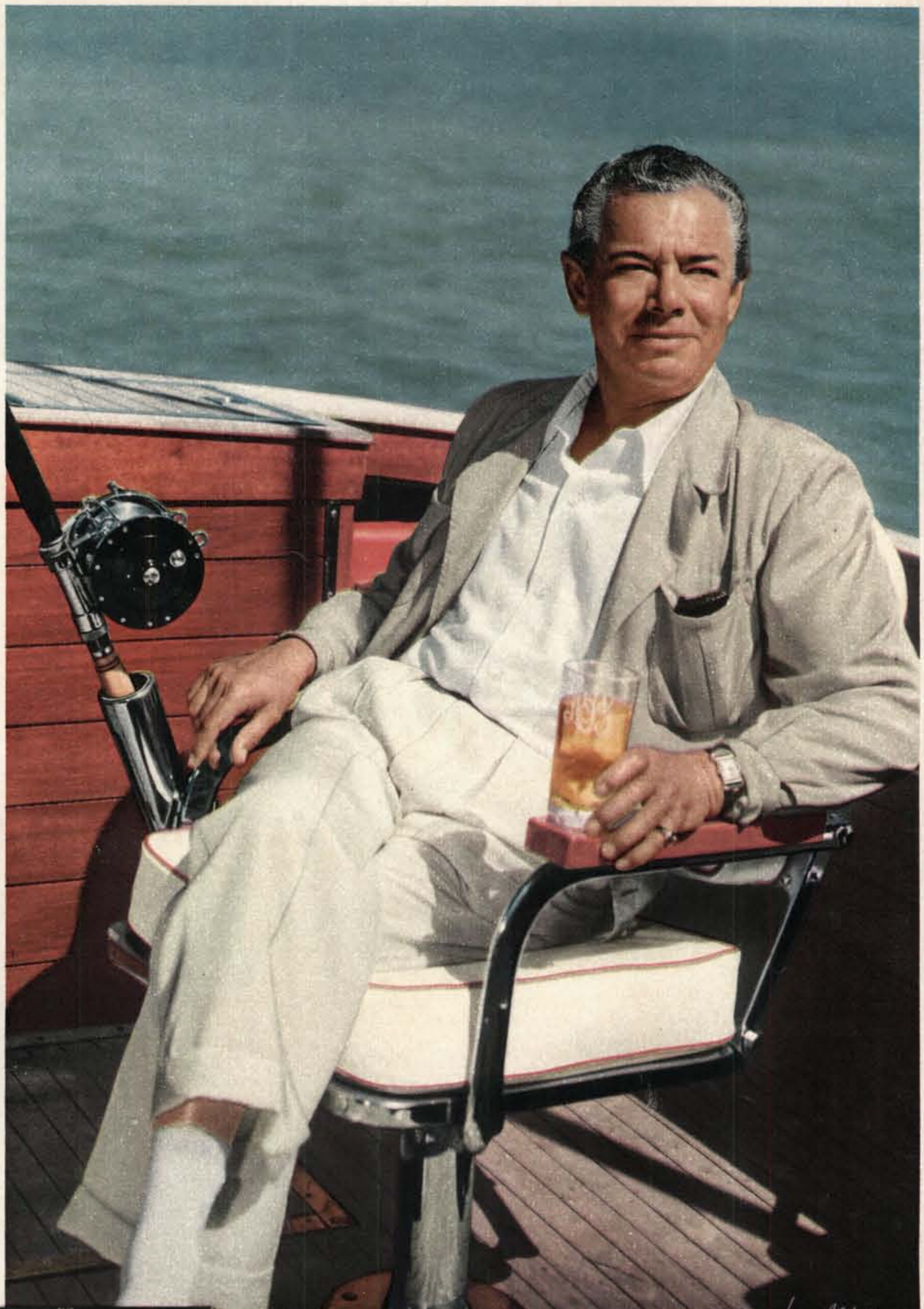

NORTHROP
USAF
HOLLOMAN AIR DEVELOPMENT CENTER
Fred Freeman

FASTEST MAN on EARTH

Robert Z. Greene, industry pioneer, is avid angler

Two sailfish and a wahoo share the New York office of Robert Z. Greene, President of the Rowe Corporation and Lord Calvert's 73rd "Man of Distinction". But the mounted trophies share no responsibility for guiding the destinies of the world's largest manufacturer of automatic vending machines. At right, Mr. Greene, a keen sportsman, takes time out aboard his 35-foot, custom-built Chris-Craft for a between-sailfish highball of Lord Calvert (which is *Custom Distilled* for men who demand the finest in flavor, lightness and quality).



In his richly furnished Miami Beach home (from which he "commutes" to New York during the winter), Robert Greene discusses designs for new installations with an associate. This growing industry, in which Greene is a 27-year pioneer, includes cigarettes, candy, ice cream and even books among machine-sold items.

You'll find Lord Calvert in most places where people know fine whiskey, and won't settle for any but the best. To safeguard Lord Calvert's custom quality, each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. *Try Lord Calvert soon.* Although it's America's most expensive blended whiskey, you'll discover it's a rare value in smoothness and perfection of flavor!

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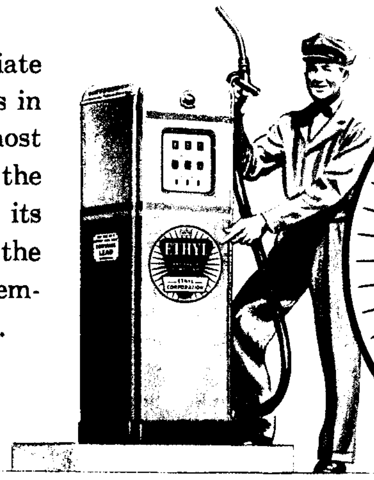

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Picture
OF THE MONTH
IN
CINEMASCOPE

This is the perfect season for M-G-M's "The Student Prince" crowned in color and robed in the magic of CinemaScope. The company that is famed for its gala musicals has truly done itself proud.

What joy M-G-M engenders with "The Student Prince"! For all who are young in heart, it spreads the zest of living. Everything about it, and everybody in it, *sings!* And matching each jubilant mood is an immortal Sigmund Romberg melody.

Ann Blyth (radiant "Rose Marie" herself) is even Blyther as Kathie, the saucy barmaid—and singing sweetheart of all Heidelberg—who teaches the proud and proper student prince how to unbend, win friends, and influence barmaids (and princesses). We prophesy a bright new star in handsome Edmund Purdom as the youthful prince. There's a dash of deviltry and a lot of jaunty charm that you'll come to recognize as uniquely Purdom in the months and movies to come. In this role, he makes love with his own lips and ardor but actually sings with the voice of Mario Lanza, star of "The Great Caruso"! The songs that pour from the screen are pure thrills for lovers of romance.

You'll also see John Ericson as a sabre-slashing gallant, Louis Calhern taking sly thrusts at the funny side of court intrigue. Hilariously abetting their talents are Edmund Gwenn, S. Z. "Cuddles" Sakall and ravishing Betta St. John. Reverberating from all sides, in stereophonic sound, are the song-glories of "Serenade", "Deep In My Heart", "Drink, Drink, Drink"—too many to mention, too marvelous to miss.

Throbbing love-duel and thrilling love-duet, clanking swords and clicking heels, the pageant of masquerade ball, the swarm of regimental cavalry, the splash of student revelry, the waltz-drenched, moon-bathed terraces and castle halls—the whole cavalcade of young adventure in romantic Bavaria is all so rousingly right for the eye-filling scope of CinemaScope and the glory of color.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE "THE STUDENT PRINCE" starring ANN BLYTH, EDMUND PURDOM, JOHN ERICSON, LOUIS CALHERN with Edmund Gwenn, S. Z. "Cuddles" Sakall, Betta St. John, John Williams, Evelyn Varden and The Singing Voice of MARIO LANZA. Written for the Screen by William Ludwig and Sonya Levien. Music from "The Student Prince" by SIGMUND ROMBERG. Color by Ansco. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Joe Pasternak. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

JUNE 25, 1954

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Lieut. Col. John P. Stapp of the U.S. Air Force is shown riding his supersonic, rocket-powered sled as it will be adapted for the next experiment in the dangerous series he is conducting to develop safety devices for flying personnel—experiments which have earned him a reputation as one of the bravest men in the world. The full story of Dr. Stapp and his tests starts on page 25 of this issue

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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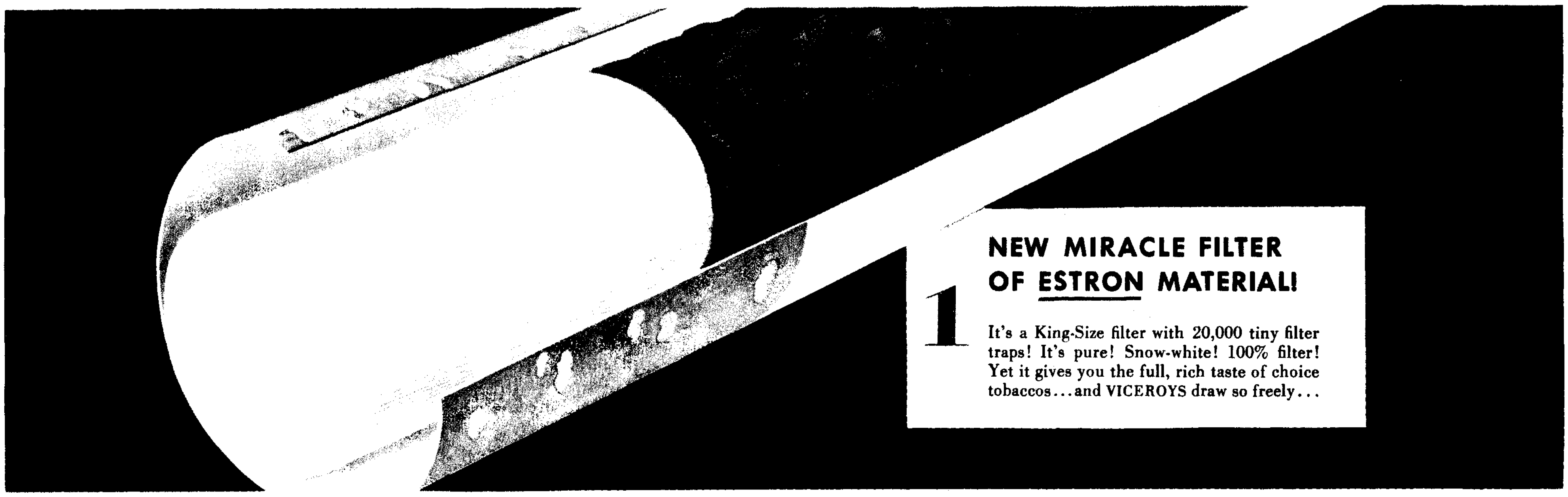

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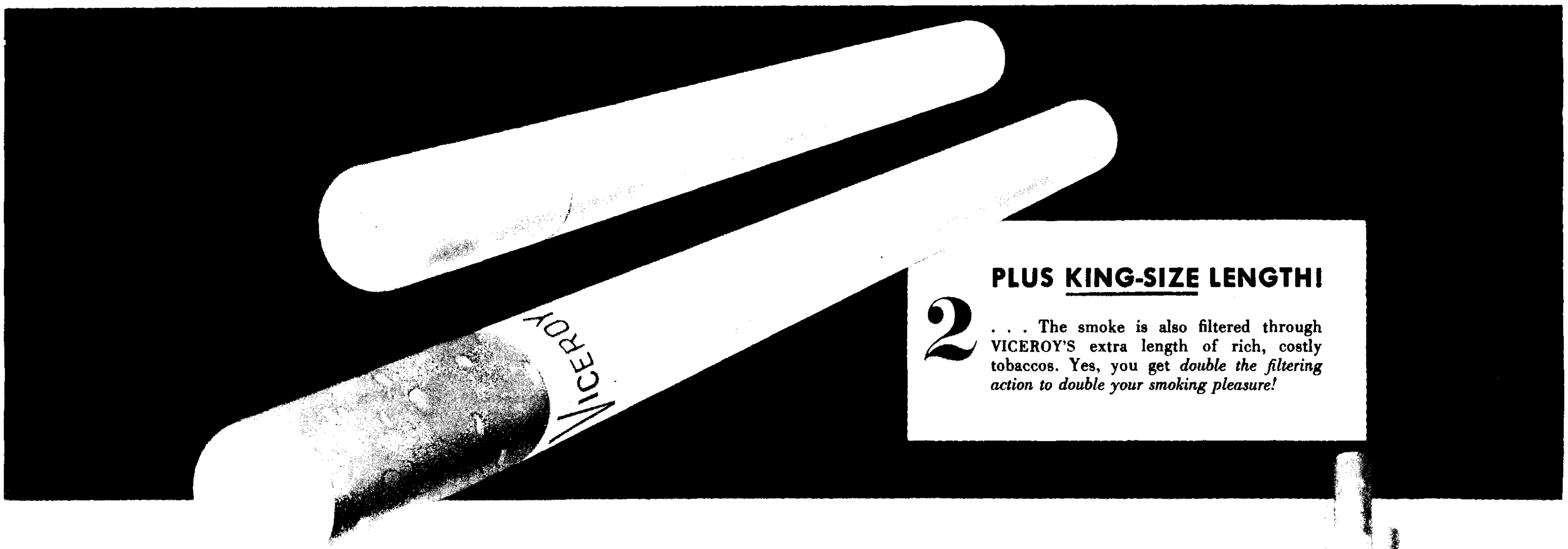

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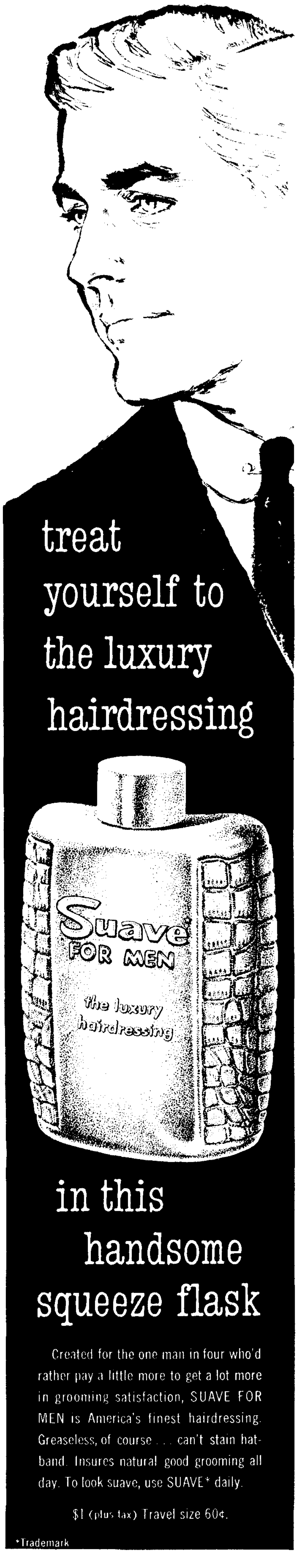

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

WE DON'T hear the word escapist quite so much as we did, say, a year ago. It had become a naughty word, and if you read an escapist book or went to an escapist show, you were a dope.

Now there are some 20 offerings on Broadway and every one of them could be called escapist. Every one of them *is* escapist, with only three or four in part qualifying as Message plays.

Well, now that it's reasonably safe to suggest more escapist stuff, I offer to some Broadway producer an idea for a musical play that *I* would like to see. We revive those wonderful indigenous radio characters, Vic 'n' Sade and their family and friends, and get Meredith Willson to write the music. Some of those Vic 'n' Sade sketches were as good as Mark Twain for small-town humor and a true picture of life in the Midwest; and I suggest Willson, the Mason City maestro, if only because he thought up the band-concert-music-across-the-lake idea. Have George Abbott direct it and maybe even play in it, Agnes de Mille do the three or four (no more) dances, and find a part for Marjorie Main.

And don't think there wouldn't be a message in it. There's a message in Tarkington's Penrod stories and in Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio. The message—which will be news to a lot of people—is: That's how it was.

* * *

ALONG ABOUT this time of year you are fairly sure, if you read a metropolitan newspaper, to notice more frequent use of the words rustic, straw hat, citronella, barn, cowshed and suchlike on the drama pages. Also, if you stayed in one place all during your '53 vacation, you probably will find in your mail the announcements of Edward Everett Horton in Springtime for Henry, Jane Buskin in Susan and God, Deborah Puff in Our Town, Edythe Arch in Winterset and Tod Hunter in The Petrified Forest. Ah, yes. Summer theater, from Skowhegan, Maine, to La Jolla, California.

I will give you, if you like, a few comments that you can make between the acts. I know they're sound, because I've heard them in other years.

For example, on Tod Hunter in The Petrified Forest: "If he thinks he's as good as Leslie Howard . . ."

On Jane Buskin in Susan and God: "If she thinks she's any Gertrude Lawrence . . ."

On Edythe Arch in Winterset: "If she thinks she's as good as Margo . . ."

On Deborah Puff in Our Town: "Wouldn't you love to see her play Juliet?" (This comment is to be addressed to members of the Puff family, who by a coincidence are the principal backers of the Lake Wawawoowoo Players. It is a good comment, because it relieves you of the necessity of explicit comment on Deborah's performance in Our Town.)

You're welcome, I'm sure.

* * *

THEY WERE SAYING in our nation's capital that This Thing would last all through the summer—this thing, of course, being the corn roast featuring the Army and Senator McCarthy (R.) of Wisconsin. I may betray a professional secret by telling you I had a hard time convincing my bosses that the hearing could possibly be entertainment, and therefore why shouldn't the office pay for my trip? But I argued, successfully, that some people are entertained by the ballet (not I); and of course it is a known fact that there are people who like to have operations. In the case of This Thing, I further pointed out, television was involved, and television, broadly speaking, comes under the head of Entertainment. And away I went.

I have some theories—and they're only theories—about television, and one of them is that television as of 1954 has no room on the screen for more than—at the very most—four persons. The two-shot is the best; a man and a woman. The three-shot is next best: two of one sex, one of the other. The one-shot, the single, rates third; and for most television—plays, vaudeville, panels—there just isn't room on the screen or in the human eye or in our interest for four individuals. I could argue my point, but I'm afraid I would lose you to the late late movie.

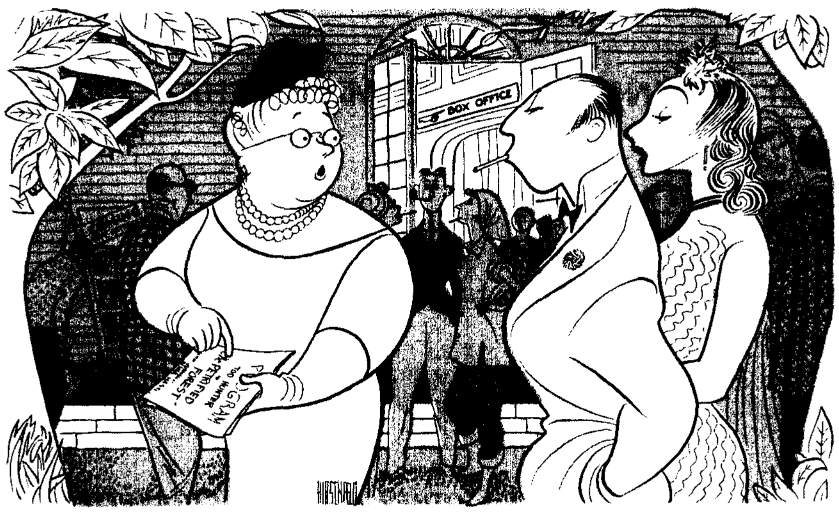
Well, the reason I brought this up is that This Thing was a good opportunity for TV to prove I am wrong. I went to several sessions of the investigation, and saw the same sessions on TV film at night, in my hotel room. And I must report that I am not wrong. There was no picture of the proceedings that caught the whole hearing. The TV cameras simply had to stay on individuals, one or two at a time, or three at the most. And for your impression of the hearing, you were subject to the whim of the man behind the camera.

If you wanted to watch Senator Symington while McCarthy was calling for a point of order, you had to be there. (I happen to have known Symington a long time and I therefore was getting a personal identification with the hearing through watching him.) If Senator Dirksen's lullaby voice was having a soporific effect, you could snap to by counting generals, but you had to be there.

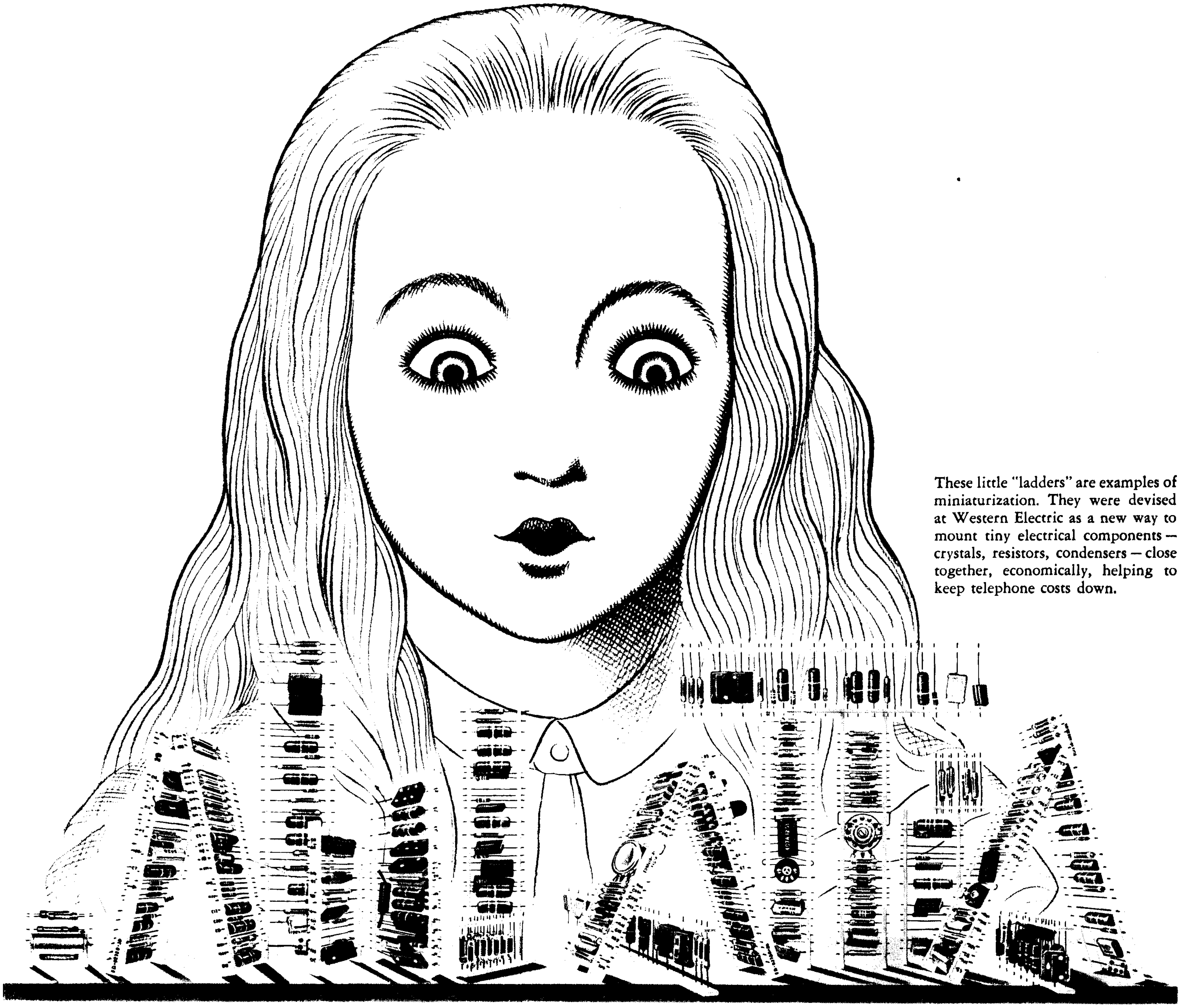
It comes down to this, really: in news coverage, as in dramatic presentations, television in 1954 is limited by the size of the screen. You are not at liberty to let your attention wander, to be selective. It's done for you, when it's done, by the TV camera, and it isn't enough.

I've talked with men and women who declare they couldn't keep their eyes off the sessions, but in answer to adroit questioning they admit they

AL HIRSCHFELD



Ah, yes. Summer theater, from Skowhegan, Maine, to La Jolla, Calif. I'll give you, if you like, a few comments to make between the acts



These little "ladders" are examples of miniaturization. They were devised at Western Electric as a new way to mount tiny electrical components — crystals, resistors, condensers — close together, economically, helping to keep telephone costs down.

Alice in Mini-Land

Your eyes — like Alice's — would widen to behold the improbable tininess of many things now going to work for you in telephone equipment. Making small things smaller goes on in a big way here at Western Electric where Bell telephone equipment is made.

And, it's big news for telephone users in two ways. For example, "miniaturization", as it's called, often lets designers plan telephone equipment so it costs less, works better, or both. Then, too, space saved on a small unit, repeated many, many times, grows and grows in importance — until eventually thousands of dollars may be saved in costly building construction alone. All this means lower cost in running the telephone business.

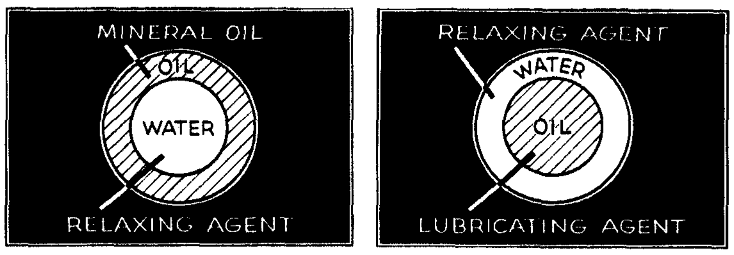
So, Alice actually is looking at proof of the value of Western Electric's teamwork with its partners — Bell Laboratories and the Bell telephone operating companies. This teamwork is a big reason why your Bell telephone service has gone up in price so much less than most other things you buy.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Now! Hair in place all day...without greasiness!

The microscope shows new secret of hair grooming in every drop of Vitalis Hair Cream!



Ordinary hair cream can't do the job. In most hair creams, the oil is on the *outside* of each drop, making it sticky and hard to "work in." Hair shaft is coated before water on inside can affect it. This causes greasy blobs, slicked down, unattractive appearance. Switch to Vitalis Hair Cream for handsomer hair, grooming that lasts all day!

Why Vitalis Hair Cream works better. An exclusive process *surrounds* each drop of Vitalis Hair Cream with a film of water, which temporarily relaxes hair and makes it manageable. When water evaporates, the special lubricating agent *inside* goes to work on dryness, keeps your hair in place all day. Try a bottle! Available at all drug counters.

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NEW Vitalis® Hair Cream

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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

missed more than they realized, including details that were visible on screen. They missed a hundred times as much that wasn't on screen. Until we get bigger screens, or better magnification, or both, television of news events is simply moving snapshots with sound.

In the social life of Washington (which also can be lumped under the heading of Entertainment, or just lumped) I detected no significant changes from my last visits there, which took place under a different administration. As a member of the Outs, I was treated with approximately the same courtesy a Hessian officer would have been accorded by George Washington, once the Hessian had been disarmed. I was given a good dinner in a State Department household, was offered cocktails at a British cocktail party and I had tea with some old Republican friends whom I had been kind to in days gone by. I also had lunch at the 1925 F Street Club, which is more than I ever had when my own people were in power.

For years I have been thinking about writing a Washington novel, and I may yet write one. It is, of course, a one-industry town, as Hollywood is a one-industry town, as so many factory towns are. It has so many things in common with Hollywood. Speaking entirely as a nonpartisan, those two factory towns are peopled by incompetents on startlingly high levels. The incidence of ham and temperament in Hollywood is surely as high as in Washington, and among actors and actresses you will find just as much jealousy as you will among politicians.

Hollywood gossip can be just as malicious as Washington gossip. Nepotism, waste, extravagance, bad taste are no more evident in the District of Columbia than they are in Movietown. Before undertaking to write a novel about Washington I would have to spend a great deal of time reminding myself that Hollywood is just as bad.

There are, naturally, differences. I can scarcely imagine Arthur Krock's being as grievously offended as Louella Parsons is said to be when you fail to notify her of your secret elopement plans. It must be a long time since the Alsop brothers printed the joysome tidings of a little one expected in a Georgetown family. Then there is the not inconsiderable matter of diplomatic immunity, which is granted rather indiscriminately in Washington, but is enjoyed only by the top producers in picture business.

You can readily see that a Washington novel is going to require a great deal of research.

* * *

FOLKS, KEEP your eyes open or you'll miss something. Just lately I was talking to a friend at Fifty-seventh Street and Park Avenue in Manhattan. A man rounded the corner and proceeded northward, passing, as he did, a man headed southward. They did not speak, and I think they should have, since the northward man was Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and the southward man was the Duke of Windsor. They must have met a dozen times in the past. Do you suppose they're sore at each other?

A few days later I saw Dean Acheson in Washington, walking by himself near (and yet so far from) the White House. I said hello to him, although I've never met him. He didn't acknowledge my greeting, but he probably has things on his mind. About an hour later while I was at the McCarthy-Army corn roast, a man came in and sat down, almost unnoticed. I've never met him, but I bowed, and he bowed. Senator Kefauver. At the Harvard-Princeton crew races I bowed to Henry Cabot Lodge, whom I *have* met, plenty of times. The response? No bow. (I'm almost tempted to say no stroke, either, but Harvard won easily.)

* * *

HERE IS an exclusive sports item: Grantland Rice has a typewriter that he is thinking of turning in on a new one. It is forty years old. Now if ever a typewriter belonged in the Baseball Hall of Fame, it's Grannie Rice's, and I pass this word on to Cooperstown.

* * *

I AM A YANKEE fan, but I hope Vic Raschi wins twenty games for St. Louis.

What do I mean *but?* I am a Yankee fan partly because of Raschi.

* * *

THERE HAS been some pressure on this department to say a few words about ladies' bathing suits. I am glad to oblige. As a man who saw Annette Kellerman in the flesh, at the old Hippodrome, I am a keen student of the subject. If a girl has a good figure, the best suit for her is the simplest, the unadorned. Modern design, however, can do a lot for a girl who needs it. This reminds me of one way to start the day right. A former summer neighbor of mine was Robin Chandler, of TV, who every morning entered the Atlantic Ocean in a simple white suit with no need for adornment, and made prying my eyes open an easy and pleasant task. Entirely incidentally, she is a good swimmer.

▲▲▲

Swim suits? I have seen Annette Kellerman and Robin Chandler

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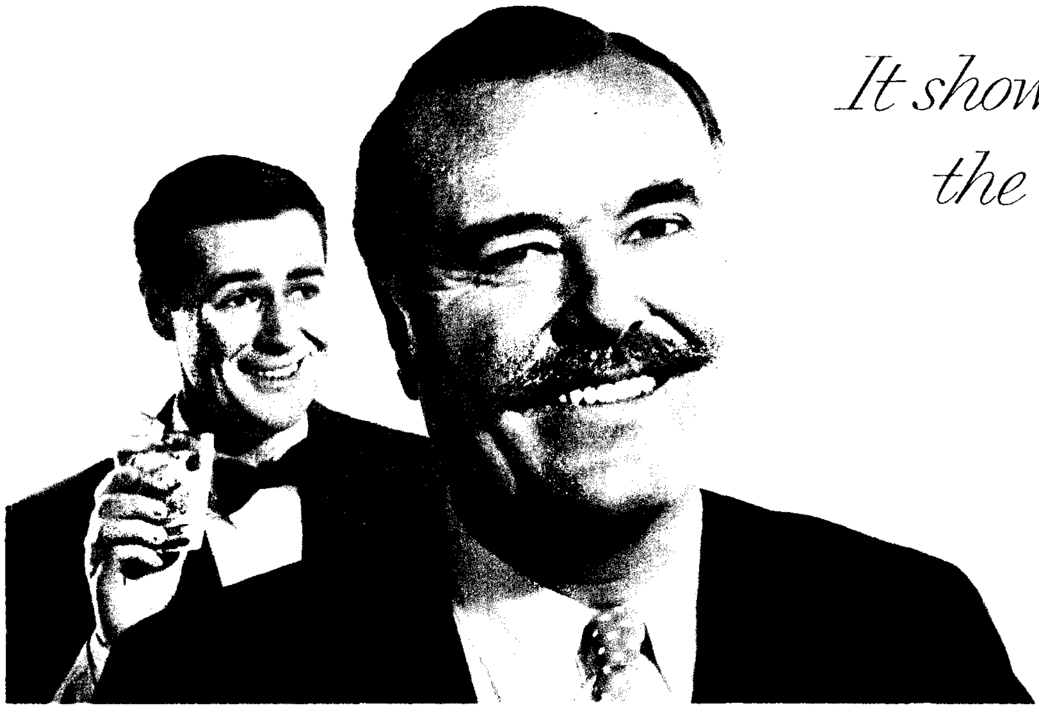

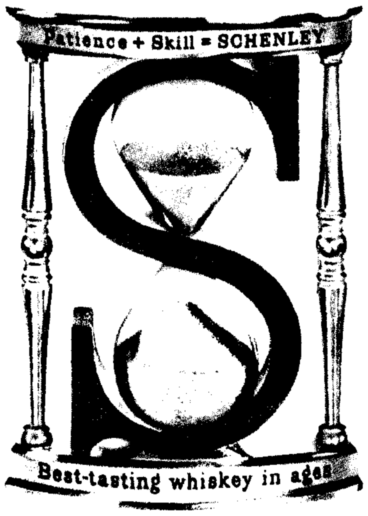
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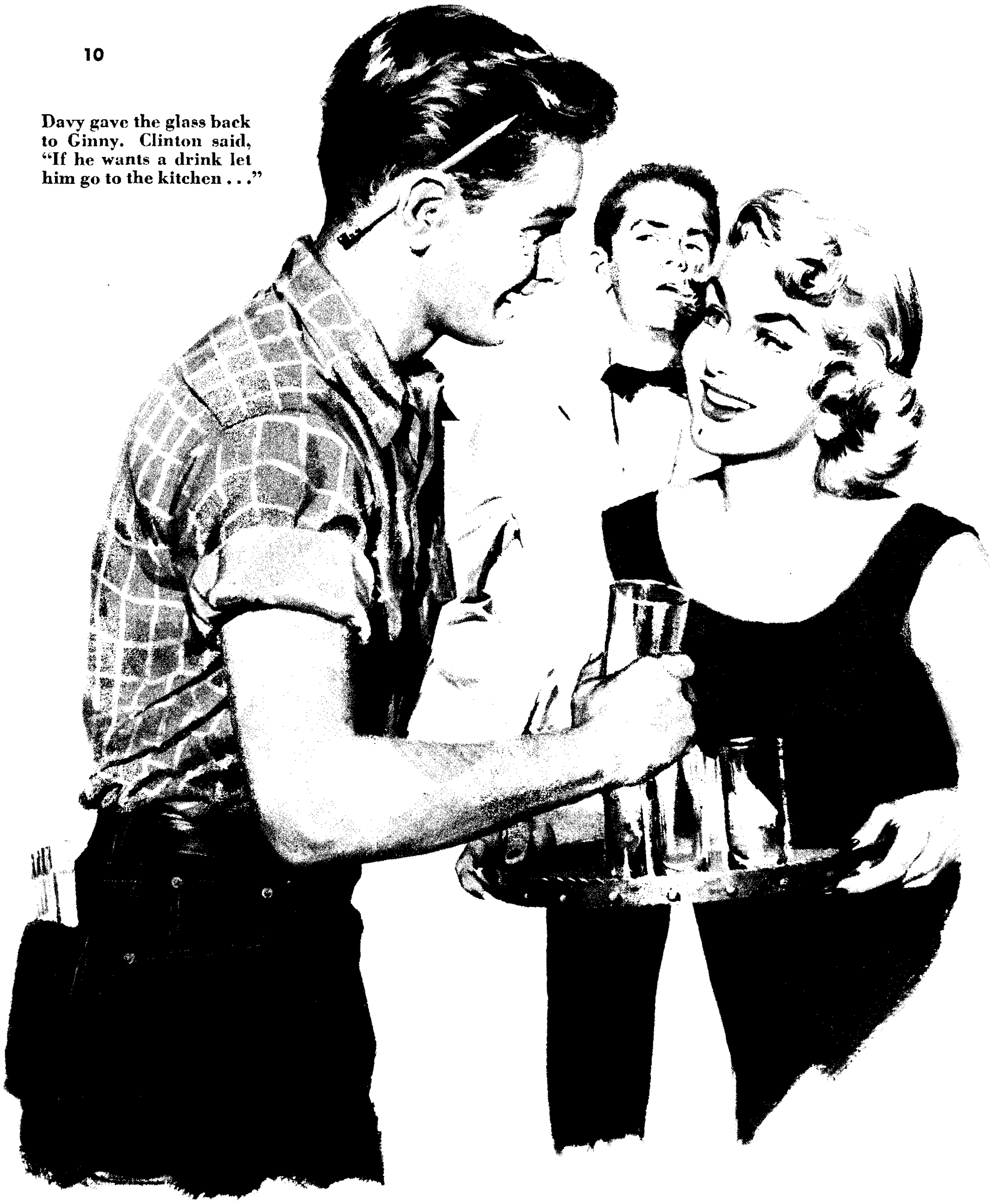

Davy gave the glass back to Ginny. Clinton said, "If he wants a drink let him go to the kitchen . . ."

A MASK FOR FEAR

By RUTH STERLING

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WALTER

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

BREATHING hard, Davy climbed to the ledge where his clothes lay. He wrapped the large towel around his lanky, shivering body and rubbed his hands briskly. Now that it was over, he felt good. He'd made up his mind to dive and nothing had stopped him—not the dangerous rocks beneath the crashing sea, the chilly dawn or his father's roaring anger.

"You gone clear off your squash, Davy?" his father had said. "If you weren't already sixteen, I'd tan your hide. Got a mind to, all the same."

Davy still remembered the force of his father's slap against his ear. But he was here anyway, he thought, as he looked down the fifteen-foot rise of rocks that stretched seaward like a giant's bony finger. Davy knew the risk and he feared it. One badly angled dive and he could split his head wide open, like that loony kid had done six years ago. "Since then folks have stayed away," Davy's father had shouted, striking him again, "excepting this darn'-fool son of mine."

Maybe he was a darned fool, Davy thought, dressing in the privacy of the overhanging boulder, but he wouldn't stop now. He couldn't.

At the horizon, a glittering white radiance spread across the eastern sky. In another hour or two the cityfolk would begin to cover the beach below with their umbrellas, their canvas chairs and their oiled, white-skinned bodies. When they weren't swimming or resting, they drove around the countryside searching out antiques for the houses they bought. It hurt the villagers to give up a pine chest or a family rocker; but they thought of the food they needed, tightened their lips and took the money.

There was money for Davy and his father too, in repairing sagging doors, window sashes and floors. If someone asked, "What on earth do you natives do in the wintertime, young man?", Davy would hit a nail with extra force before replying, "We try to keep alive."

But Davy didn't mind talking to Mr. Anderton, the physics teacher from Boston who had bought the old Pucello cottage a few weeks before. Mrs. Anderton served Davy cookies and milk while he worked, and Mr. Anderton listened thoughtfully as Davy told him of his secret ambition to go to college and learn to be a pilot or an engineer. Davy wondered how he could tell all this to a stranger, but maybe it was because Mr. Anderton was Ginny's father, and Ginny was quick and bright as a flame with her silky golden hair and her sweet, perky face.

Davy sighed and thought: I'm mooning again. He wrapped his wet trunks in the towel and hurried toward the road, breaking into a run, hoping his father hadn't wakened yet. But his father was waiting for him—a tough, solid figure in the doorway. His eyes were dark in his lined face; his hands were large, the hands of a man who could hammer and saw—and wallop, too. Davy shrank back, but his father said quietly, "Come in, son, and eat your breakfast. I'm not going to hit you—that don't work. I just want to know why you're doing this loony stunt."

Davy walked past him into the kitchen. Don't ask me, Pa, he thought. How could he explain that it had begun one evening two weeks ago, when he had stood in the darkness outside the private pavilion, watching couples

When I'm eating Jell-O I wish I were an octopus

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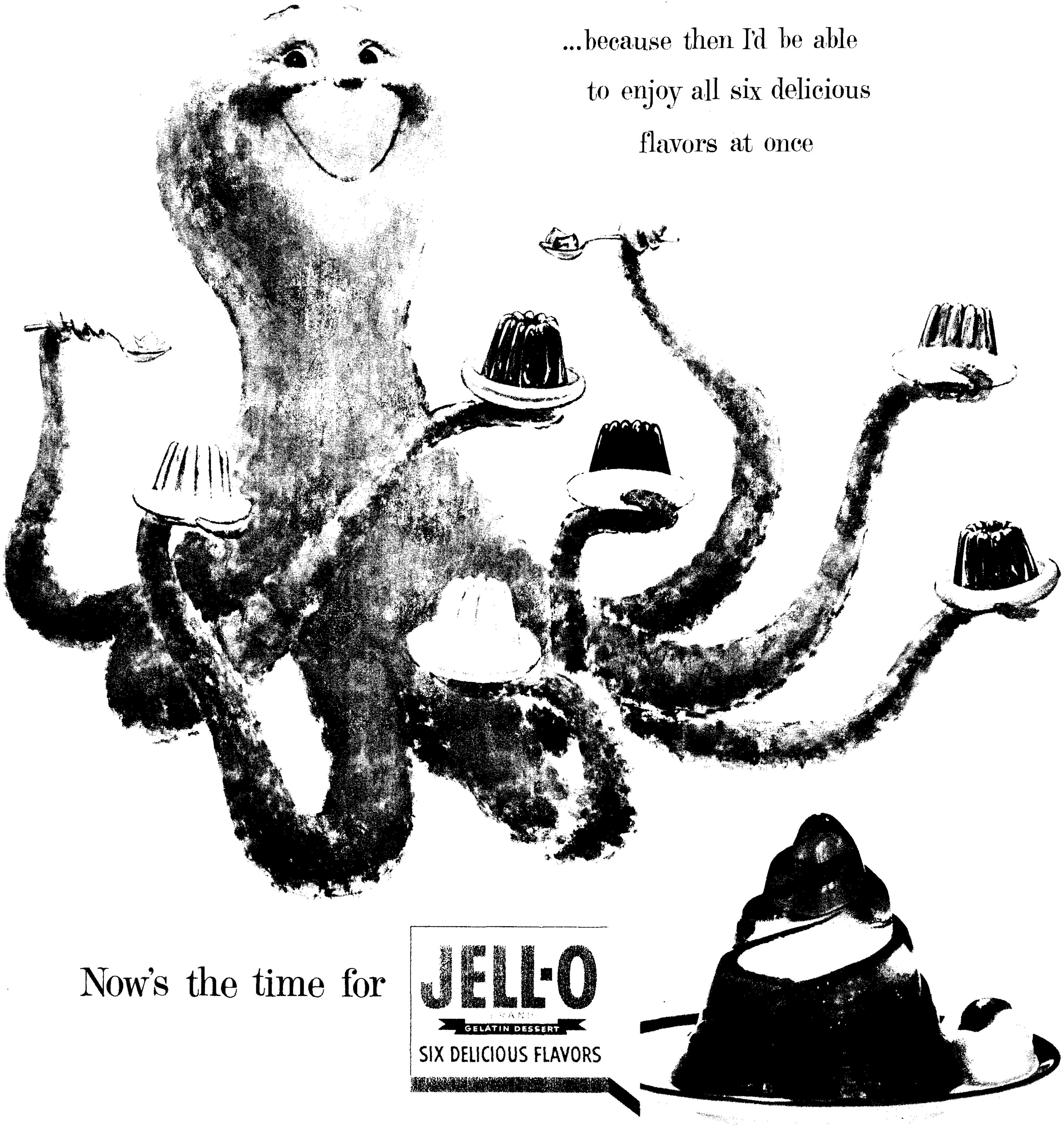
flavors at once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dancing on the lantern-lighted portico? A girl in a white dress, with hair pale as moonlight, had leaned forward and laughed a silvery, happy laugh; and Davy had felt a chill go through him.

The morning afterward, while Davy was measuring the Anderton porch for new lumber, the screen door slammed and a girl rushed past him and then stopped. Davy's heart beat more rapidly; she was real, after all. "Golly," she said, "did I step on your hand?" She looked so pretty in the sunlight that Davy shook his head dumbly, wishing she had hurt him so he could remember the touch of her foot. Just then a red convertible pulled up and a boy with a crew haircut and a white polo shirt honked and called, "Ready, Ginny?" And she was off, hurrying across the lawn.

GINNY spent a lot of time with Clinton Eberley, who owned the red convertible and lived in one of the gambrel-roofed summer mansions built long ago by sea captains. At night, Clinton in his creamy white jacket looked big and masterful as he guided Ginny around the dance floor; and in the afternoons, when he dived off the wharf, Ginny would stand on the beach and applaud.

"You used to be a steady boy," Davy's father was saying now. "Reckon it's your age. But those rocks are dangerous. Use the wharf."

Davy sneered. "The wharf's for city boys."

His father grinned. "Maybe so," he said. "Well—be careful, son."

"I will, Pa. I promise."

The city boys knew about the rocks. Late in the afternoon a week ago, while Davy was nailing down the last porch step and Ginny was serving cake and lemonade to friends on the lawn, Clinton had said, "Nobody's tried the rocks ever since that kid got himself killed."

"Who'd want to?" Ginny asked, pouring lemonade.

Davy stood up and pushing back a lock of dark blond hair said, "I ain't afraid to try them." Then he realized what he had said, and sweat broke out on his forehead.

Ginny looked up quickly and Clinton peered at him as he lighted a cigarette. "Ever do it?" Clinton said.

"No," Davy said slowly, "but I'm not afraid to try."

Clinton flung the dead match away and looked at the others. "He talks big," he said.

Davy wiped his moist hands on his dungarees and knelt to finish his work. Something soft brushed against his arm and he looked up to see Ginny holding a glass of lemonade. "You must get awfully thirsty working in the sun. Here."

Davy gulped down the cool drink and handed her the glass. "Thanks—Ginny."

Clinton said loudly, "If he wants a drink he can always go around to the kitchen."

Ginny lifted her chin defiantly and looked at Davy. "You want another?" she asked.

Davy shook his head and, gripping the handle of his hammer, swung it down hard. I'll show him, he thought; I'll show them all. . . .

It was mid-July now and work had slowed down; but Davy still practiced before sunup, sharing his solitude with the gulls. He increased his diving height gradually. At each new springing base, Davy scratched the stone with a nail. Once he got careless and scraped his shoulder so badly it bled; and so he worked harder until his dive was straight and sure and he could gauge the safe spaces between the underwater rocks. He was bronzed and muscular and ready, at last. The next day he brought his lunch to the beach and waited.

When Ginny appeared in her yellow bathing suit he called to her and waved. She looked up and waved back, and suddenly Davy lost his head. A wild hammering started in his chest, and he scrambled to the uppermost jutting boulder. Here there were no nail marks from practice dives to guide him, and the water tossed about, thirty feet below. But he would make it—he had to make it.

A crowd had gathered, and the city boys on the wharf were watching too. Davy tensed his muscles, ready for the dive.

Then he heard a girl cry: "Don't—don't do it, Davy!" He looked down and saw Ginny holding out her arms to him, begging him to stop. Davy stared at her. "Come down," she cried, "please, Davy, come down!"

The anguish in her voice caused him to hesitate and then step back. But when Clinton shouted, "What's the matter—you chicken out?" he clenched his fists and stepped into diving position again. He couldn't back out now. He didn't want to. He *knew* he could make the dive.

"Davy . . ." There was fear in Ginny's voice. "Davy, please don't dive," she called.

He sat down to keep from diving, his head in his hands. From below came the laughter of the city boys, the strident hoot of Clinton louder than the rest. He tried to squeeze back the tears but his palms were wet as he fought back the impulse to leap up and dive, no matter what Ginny wanted.

WHEN he looked up, the crowd was gone. Only Clinton and Ginny stood watching as he came down the rocks—slowly, for he was suddenly exhausted. They walked toward him—Ginny pale and close to tears, Clinton smiling condescendingly.

"You looked like a champ on that one," Clinton taunted.

Davy clenched his fists but Ginny laid her hand on his arm and he slowly relaxed.

"Thank you for not diving, Davy," she said softly.

He wished he could tell her how it was—that it was harder to let Clinton think he was yellow than it would have been to dive. But he couldn't explain it exactly, the different kind of courage it had taken. Any kid could have taken the dare and dived off the cliff, but it took—well—a man to let himself be ridiculed for something no one would understand.

"I wasn't afraid," Davy said. "I wasn't scared of diving."

"I know," she said, and slipped her arm through his. "But what you did was braver."

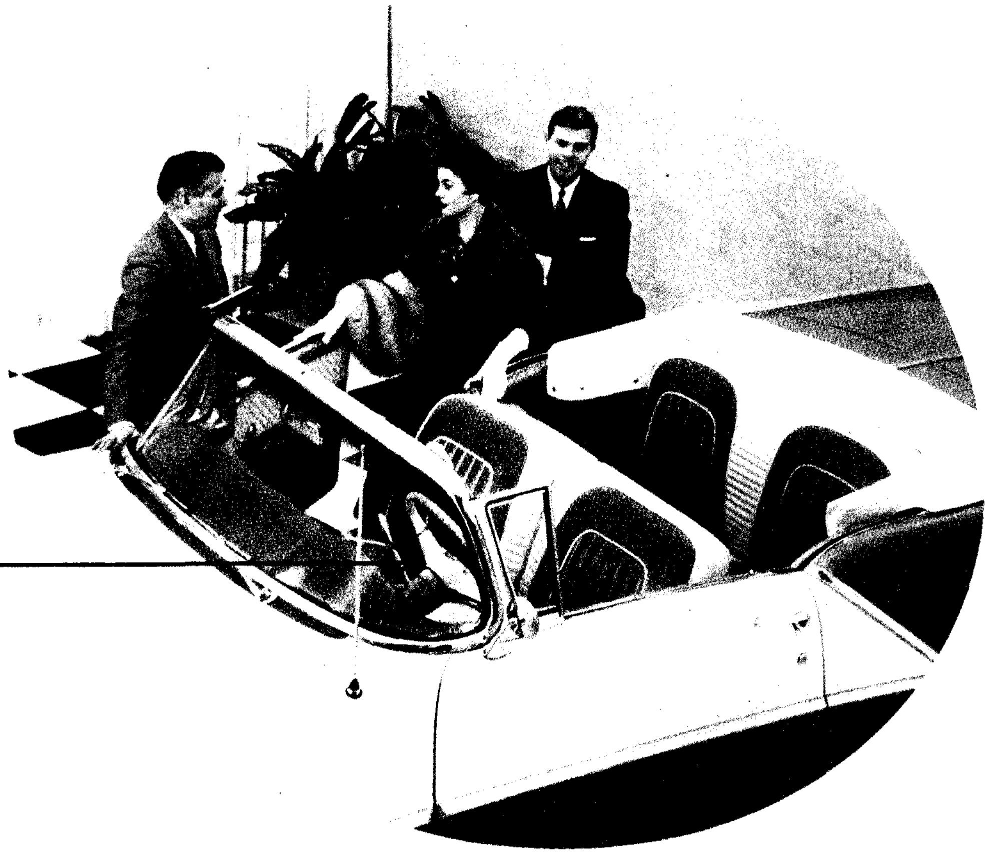
They were walking away from Clinton, but Davy wasn't really aware of it. All he could think was: She knows; she understands. He had always wondered what love meant.

—RUTH STERLING

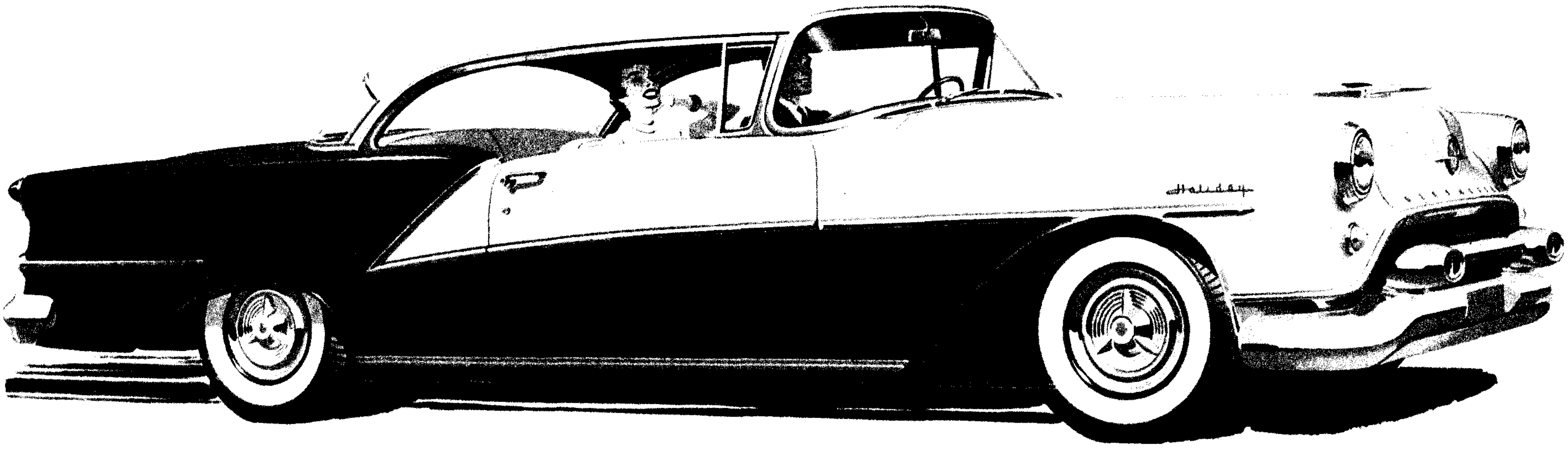
TAKE

THE

WHEEL



this dream is real!



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You can't help wanting to just stand and admire it. But this dream's designed for driving—the new Ninety-Eight is waiting for *you* to take to the road! So slip into the rich comfort of that Custom-Lounge interior. Swing your eyes around the broad sweep of that panoramic windshield. Touch off that mighty 185-horsepower "Rocket" Engine—and feel how solidly this dream holds the road. How easily it handles! How nimbly it moves. Look over . . . take over the new Classic Ninety-Eight at your Oldsmobile dealer's soon.

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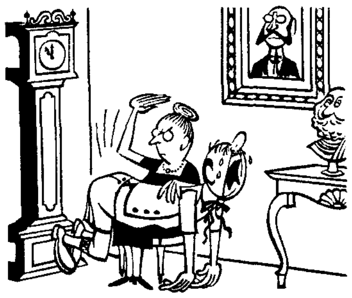
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Hysterical lady in Little Rock, Arkansas, telephoned the police at 10:00 P.M. Her son had not come home. The cops were most sympathetic, advising her not to worry and that they'd get out the old dragnet at once. The distracted mother said the boy had never been out so late before. Finally the interrogating cop got to the question of the kid's age. "Fifty-five," she wept. The cop said, "He oughta be spanked," and hung up.



* * *

In Pasadena, California, Mr. Oscar Broderick ran into an old friend, a letter carrier making his rounds, and they got to talking. As they parted, having given the international situation a good mauling, the postman drew a letter from his pocket, handed it to Mr. Broderick. "My, my, Oscar," said he, "my wife gave me this to mail a couple of days ago. Forgot it. Drop it in the next box you see, will you? I'm busy." Mr. Broderick did so. "Later," he says, "I thought this rather odd and that it would be an unusual item for your column."

* * *

Silver-lining gentleman in Burlington, Vermont, tells us he can't pay his bills. But he thinks things could be worse. "It makes my blood run cold," he said, "to think how terrible I'd feel if I were one of my creditors."

* * *

Cross-firing candidates (sometimes known as cross-filing) in California are complaining that the political racket is so loud these days that it is frequently impossible to hear the band wagon.

* * *

Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, Florida, has been interviewing naturalists. He wants to know how birds find out so quickly that he has just had his car washed.

* * *

Just as you might increase Junior's allowance for being a good boy, the monthly bulletin of Harding College, Searcy, Arkansas, suggests that Congress be permitted to raise members' salaries if (1) they balance the budget and (2) adopt a lasting program of tax reduction and reform. Mr. Sid Moslum, of Fort Smith, goes a little further. He's for granting the boost only to members who vote for the above public benefits, thus, he thinks, assuring unanimous adoption.

* * *

That beautiful new hotel you may see rising in west Los Angeles this summer is strictly for the cats. For cats only, we mean. Initial capacity 200 felines. Individual rooms with bath. No cat race, color or religious discrimination. Charmingly landscaped grounds and gardens. Luxuriously furnished reception halls for callers. Playgrounds with catnip borders for the children. Despite—or because of—the luxury, we can't help wondering if the pampered guests don't sometimes consider it a dog's life.

* * *

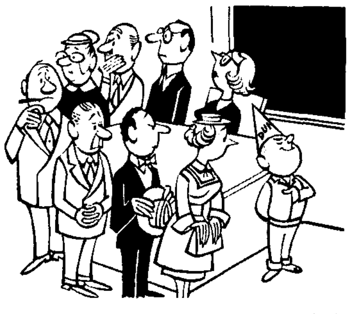
We hear from Cairo, Illinois, that a couple of farmers were engaged in a bit of deploring. One said he didn't know what he was going to do because there wasn't any money in milk and eggs any more. The other agreed, adding that he had been lying awake nights trying to figure out something else for his cows and chickens to do.

* * *

We see by the University of Kansas campus newspaper, the University Daily Kansan, that most of the coeds who went to see the movie How to Marry a Millionaire took their notebooks and several pencils with them.

* * *

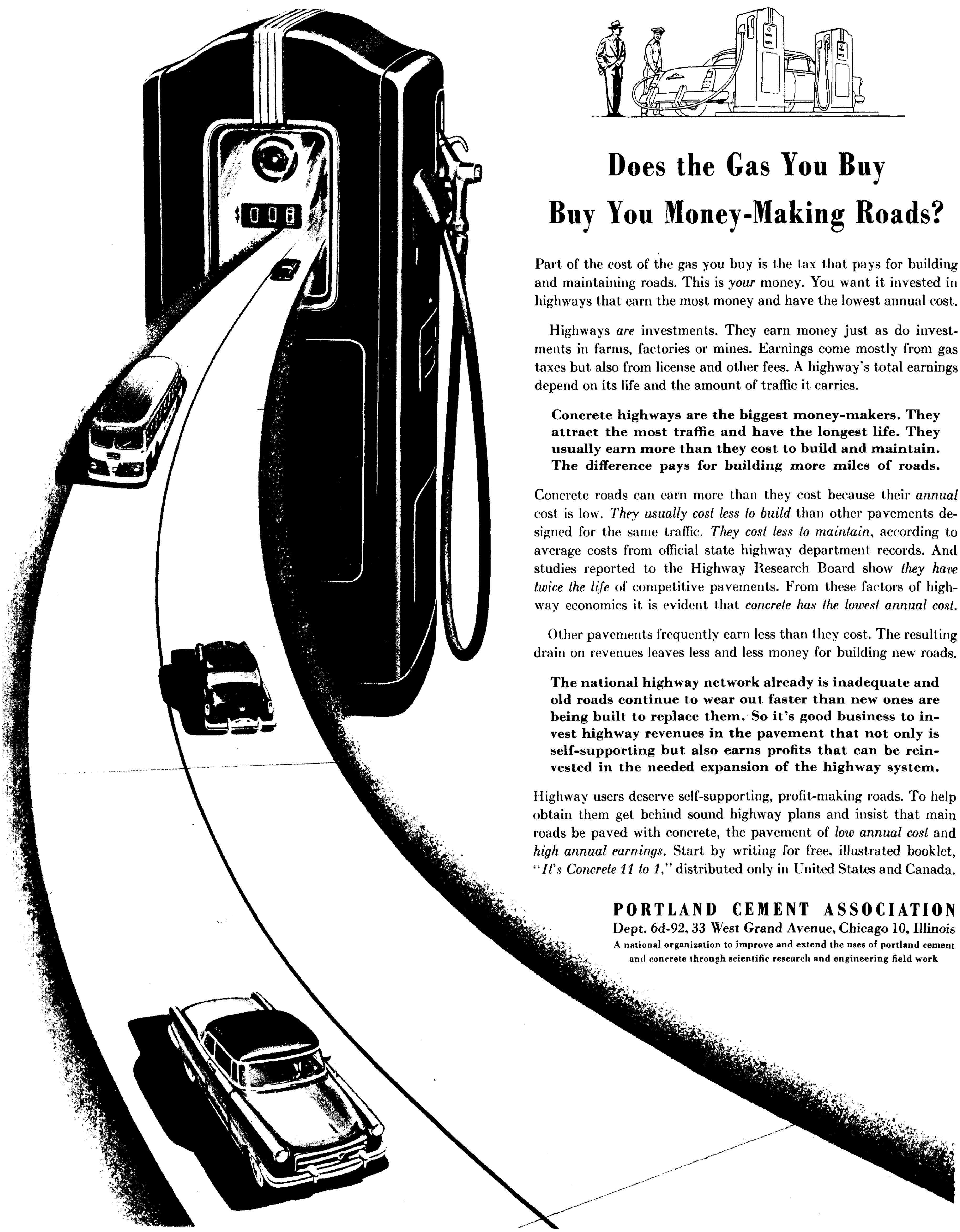
Hearing that Mr. Stu Bohacek, of the Wilber (Nebraska) Republican, had made his own survey of our ailing public-school system, we immediately got in touch with him. Mr. Bohacek says: "The trouble is the teachers are afraid of the principals, the principals are afraid of the superintendents, the superintendents are afraid of the school boards, the school boards are afraid of the parents, the parents are afraid of the kids, and the kids know it."



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Somebody has sent us the invaluable information that 40,000 barns could be painted red with the lipstick used each year by American women. This intelligence should interest anybody with 40,000 barns. ▲▲▲



Does the Gas You Buy Buy You Money-Making Roads?

Part of the cost of the gas you buy is the tax that pays for building and maintaining roads. This is *your* money. You want it invested in highways that earn the most money and have the lowest annual cost.

Highways *are* investments. They earn money just as do investments in farms, factories or mines. Earnings come mostly from gas taxes but also from license and other fees. A highway's total earnings depend on its life and the amount of traffic it carries.

Concrete highways are the biggest money-makers. They attract the most traffic and have the longest life. They usually earn more than they cost to build and maintain. The difference pays for building more miles of roads.

Concrete roads can earn more than they cost because their *annual* cost is low. *They usually cost less to build* than other pavements designed for the same traffic. *They cost less to maintain*, according to average costs from official state highway department records. And studies reported to the Highway Research Board show *they have twice the life* of competitive pavements. From these factors of highway economics it is evident that *concrete has the lowest annual cost.*

Other pavements frequently earn less than they cost. The resulting drain on revenues leaves less and less money for building new roads.

The national highway network already is inadequate and old roads continue to wear out faster than new ones are being built to replace them. So it's good business to invest highway revenues in the pavement that not only is self-supporting but also earns profits that can be reinvested in the needed expansion of the highway system.

Highway users deserve self-supporting, profit-making roads. To help obtain them get behind sound highway plans and insist that main roads be paved with concrete, the pavement of *low annual cost* and *high annual earnings.* Start by writing for free, illustrated booklet, "*It's Concrete 11 to 1*," distributed only in United States and Canada.

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An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE AN ACCOUNTANT?

by John L. Carey

Executive Director,
American Institute of Accountants
(*As told to* **DONALD ROBINSON**)

Firms rely so heavily on the knowledge and advice of their accountants that the Controller may have a standing invitation to all Directors' meetings. Many top executives in America's leading firms began their careers as accountants.

If your son selects accounting as a profession, you can be sure of one very important thing. He will be welcomed into the field with open arms.

A great, unfilled demand for good accountants exists today. Many public accounting firms and industrial concerns go so far as to send scouts to college campuses all over the country in an effort to recruit promising accounting students for their staffs. They still can't find enough.

"We have an urgent need for capable young men," the head of one large firm told me recently.

It is the same story everywhere else.

And this demand for accounting talent is going to last for many years to come. I can say that with confidence.

Of all the professions, accounting is growing the fastest. In 1900 there were only 243 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. In 1940 there were 20,000. The total now is more than 50,000.

Between 1940 and 1950 the number of doctors in the United States increased 26.2 percent, the number of dentists 25.5 percent, the number of lawyers 11.1 percent. The increase in CPA's during the period was 88.9 percent.

There is good reason for this spectacular rise in accountancy. And for my prediction that it will continue.

The fact is that the more our American economy expands, the more accountants are required to make it work.

In choosing accounting as a career, your son will enter an old and honored calling. The ancient Babylonians kept accounting records in 3600 B.C.! As long ago as 1581 accounting was recognized as a specialized occupation. That year, the first College of Accounting was founded in Venice. To join this guild, a boy had to serve a six-year apprenticeship, pass an examination and present a certificate of good character signed by a magistrate.

Here in the United States, accountants were active well before the Revolution. Benjamin Franklin made use of them. In 1741 he wrote a James Parker, asking him to audit the books of Franklin & Hall, printers.

Today, accounting is the nerve center of almost all business. The modern business man relies on facts rather than hunches, and his financial facts are organized for him by accountants.

In this connection, let me make this clear. The accountant is no mere calculating machine. He has to know which are the vital figures in every business and be able to interpret what those figures mean to the success or failure of the business. His is a big responsibility.

There are now, in the main, two kinds of accountants. One is the public accountant who serves his clients for a fee on the same basis as does a lawyer or an architect. If he has met the educational and experience requirements and has passed the rigorous examination prescribed by law in every state, he is known as a Certified Public Accountant. This signifies that he has been officially accredited as a skilled accountant of independent mind whose findings can be considered authoritative.

The CPA has many jobs. He can help a client company install an accounting system which will enable it to keep adequate records of its transactions. Thereafter, he may audit these accounts periodically, giving his professional opinion as to whether they fairly reflect the company's profit or loss. And let me tell you that this requires seasoned judgment as well as technical ability. Suppose that an important expense is charged to the wrong account or to the wrong period of time. The investors who rely on the company's financial statements can be seriously misled.

Other major functions of the CPA include figuring out the income taxes a company has to pay, analyzing the cost of its operations and providing it with data for forecasting future trends.

Does this all sound like dull stuff to you?

It isn't. I know of a case in which a young accountant was making an audit of a lumber company. There seemed to be no way of verifying the amount of lumber reported in the company's records. Most of this lumber was then floating down a river.

That didn't stop the accountant. He hired an airplane and flew above the river, taking motion pictures of the logs. With the films, he was able to get an accurate estimate of the board feet of lumber available for sale.

Because of the varied experience of CPA's, they are also widely used as general business advisors. It is one of the most constructive phases of their work.

Only recently, I heard about a CPA who saved a manufacturer from a tragic mistake. This manufacturer was selling a large part of his output on the West Coast, so he decided to build a huge, new plant out there to supply this market.

Fortunately, he talked it over first with his CPA.

"Hold everything," the CPA said. "Let me look into the situation."

The CPA prepared a detailed estimate of costs, balancing the increased charges for shipping raw materials out West against the savings the manufacturer would make on the delivery of his finished products. His figures proved incontrovertibly that the manufacturer wouldn't save money at all. Actually, the CPA showed, the manufacturer stood to lose over $1,000,000.

"You've saved my company's life," the manufacturer said.

The second big group in the accounting field consists of the "private" accountants. They are accountants employed as officials of individual business concerns, governmental agencies and other institutions. They may be called controllers, chief accountants, internal auditors or by other titles.

The private accountant may do much the same sort of thing as the independent CPA, but he does it for a single organization. Basically, his responsibilities include laying out general accounting policies for his company, supervising the bookkeepers who maintain the day-to-day records, developing the company budget, measuring the performance of various departments, probing costs, handling tax questions and, most significant, helping his company to plan for the future.

An accountant's work can be far from dull. Faced with verifying a lumber company's records, the auditor flew over the river where their logs were floating and got an accurate estimate of the lumber on hand.

While the private accountant may not have the diversified life of the CPA, he has the satisfaction of serving on the company team and participating in top level decisions. For most concerns, the controller is a key man.

"We even have our controller sit in at the meetings of our Board of Directors," the president of one of America's biggest utilities informed me.

In both public and private accounting, the remuneration is good and the opportunity for advancement excellent.

A young man who is hired by an established public accounting firm can look for a starting salary of $250 to $350 a month. (The better his college record, the more probable it is that he'll approach the higher figure.) Within five years he may reasonably hope to be earning in the neighborhood of $6,000 a year.

If he is taken into partnership—which is quite likely provided that he has the right material in him—or if he sets up his own firm, he can expect an income of $10,000 to $25,000 a year. A few CPA's make more than $100,000 a year.

Many public accountants travel extensively to reach the far-flung and diversified organizations that require their services.

In private accounting, incomes are also high. Starting wages tend to be even a little better than in public accounting, promotion is fairly rapid, and in large companies it is not uncommon for a professional accountant to work himself up to a salary of $50,000 a year, or more. And private accounting can be a stepping stone to high business office. The treasurers, financial vice presidents and often the presidents of many of America's most renowned corporations began as accountants.

Accountancy has its drawbacks, of course. I am the first to admit that. An accountant's schedule can be long and arduous. At times, he may have to put in ten, twelve or more hours a day, sometimes seven days a week.

Furthermore, many accountants have to travel a great deal. Initially, this may be attractive to a young man. Later, after he has a wife and family, he may not like it so much. Nor will his wife.

Nevertheless, every accountant I know feels that the rewards of the profession outweigh its disadvantages.

Now, let us see what kind of boys make the best accountants. And what kind of girls, since the number of women accountants has been increasing.

1. In my opinion, a boy (or a girl) who wants to be an accountant should have a keen, analytical mind. 2. Although he doesn't have to be a wizard at arithmetic, he should like figures and have a genuine respect for accuracy. 3. He should be persistent. An accountant may have to spend hours hunting down a single important fact. 4. He should be able to keep a confidence. After all, his clients will be entrusting him with their most precious secrets. 5. He should like people and be able to "sell" himself to them. 6. He should be willing and able to work hard.

To become a successful accountant, a college education is virtually a prerequisite today. Some accountants have risen from an office boy's job, but nowadays practically every public accounting firm and most private business concerns prefer men with college training. Your child should, therefore, take a college-preparatory course in high school. After that, he should enroll in one of the more than 250 colleges and universities which now teach accounting.

I naturally recommend that a young person should major in accounting, but I urge that he get a broad liberal arts education as well. In the business world, the man or woman who forges ahead is the one who can speak and write well and who has an appreciation of cultural matters, as well as financial questions. The business leader of 1954 is a well-read, well-rounded man.

For public accounting, most experts call it essential that a man also be a CPA. The examination to qualify as a CPA is the same in every state, and I must warn you that it is not easy. Many candidates fail on their first attempt, partly because they sit for it before they are properly prepared. However, they can obtain credit for the sections they pass and try the other parts again later.

If I seem enthusiastic about the accounting profession, it is the result of my own observation. I have been associated with accounting for 29 years and I have relished every minute of it. To my mind, that is what counts most. A man should enjoy his life's work.

◆ ◆ ◆

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

Booklets available on other careers

This article on Accounting is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Teaching, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service, Farming *and* Architecture. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write.*

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

CHARLES RADO

Gigli dances for a dancer

BEFORE you look at Carol Haney, the lively and comic young lady on page 30, we think you ought to know that she represents the third in a series of aesthetic experiments on the part of photographer Ormond Gigli and Collier's associate editor Evelyn Harvey. Mr. Gigli and Miss Harvey, together, are Credited with the creation of a new art form. They have, with Caron Carries On (Collier's, May 28th), Mixing the Mambo (Collier's, Oct. 2d) and this present series of pictures, succeeded in designing dances which are purely photographic—ballets for paper. They do not simply take pictures of routines designed to be performed on a stage, but actually plan dances for the still camera, step by step, and for visual rhythms rather than for the rhythms of music. After pondering this weighty aesthetic conception and studying the photographs which go with it, you will, we are sure, be convinced that it is an art well worth pursuing. You may also, as we do, appreciate the comely females who grace the whole large idea.

★ ★ ★

A REPORT from our Washington bureau says that Vance Johnson, author of "Better Check That with Herb," page 70, is "a Texan who doesn't brag." The bureau also tells us that Johnson was a Washington correspondent for the Chicago Sun in 1943; did a hitch in the Marines; was Washington man for the San Francisco Chronicle for several years after that; and is author of Heaven's Tableland, a book about the Dust Bowl, lives in Washington and has two children, a married daughter and twenty-one-year-old son.

In preparing his story about Attorney General Brownell, Johnson interviewed more than 60 people; read through huge stacks of newspapers, dating back several years; worked more than two months and finally got to see Brownell himself, for whom he has considerable respect.

When the job was finished, we asked Mr. Brownell to pose in a picture for us with Leonard W. Hall, chairman of the Republican National Committee. We were told by Mr. Hall that such a picture might create the impression that Brownell is still active politically. We abandoned the request immediately, of course, and spent our time profitably, reading about the Attorney General in Mr. Johnson's Creditable article.

★ ★ ★

LEO CHOPLIN, who photographed Cookie Snapper, the Collier's Color Camera feature on page 58, has done a good bit of work for us over the past few years. He says he hasn't done nearly enough. Be that as it may, we think he is intrepid. He has, for Collier's, climbed a 200-foot water tower to photograph Levittown, Long Island, by the light of 1,500 flash bulbs; and crawled, helicoptered and shinnied all over the sculpted sides of Mount Rushmore. "But," he says, "photographing cookies and jam was my toughest job." We take the statement at more than its face value. Leo weighs something over 200 pounds. He is on a strict diet to please his wife, his doctor, his tailor and his sacroiliac. Facing cookies under those conditions is, naturally, a harrowing experience.

★ ★ ★

AS AN expert on flying machines of all kinds, our James J. Haggerty, Jr., gets around, it seems to us, as fast as some of the things with wings (and without) he writes about. But we managed to catch him a little while back with his gears down. He was in a hurry, but he did mutter something about his great admiration for Dr. Stapp, the Fastest Man on Earth (page 25).

"Did you know," asked Jim, "that when Stapp was going to school at Baylor University, he went out for the track team and started on a period of continuous training which lasted six years? It consisted of running five miles a day, six days a week. And sometimes he ran as much as eight miles on Saturdays." We said we did not know, but before we could give voice to our own admiration for the rocketing doctor, Haggerty was off again—running, as we recall it.

★ ★ ★

MURRAY ROBINSON has been writing about New York—its sports, sights and characters—for well over a quarter of a century. He is now a feature writer for The New York World-Telegram and The Sun. He says: "Manhattan Island is crowded with interesting types who like nothing better than to poke a finger at you and tell you where to get off at. I love every one of them—fingers and all." On page 102, Mr. Robinson pokes his finger into one of New York's most famous and zaniest restaurants, and comes up—with aplomb? —SEY CHASSLER

HANS KNOPF

Murray Robinson in a typical pose —in Lindy's with a talking finger

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It is important this year especially to know these things at first hand. Never has the new car buyer had so many new advances to choose from. And never have the cars of Chrysler Corporation been so clearly foremost in the number and the value of the advances you'll find in them. Why not spend 30 minutes in one of these cars catching up on today's best dollar's worth? You'll find a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer more than ready to offer the best you can find in trade and terms. Why not come in, soon?

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Also ask for a Fitch shampoo at any Barber or Beauty Shop.

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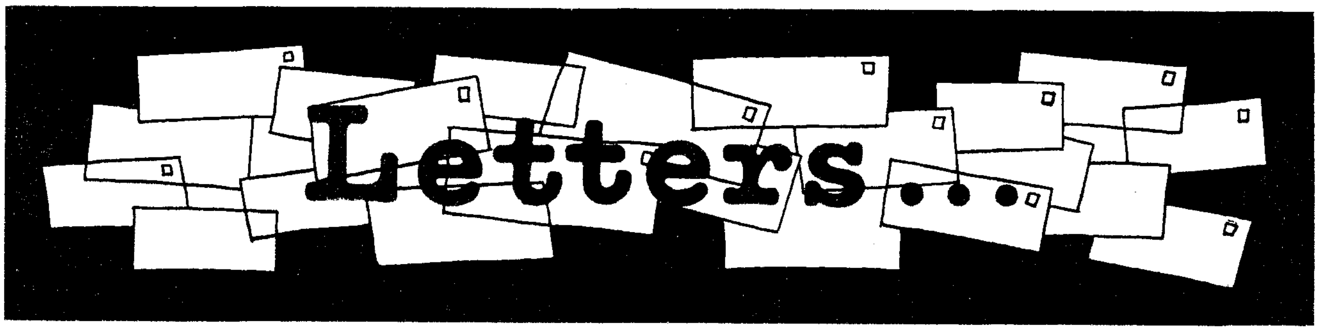


Letters...

Our Northern Neighbor

EDITOR: I think the publication of Bruce Hutchison's article, Why Canadians Are Peeved at the U.S. (May 14th), will serve a very useful purpose if enough of your readers give it their thoughtful consideration.

One point that Mr. Hutchison did not develop was the important fact that the U.S. does not speak abroad with one voice but with many voices. In the wisdom of your founding fathers and their successors you have chosen a system of checks and balances rather than the responsible parliamentary form of government we have preferred ourselves. Canadians *know* that when our Prime Minister or our Secretary of External Affairs speaks, that is the authentic official voice of Canada, since the Cabinet must have a working majority in Parliament or the government will fall and a general election must be held.

But when your President or your Secretary of State makes an announcement, whatever he says is subject to the veto or approval of two Houses of Congress, or even of the Supreme Court. Sometimes foreigners who do not fully understand your form of government wonder, "Who speaks for the United States—Eisenhower, Dulles or (for example) the chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee?"

To sum up, your system seems entirely normal to you, but I assure you that many foreigners regard it as a very strange way indeed for a sovereign nation to conduct its foreign affairs.
R. G. MILLER, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

. . . Bruce Hutchison's article is excellent, and should cause us to take a good look at our surprising neighbor to the north. Canada is a fresh and wonderful country that—who knows?—we may have to depend on for survival someday.

However, let's face one thing, so long as Hutchison brought it up himself: during that big war when Germans and Japs were going to conquer the world, including Canada, no Canadian had to go overseas to face the enemy and defend his country unless he volunteered.
JOHN SWANSON ST. CLOUD, Taft, Texas

Canadians were conscripted for military service during World War II. But, as reader St. Cloud correctly points out, overseas service was voluntary.

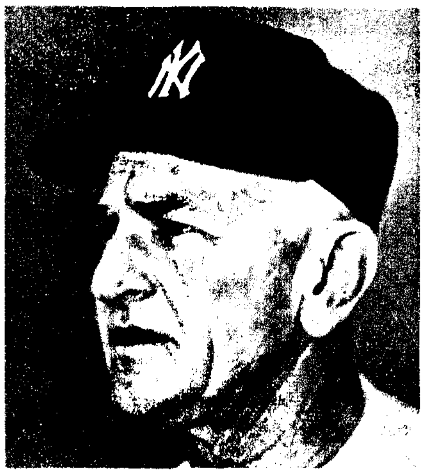
Wrong Evansville

EDITOR: In your article How Your Town Can Avoid a Recession (Apr. 30th), there appears a box titled They're Helping Themselves in which a number of cities and towns are listed. Among them is Evansville, Illinois.

I am a fourth-generation Illinoisian who has lived here for 67 years, and I thought I knew a great deal about the state, but this is a new one on me. Perhaps you mean Evanston? Or where is it?
E. C. ELLIOT, Danville, Ill.

Two surprises for reader Elliot. There is an Evansville, Illinois, in Randolph County. But Collier's erred in listing it among the employment-short, self-helping communities. Correctly, the city should have read not Evanston, but Evansville, Indiana.

Yankee Skipper



Casey—expendable?

EDITOR: Your May 14th story Casey Stengel Is Wise—but Weiss Is Wiser should be an article to be read, treasured and stored in a handy vault by the 16 gentlemen serving as managers in the major leagues.

Mr. Lane has elevated all major responsibility for success or failure from the manager to the front office. This should endear him greatly to the 16 managers. When the fortunes of their ball teams begin to wane they can hotfoot it to the vault for their Collier's copy of Mr. Lane's article.

From this point on we no longer will see a reshuffling of managers, but merely a shake-up of top brass.
PAT WILLIAMS, San Jose, Calif.

. . . Frank Lane made Casey appear as anything but a manager. But you cannot have a winning team simply by having one man pulling for that team. Casey Stengel is a smart man, and I think one of the greatest baseball managers of all time. He has proved this point beyond any doubt.
GERI HOFF, Bridgeport, Conn.

The General Was Right

EDITOR: Regarding Ronald Gene Garrett's comment on General Mark Clark's article in Letters of April 30th, may I say that General Clark's statement referring to the Korean armistice, "For the first time in history, the United States signed an armistice without victory," is correct. The War of 1812 ended not with an armistice, but with a peace treaty, the Treaty of Ghent. Furthermore, although this treaty did not settle the issues of the war in favor of either country, Great Britain had in fact stopped impressing American seamen before the treaty was signed, and impressments had been the chief official grievance of the United States.

In Korea we have only an armistice. If one believes that our war aim was the defensive one of repelling Communist aggression against South Korea, the armistice does represent victory. General Clark implies that our war aim was, or should have been, more extended than this. In any case, a peace treaty remains to be negotiated. *If* one is drawn up and ratified, it will give us further answers to the question of who won what.
BASIL RAUCH, New York, N.Y.

Dr. Rauch is a member of the faculty in the Department of History at Columbia University.

Watery Coincidence

EDITOR: In your April 30th story Danger: River Rising, by Robert J. Nelson, the situation is so close to one faced by our town that it seems more than coincidence. We are all agog.

Is it possible to tell if Mr. Nelson is a southern Californian? Just to satisfy our curiosity?
MARTHA COUTANT, Sierra Madre, Cal.

No, author Nelson is a Kansan, and Danger: River Rising (his first fiction sale) is based on floods in his native state, which he frequently covered as a reporter on the Salina Journal.

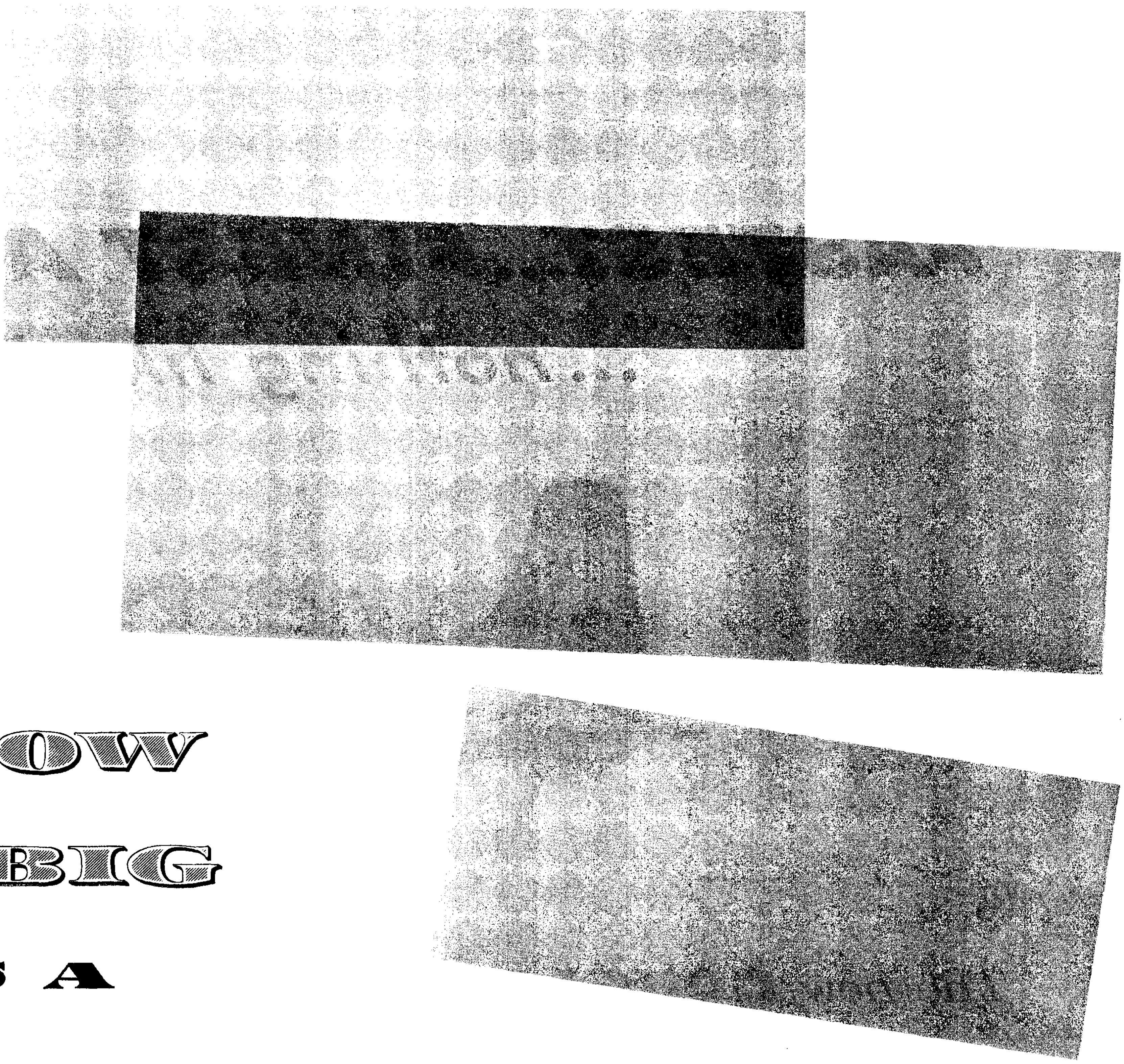
Basic Swedish

EDITOR: Please tell Mr. John O'Hara (Appointment with O'Hara, April 30th) that he should either buy a new Scandinavian- (Swedish-) English dictionary or get more authentic Swedish friends. "*Var så god*" in any of the Scandinavian languages means "Be so good," not "You are welcome." It is usually used when passing a plate of food, and implies the words "Be so good as to help yourself."
MRS. VICTOR JESSEN, Withee, Wis.

Collier's Schoolhouse

EDITOR: Collier's has me confused. Howard Whitman (Our Schools—Afraid to Teach, Mar. 19th) insists that schools should "be mainly work," "train the mind," "stress fundamental knowledge." But Sey Chassler (You Can Build a Better Schoolhouse, Apr. 30th) suggests that today's school building should include "arts and crafts area," "sandbox," "small garden," etc.
RICHARD WYNN, Norwood, N.J.

First of all, neither Collier's nor Howard Whitman advocates all work and no play for school children. Second, we feel that the schoolhouse pictured in our April 30th issue provides plenty of three-R work space, as well as the adjuncts our Mr. Chassler described.



HOW BIG IS A DOLLAR BILL?

Just for fun, see if you can pick the one that's $-size

If you picked the big one in the middle, you're only partly wrong. Bills *were* that big *once*. But they went out along with short skirts in 1929. Today's dollar is smaller (the size at the top of the page).

The dollar has shrunk in *value*, too, as everybody knows. But it may surprise you to know that *today's* dollar is buying almost two and one-half times as much household electricity as the "big buck" of 25 years ago.

In these 25 years, the electric light and power companies have *doubled* and *redoubled* their supply of electricity. And they are busy building ahead—by 1960 there will be half again as much electricity available as there is today.

With this record, isn't it wasteful for the federal government to go on building unnecessary electric power projects?

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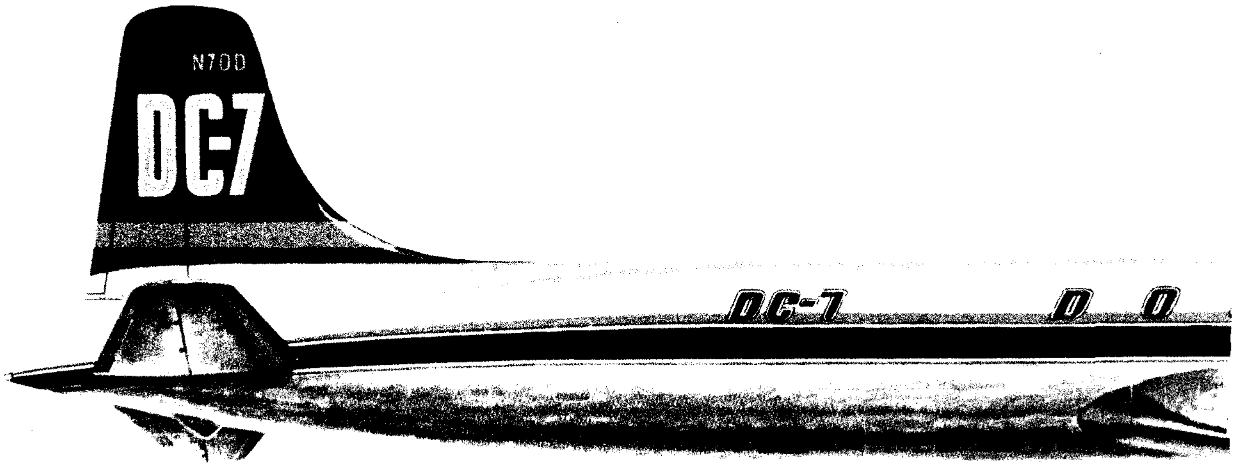

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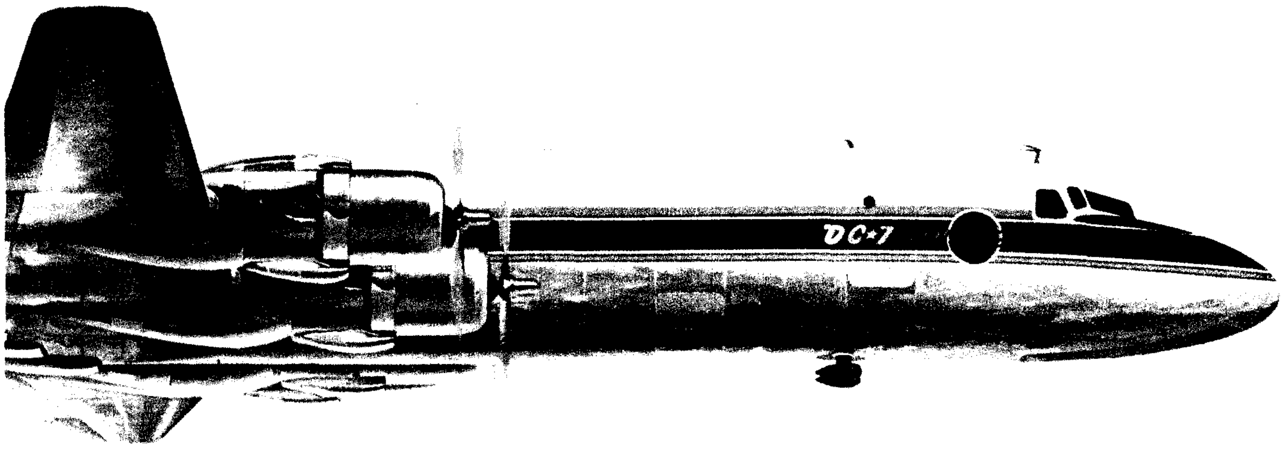

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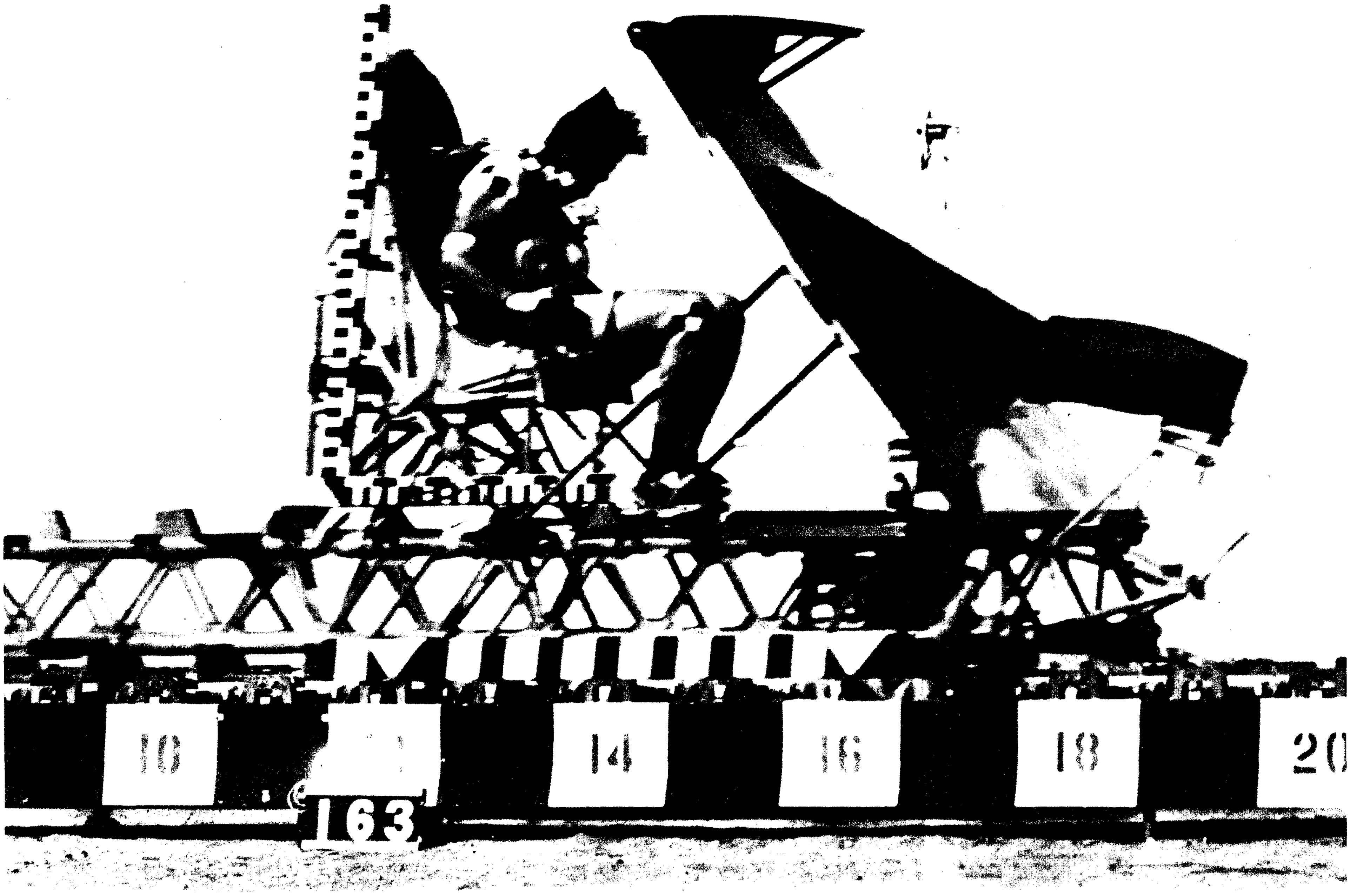


U.S. AIR FORCE

Stapp lurches to jarring halt at end of test. He has traveled more than 400 miles an hour on sled and plans to hit 700 or better in future

Fastest Man on Earth

By JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.

Twenty-seven times Dr. John P. Stapp has roared down the track aboard his rocket sled in a ride so dangerous that observers have called him one of the world's bravest men

JOHN PAUL STAPP is a scientist, and looks the part. He's a mild-mannered, self-effacing gentleman with the air of a college professor (which he has been). Observing him, you'd guess that he'd be right at home puzzling over problems in a research laboratory.

You'd be right—except that Stapp's laboratory is a rocket-propelled sled, perhaps the most dangerous vehicle in America, just as Stapp himself is certainly one of the nation's bravest men.

Stapp's job, as a flight surgeon for the U.S. Air Force (he's a lieutenant colonel), is to simulate airplane crashes on his sled, which is called a decelerator. It hurtles him along a railroadlike track at terrific velocities, then slams him into a braking area with a bone-jarring jolt. Every time he rides his machine, he suffers the same shock that's experienced in the abrupt stop of a crashing airplane.

In the course of his research program, Stapp has several times sustained shocks greater than those incurred in fatal plane crashes. His maximum jolt was equivalent to driving an auto at 120 miles an hour into a brick wall (or stopping in 19 feet). On three other occasions, the shock was equal to braking from 60 miles an hour to a complete stop in only three feet. He has twice broken an arm, has fractured a rib and has suffered a hemorrhage of the eye retina and moderate degrees of concussion, not to mention quite a few headaches and stiff muscles after his more strenuous sled

"Fire Engine Number One," as Stapp calls his sled, hurtles down the track at Holloman air base to a top velocity of 421 miles an hour—great

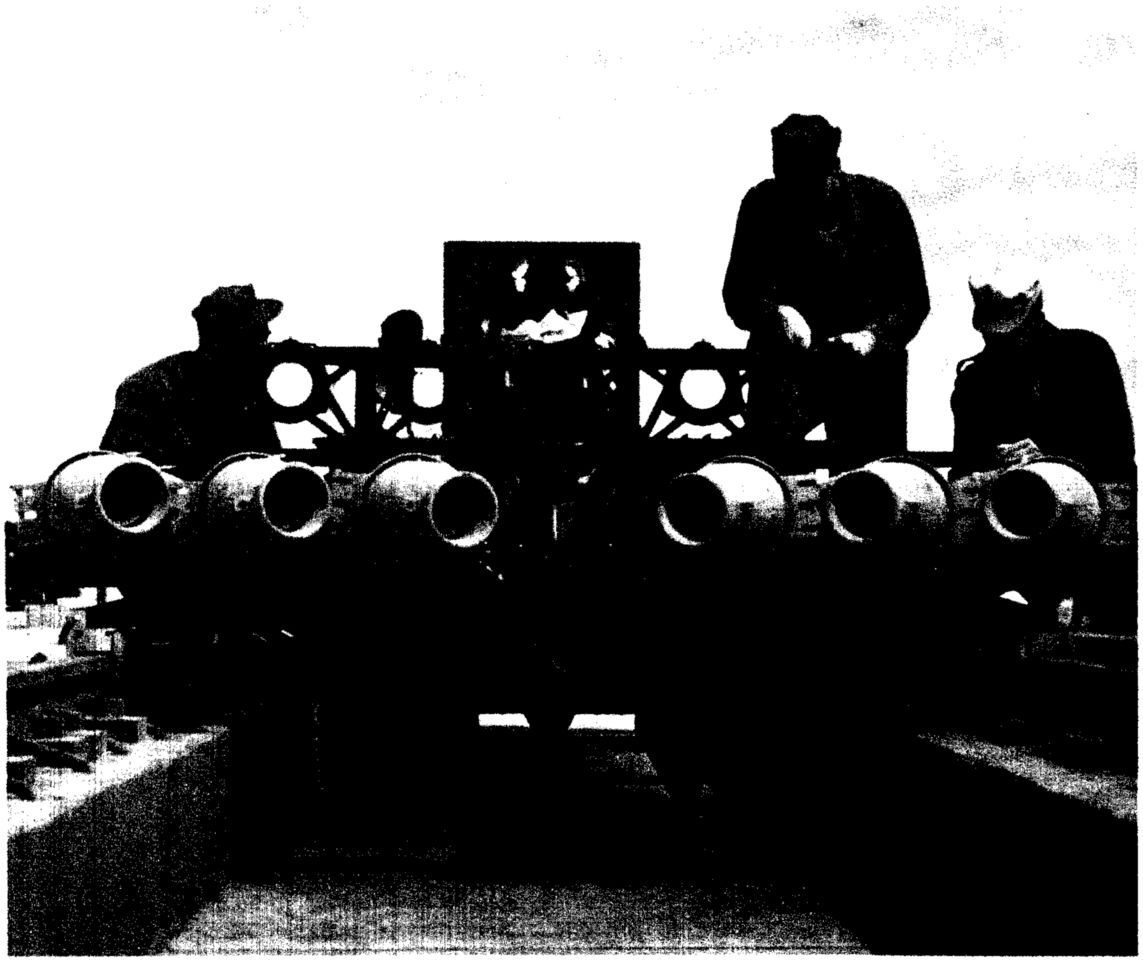
runs. Once he set his own broken arm en route to the hospital.

Stapp has also moved faster over the earth's surface than any other human not airborne: 421 miles an hour. But he's just getting started.

Someday, after more experience on his sled, he plans to do a supersonic run on the ground, without protection from the violent wind-blast such a speed will generate, all the time tumbling over and over in a rapidly rotating seat—to find out what happens to a pilot who bails out at supersonic speed at low altitudes.

Stapp's purpose in the deceleration experiments is to find out just how much slowdown shock the human body can take.

The information will be used to redesign aircraft seats and safety belting, so that pilots and passengers will have greater protection against abrupt jolts in emergencies. The same information also can be applied to making automobiles safer.



WALT WIGGINS

Air Force technicians—(l. to r.) A/2c Herschel Siron, S/Sgt. Floyd Bowerman, A/2c James Jenson—check rockets. Scoops, underneath, brake sled by hitting water at far end of track

After 27 runs on his rocket sled, Stapp has concluded that the human body can stand greater shocks than have occurred in a number of fatal crashes. The single lap belt used in today's transport aircraft, he believes, should be supplemented by a shoulder harness which prevents the passenger's body from moving forward with the jolt. The seats also should be more firmly anchored to the floor—and they should face the rear, not the front, of the airplane. Stapp's tests have been instrumental in bringing about an order that passenger seats in all the new Military Air Transport Service aircraft must face toward the rear.

Explaining the Unit Known As a "g"

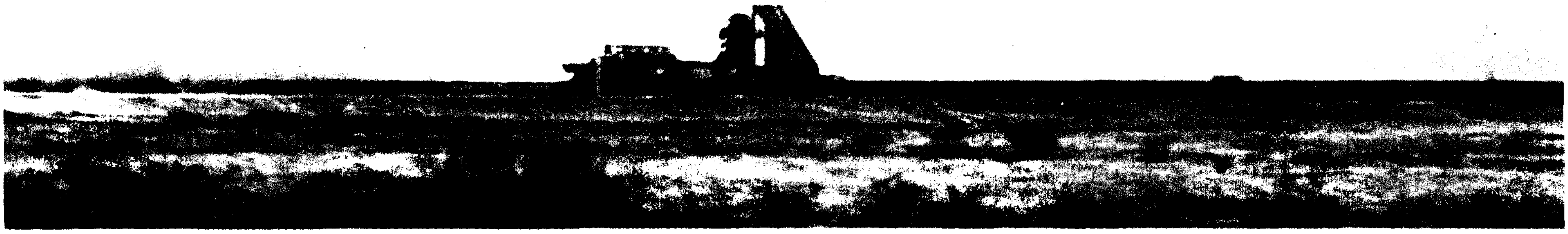
The unit by which Stapp measures the force of the jolts he experiences on his sled is called a g. One g equals your own weight—or one force of gravity. If you were driving your auto at 60 miles an hour and suddenly slammed on the brakes and stopped within 60 feet, you would undergo a deceleration of 2 g's. Your body would weigh twice as much during the slowdown period as it normally does. If you could somehow stop the car in 12 feet (which you probably can't, without hitting an obstruction) you would be pulling 10 g's—weighing 10 times as much as normal.

Stapp has taken a deceleration shock of as high as 46 g's, which almost certainly would have been fatal without proper precautions. His normal weight of 170 pounds increased on that run to 7,820 pounds.

It is not the number of g's alone which determines the severity of the jolt. It is also the time it takes to build up from one g to the maximum. A jolt building up to 30 g's in 1/30 of a second is much more severe than the same shock building up in 1/10 of a second. Technically, this jolt build-up is known as the rate of onset, and it is measured in g's per second.

Stapp's roughest jolt was not on his 46-g run, at which the build-up rate was a moderate 500 g's per second; it was on another run in which the g force was only 38 but the rate of onset was more than 1,300 g's per second.

With proper precautions, Stapp believes, abrupt decelerations of more than 50 g's can be taken without injury or even loss of consciousness, and impacts of more than 100 g's can be survived—if the build-up rate is below 1,000 g's per second. The shock sustained in most "survivable" aircraft crashes—that is, those in which the plane strikes the ground at a low angle—is far below that, al-



U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

speed ever achieved by a human being on the ground. Moments after this picture was taken, the vehicle slammed into the water barrier and stopped

though it is not usually possible to determine the exact force of impact.

Stapp's first task is to find out exactly how much deceleration the human body can stand; that will take him at least two more years of sled runs. When the information is available, it will be possible to develop protective devices against such shocks, both in aircraft and in autos.

Stapp is currently chief of the Air Force's Aero Medical Field Laboratory at Holloman Air Development Center, Alamogordo, New Mexico, where he supervises balloon exploration of the upper atmosphere as well as his own biodynamics studies.

His sled is a vehicle developed by Northrop Aircraft, Inc., a top airplane manufacturing concern located in Hawthorne, California. Northrop originally got into the sled business during World War II, when it designed a track-launching system for guided missiles. In 1946, when the Air Force decided to investigate decelerative forces, Northrop designed and built Stapp's original sled, a three-quarter-ton machine powered by four rockets of 1,000 pounds' thrust each. The sled had a maximum speed of about 200 miles an hour and could simulate up to about 50 g's. The 2,000-foot track on which it operated had a series of mechanical brakes, which could be preset to get the desired deceleration.

Stapp and 11 other volunteers made a total of 73 human experiments plus a number of runs with dummy subjects at Edwards Air Force Base, California, from 1947 until mid-1951. Then it was decided that a more advanced vehicle was needed, to continue the program at higher speeds and greater rates of onset. The new sled, only recently put into operation at Holloman, is capable of speeds up to about 750 miles an hour and decelerations up to 150 g's. It rides on steel slippers over a 3,500-foot track, the rails seven feet apart.

Plastic Dams Regulate Height of Water

The mechanical braking system has been abandoned in favor of a new method of providing rapid slowdown. Between the rails is a water trough, and below the body of the sled is a scoop which catches the water as it plows through. The water impact provides the brake. The degree of jolt is determined by the height of the water in the trough and the speed at which the scoop passes through it. Plastic dams, easily broken by the fast-moving scoop, regulate the height of the water.

Actually, the sled is in two sections. The forward section contains the seat for the rider, behind a windbreaker; in the windbreaker are housed the instruments which record the g forces and a high-speed motion-picture camera which obtains a slow-motion pictorial record of the run.

The rear section is the propulsion unit. It can hold 12 rockets, each of 4,500 pounds' thrust, although only six have been used to date. One of these powerful rocket units has almost as much push as the engine of a modern jet fighter; six of them can accelerate the sled to more than 400 miles an hour in five seconds.

The propulsion sled has a water scoop of its own, set a few inches lower than that of the forward section. It strikes the water earlier, permitting the rocket sled to break away from the forward section, so the passenger vehicle completes the last part of the run alone.

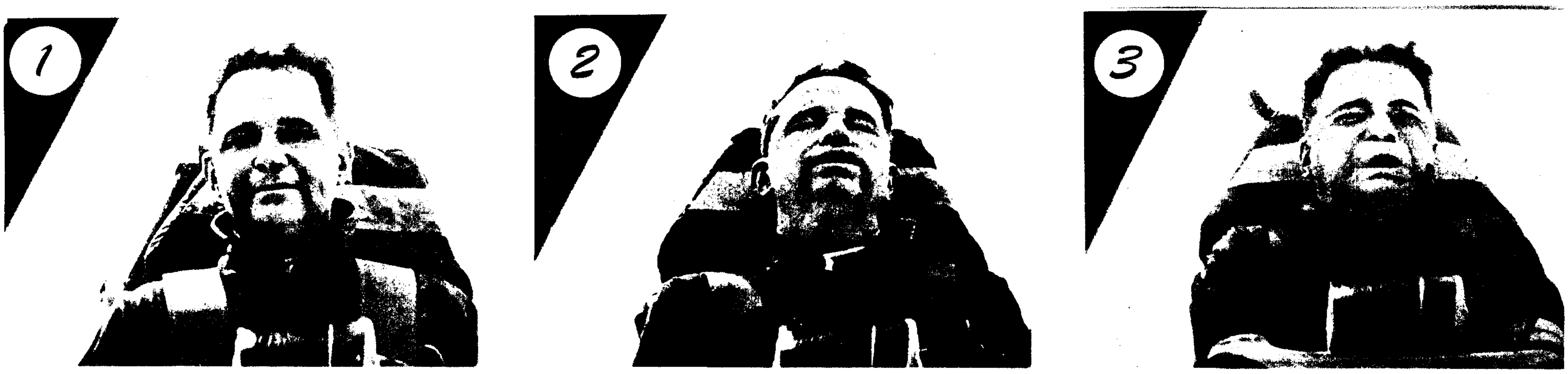
At Holloman, I recently witnessed Stapp's first run on the new high-speed sled, his 27th decelera-

WALT WIGGINS

"Sierra Sam," dummy closely duplicating the human body, has taken several rides on sled

WALT WIGGINS

Dr. Stapp in his New Mexico laboratory with a model of his rocket-powered deceleration sled



Camera mounted on sled took these pictures of Stapp's face during latest run. 1.—Before start of the test. 2. and 3.—The sled gains speed, contorting

tion test. I arrived at the track area about an hour before the scheduled firing time—"X minus 60" is the term used by the track technicians, under the so-called count-down system employed in firing guided missiles. "X" is firing time; "minus 60" means the number of minutes remaining.

Five Hours of "Last-Minute" Checking

The bright-red sled, which Stapp calls "Fire Engine Number One, Volunteer Fire Department," was at the starting end of the track. A number of Air Force and Northrop technicians swarmed over it, making last-minute checks of the equipment and instrumentation. They had been there for five hours, I was told by George Nichols, chief of the Northrop crew. Although there had been weeks of preparation for this run, the technicians would continue checking until X minus two. Aside from Stapp's safety, the important item, a sled run is expensive. Nothing must go wrong.

The height of the water in the dams had been carefully checked and rechecked. Had it been too high, even by a fraction of an inch, it would have meant a much more severe jolt than was scheduled. Since it was to be the first human run with the new sled, this was not a high g test. It would be something in the neighborhood of 20 g's. Nonetheless, there was marked tension around the launching pad. No human had ever before tested a sled at such speed.

At X minus 30 a siren wailed a warning. In the blockhouse, 100 feet from the launching pad, technicians checked communications with the crews of the high-speed cameras which would record every inch of the sled run for future study. The blockhouse is underground, for safety in case of a rocket misfire, but observers inside can watch the test through a periscopic window.

Stapp had still not arrived. There was another arrival, though—an Air Force-blue ambulance, mute testimony that this was not child's play.

Stapp arrived at X minus 16, wearing the standard blue flying suit. He chatted briefly with some of the observers. He seemed nervous—and he was, as he acknowledged in his report after the run: "Subject had considerable apprehension and uneasiness with cold sweat of axillae (armpits) and palms."

Stapp claims that his job is a lot less dangerous than it seems to be. Before each run, he knows exactly what to expect, and there is very little chance that anything will go wrong. Nonetheless, he had good cause to be nervous about this run.

Previous Test Caused Eye Injuries

First, although it had been 33 months since his last run (it had taken that long to design, develop and test the new sled), the memory of it was still fresh in his mind. It had been, in his words, a "rather unpleasant" test, the 46-g run in which Stapp sustained a hemorrhage of the retina. He had suffered a violent headache for two days afterward and partial loss of vision which lasted 12 weeks.

Second, although he had witnessed and supervised several test runs of this sled, this would be his first experience with the water-braking system.

Finally, he would be moving faster than any human had before, except in an airplane.

"I assure you I'm not looking forward to this," he said to me as he walked toward the sled. He climbed aboard and the crew started to strap him in. First they affixed a reinforced nylon lap belt across his waist, then a set of leg straps which wound inside his thighs and clamped tightly to the lap belt, to prevent it from riding up when the jolt came. Next came a shoulder harness which would prevent his upper body from snapping forward with the impact. Finally, for extra protection in case one of the harnesses failed, the crew placed a slack safety belt across his chest. Attached to the slack belt was an accelerometer, a device which would record Stapp's initial jolt when the rockets fired, and the decelerative shock he would get when the sled's scoop slammed into the water dams. Similar instruments were mounted in the body of the sled.

The loud-speaker boomed "X minus 10" and the observers started moving toward their vantage points, some of them into the blockhouse; others—I among them—to a point near the water dams where the sled would come to a halt. For safety purposes, we were stationed a good 200 yards from the track.

The group of observers was tense and quiet as we waited for the firing.

"I wouldn't ride that thing for a year's pay," one Air Force officer said.

His companion topped him: "I wouldn't even sit on it while it was standing still."

"He knows what he's doing," observed Technical Sergeant Harry Goniprouskis, of Baltimore, Maryland. Goniprouskis was less concerned about Stapp's safety than were the rest of the group, having ridden the earlier sled model himself in the tests at Edwards Air Force Base. Goniprouskis, who may substitute for Stapp on some of the runs in the new series, is one of two remaining members of the original deceleration team.

Alone in Fire Engine Number One

A pair of red flares shot up from the vicinity of the blockhouse—the two-minute warning. All eyes were now turned toward Fire Engine Number One and its occupant. The last two technicians scurried from the launching pad toward the blockhouse and Stapp looked pitifully alone on his machine.

The two minutes dragged. Then suddenly there was a puff of smoke from the rear of the sled, followed immediately by a brilliant burst of flame and a heavy roar as the 27,000 pounds of rocket thrust blasted into action. Rockets blazing, the sled moved down the track at terrific speed. It seemed incredible that there was a human being in the midst of that fury of flame and sound.

A geyser of water shot a hundred feet into the air as the scoop on the rear section hit the water and the two sled units parted. Stapp's vehicle sped on alone for a few hundred feet, then there was another great waterspout as the sled slammed into the dam area. It seemed to stop almost on a dime. Despite the restraining straps, Stapp's body jerked visibly—far forward, then back again.

We hurried toward the sled with some apprehension, but as we approached it we were relieved to see Stapp calmly unbuckling himself. He waved cheerfully to the gathering group and stepped off the sled unassisted.

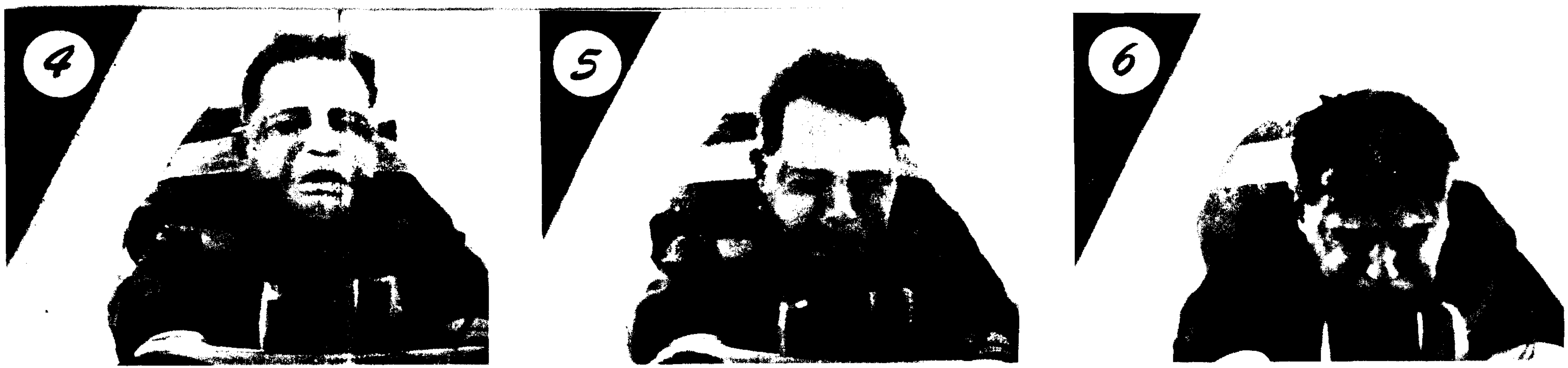
"I feel fine now," he told me. "This sled is going to be a wonderful test instrument. I'm ready to do it again this afternoon."

Was he as nervous as he had seemed?

"I was plenty nervous, particularly in the last seconds of the count-down. I concentrated on pulling that cord as though it were the most important thing on earth." The cord, yanked just before the rockets went off, started up the motion-picture camera on the sled which records the subject's expressions throughout the run. "About five seconds before zero, though, I suddenly became calm and after that it was all right."

A later check of the data from the instruments showed that the rockets had pushed the sled up to 421 miles an hour in the first five seconds of the run—about 1,800 feet. When the rockets burned out and the two units separated, Stapp's sled slowed down slightly from the friction of the sled runners on the rails, but he was still doing 313 miles an hour when the scoop hit the water.

In blockhouse: T/Sgt. Harry Goniprouskis (left),



U.S. AIR FORCE

the scientist's face. 4. and 5.—Scoop hit the water, starting sudden slowdown and hurling Stapp forward. 6.—Peak of the deceleration shock: 22 g's

The deceleration was 22 g's at a rate of 500 g's per second. The sled had slowed from 313 to 153 miles per hour in 200 feet, after which it coasted to a stop; but the fiercest shock, the build-up to 22 g's, had come in the first 10 feet after the scoop hit. Stapp's body weighed more than 3,700 pounds during that initial deceleration. Moreover, in the brief period of 6/10ths of a second during which the deceleration was sustained, his weight changed 17 times upward and downward as his body vibrated against the straps. He gained or lost 1,500 pounds on each cycle.

That's John Stapp's "routine assignment." It amounts to a passion with him: he lives it and breathes it. Why does he do it? Certainly not for thrills or love of danger. In fact, he says, he hates danger and glories in the fact that his experiments may take some of the danger out of flying through development of new protective devices.

WALT WIGGINS

Lieut. Charlie W. Hack and M/Sgt. James Ferguson

"Every research scientist likes a finite problem, one that has a definite end in sight," says Stapp. "This is such a problem. When I complete the program, I'll have a perfect graph of the survivable force limits of the human body. It's very important, it's never been done and it must be done."

Parents Were Missionaries to Brazil

Even aside from his unusual job, John Paul Stapp is a very unusual person. Now forty-three, he was born in Brazil, where his parents were Southern Baptist missionaries. He spoke no English until he was six, when he made his first trip to the United States (today he speaks or reads five languages). At age twelve, he was left in the U.S. to obtain an American education.

Stapp originally intended to be a writer and his early courses at Baylor University were slanted in that direction, although he also had leanings toward drama (he was a member of the college little theater group) and music (he studied piano and played bassoon in the Baylor band and orchestra). He worked his way through school, but somehow also found time to go out for the track team.

A tragic occurrence in 1928 changed the course of Stapp's life. In December of that year, a baby cousin playing alone set fire to his clothes and died of burns 63 hours later. The seventeen-year-old Stapp stayed up continuously nursing the baby. The experience had a profound effect on Stapp; he scrapped his literature courses and decided to devote his career to medicine.

He received his B.A. degree in zoology and chemistry from Baylor in 1931 and an M.A. degree in experimental zoology the following year. After teaching these subjects at Decatur Baptist College, in Decatur, Texas, for two years, he took graduate studies at the University of Texas, receiving his Ph.D. in 1940.

Those early years were lean. His goal was still to be a medical doctor, but the goal was continuously postponed by lack of money. Stapp worked at a variety of jobs, ranging from teaching to dishwashing and door-to-door selling. At one point he obtained his meals by cooking for a group of other students.

Despite his continual economic problems, however, Stapp managed to help his three younger brothers through school. All three are successful today—a doctor, an artist and a geologist.

A Hard-Earned Degree in Medicine

Combining work and study—during one period he was going 18 hours a day—Stapp finally completed medical school at the University of Minnesota and received his M.D. (his fourth degree) at the age of thirty-four. But he was called to military duty just a few months later and never had a chance to practice privately. He has yet to make a dollar from treatment of private patients.

In 1945, Stapp completed the course at the Air Force's School of Aviation Medicine and became a flight surgeon. The following year he was assigned to the Aero Medical Laboratory, which was just about to embark on the deceleration program. Stapp became project officer.

Today, Stapp, a bachelor, lives quietly in his own home at Alamogordo. His hobbies include landscaping his home, good music and cooking for a constant flow of out-of-town guests.

Stapp is well liked and respected by about everyone who knows him.

"He's one of those guys about whom no one ever has a bad word," says Master Sergeant James Ferguson, of Steubenville, Ohio. Ferguson, a much-decorated veteran of the 82d Airborne Division, is, with Sergeant Goniprouskis, the only remaining member of the original Stapp deceleration team. He has had 12 sled rides himself. "The colonel is probably the most courteous man I've ever met. He even calls me 'sir.' On the other hand, he can be mighty firm. When he has to dress you down, he does it in such a nice, quiet, subtle way that you don't even realize you've been chewed out until you think it over afterward. He gets the idea across, though."

Of medium build, Stapp doesn't look like the kind of man you would expect to find riding the rocket sled. Because of constant preoccupation with his scientific problems, he has a rather absent-minded air, and his gold-rimmed spectacles tend to give him a professorial appearance.

For Bailing Out at Supersonic Speeds

Stapp is about to embark on a new sled program, to be sandwiched in with his deceleration work. The Air Force wants to find out certain information about the effect of wind-blast on a pilot who is forced to bail out at supersonic speeds. To learn some of the answers, Stapp will ride the sled at speeds up to 750 miles an hour—faster than sound; at a given speed, the windshield will suddenly pop open, simulating the sudden blast of air the supersonic pilot would experience as he left the plane. Stapp will then start tumbling head over heels on a rotating seat, to simulate the tumbling the pilot would encounter at high velocity before his chute opened.

Sierra Sam, a dummy, will assist in the supersonic bail-out tests. Sam is no ordinary sawdust dummy. Worth more than $4,000, Sierra Sam (so named because he was built by Sierra Engineering Company, which specializes in prosthetic devices) weighs well over 190 pounds and his weight is distributed in the same proportion as it would be in a human. He has foam rubber "flesh" and knee and elbow joints which react much as human joints do. Sam is a veteran sled rider; he has also assisted in the deceleration program.

Someday Stapp hopes to be allowed to do a test program on deceleration specifically applied to auto accidents. His work on the sled has given him some ideas on how to minimize auto fatalities. For example, he would employ a hydraulic bumper jutting out about two feet in front of the car, to take up the initial (and sharpest) shock, and cut down the g's imposed on the human occupants. Further protection would be provided by a simple lap-and-shoulder harness which could be devised for auto use. Although he concedes that riders might not readily take to such a device, Stapp thinks a successful research program might make the harness mandatory in the military, leading ultimately to civilian acceptance.

"What will you do when the sled programs are completed?" I asked him.

"Find a new program," he replied. "Riding the sled isn't habit-forming, but scientific curiosity is. I'd be lost without my problems. In research, once you start, you can't stop."

Something New in Steam Heat

Popularity builds up pressure for a girl, a song

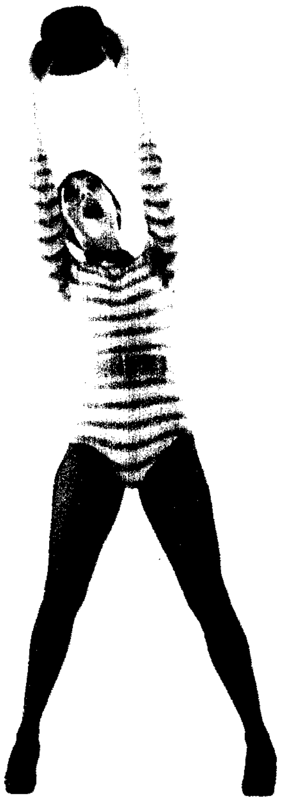
STEAM HEAT, a thermostat-popping song from the hit musical The Pajama Game, can't rightly be called a novelty tune. It's a barrel-house ballad with sound effects. And Carol Haney, who does the number in her Broadway debut, can't be called simply a dancer. Comedy is her keynote. And Carol acts and sings in a quasi contralto that rises from the heels of her long black hose.

The skill with which the 29-year-old ex-dance-teacher from New Bedford, Mass., gyrates about the stage stems from experience as a Jack Cole dancer, and five years as first assistant to dancer-choreographer Gene Kelly. She's also appeared in several films. Result: a bundle of technique, a Chaplinesque quality—and curves. To make the most of what's most about Miss Haney, Collier's provided a new setting, and conspired with the show's choreographer, Bob Fosse, to alter Steam Heat to fit the needs of the still camera. Carol, in a T-shirt, stitched for action by Nellie Stewart, Pajama's wardrobe mistress, danced, varying the humor of the stage number with flashy leaps. But it's hard to be funny with both feet off the ground. Carol, serious about her work, murmured during one hair-raising leap, "All this—and it's not even Swan Lake!"

—EVELYN HARVEY

Carol Haney, Broadway's spectacular new dancer-comedienne, gambols through offbeat version of show-stopping number from The Pajama Game for Collier's camera. Show is most sweeping song-and-dance success since Guys and Dolls; Carol is the theater season's most welcome newcomer, and the Richard Adler-Jerry Ross tune Steam Heat (recorded by Patti Page for Mercury, by Carol in Columbia show album) is getting disc jockey whirl

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ORMOND GIGLI



Rendezvous WITH A TRAITOR

In a few weeks, the world could know the secret. But *someone* wanted it now—and would stop at nothing to get it

By HOLLY ROTH

A NEW TWO-PART SERIAL

HE HAD made and finished his breakfast and was standing in the hall surveying the insane chaos—his apartment had been wrecked, and the ruins then tossed about in an orgy of vandalism—when the doorbell rang.

He hoped it would be the maid, Lena, who always rang with cautious but wasted tact before she used her key, and so the two men standing on the threshold were a disappointment.

"Mr. Robert Kendall?"

"Yes."

"May we speak with you for a moment."

"Why, yes." Kendall stepped back a half step, and then reconsidered. "No. That is—you'll have to identify yourselves first."

They didn't seem taken aback. The taller, more slender of the two, a redheaded man of thirty-two or so, said, "Of course. I'm Eric Gregory, FBI. This"—he gestured at his companion, a sedate-looking man of about forty—"is Major Windham of the Army Counter-Intelligence Corps."

The redhead held out a leather case for Kendall's inspection.

The credentials were very impressive, and Kendall abruptly felt foolish. He said, "Come in," and turned and worked ahead of them through the littered hall. In the living room he picked two seat cushions off the floor and fitted them into the chairs in which they belonged, noticing as he did so that one had been slashed so that the stuffing was escaping. He gestured toward the chairs and the two men sat down. "Is this call merely a coincidence," he asked, "or had you learned of my visitors?"

Gregory said, "The police advised us of the attempted robbery."

Kendall sat on the couch. "Really?" he said. Sergeant Vincent of the New York City police force hadn't seemed to him interested enough to pursue the matter.

"Why didn't you get in touch with *us*, Mr. Kendall?"

"You mean when I found the house ransacked like this?"

Before Gregory could answer, Windham thrust his chin forward and said gruffly, "Or whenever it started. What happened before the ransacking?"

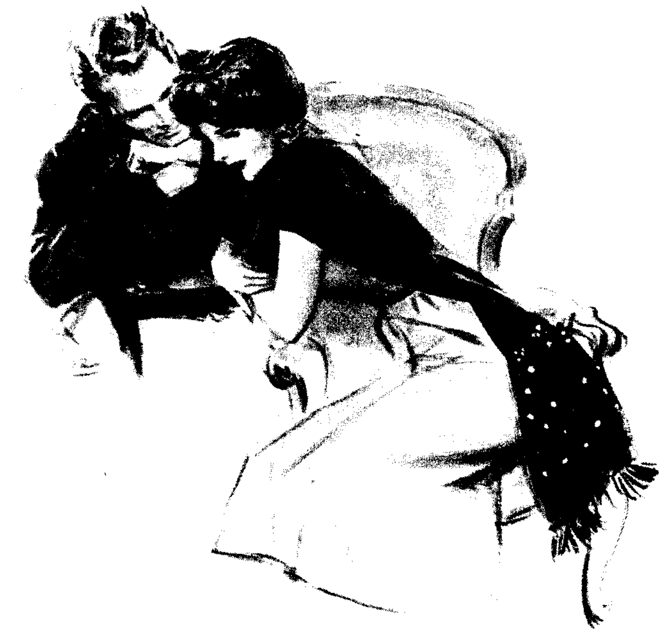
Kendall realized his own question had implied that the housebreaking was not the first incident, but Major Windham had been extraordinarily quick in spotting the implication. Kendall said slowly, "It simply never occurred to me to notify you. It all started yesterday with two phony attempts to get hold of the manuscript. Why should I have reported that to the FBI—or to the CIC?" He looked at Major Windham. "The Army okayed publication of the articles. You were willing to have the whole world see them, so why should you care if someone is trying to get a glimpse of them before publication?"

Gregory spoke up in a conciliatory voice—he had a pleasant voice, and a pleasant, boyish face—"Just because the attempt *was* so pointless, Mr. Kendall. Look—why don't you tell us all about it?"

"Well, if you think it necessary." Kendall made an effort to overcome his feeling of antagonism. "As I told you," he said, "the first incident occurred yesterday afternoon. I had just returned home from downtown . . ."

IT WAS about four o'clock, and Kendall had just got back to his apartment when the doorbell rang. He went into the little hall and opened the front door. In the outer hallway stood a small man wearing a soggy, visored cap. He said in a disinterested singsong: "Pick up carbon of manuscript, Apartment 4C, Robert Kendall. That you?"

"Yes, but I don't have a carbon of the manuscript," Kendall said. "Are you from the Courier?"



Marta and Hollister had met at a cocktail party; she insisted she'd never known him

The man said cryptically, "Quick and Speedy Messenger Service."

"What? Oh. Well, if you'll wait a minute I'll call the Courier and—"

The messenger said, "Naw," and turned toward the elevator.

Kendall shrugged, closed the door, went back into the apartment and into the small bedroom. His bed hadn't been made, although Lena, the twice-a-week maid, had been due at eleven. He threw his overcoat on a chair, and began smoothing the bed sheets.

When the telephone rang, he circled the bed to get to it, tripped over the trailing blankets and crashed against the wall. By the time he had disentangled himself his vague irritation of the last half hour had culminated in an unusual but intense fury.

The man on the other end of the wire said, "Mr. Kendall?"

"Yes!"

"Oh." The voice proceeded with more caution. "My name is Johnson—Fred Johnson. I'm in the promotion department of Salway and Gibbons. The editorial people tell me they don't have a script of your book, Genesis of Treason . . ." He sounded delicately questioning and gently rebuking.

Kendall took a deep breath. He said, "It's not scheduled until late spring, and I've been through this all with Lou Salway. Take it up with him."

"But if you have a script on hand—"

Kendall never heard the end of the sentence. He hung up.

He sat on the edge of the bed and forced himself to calmness. Why was he slamming telephone receivers down on people who were simply trying to do their jobs?

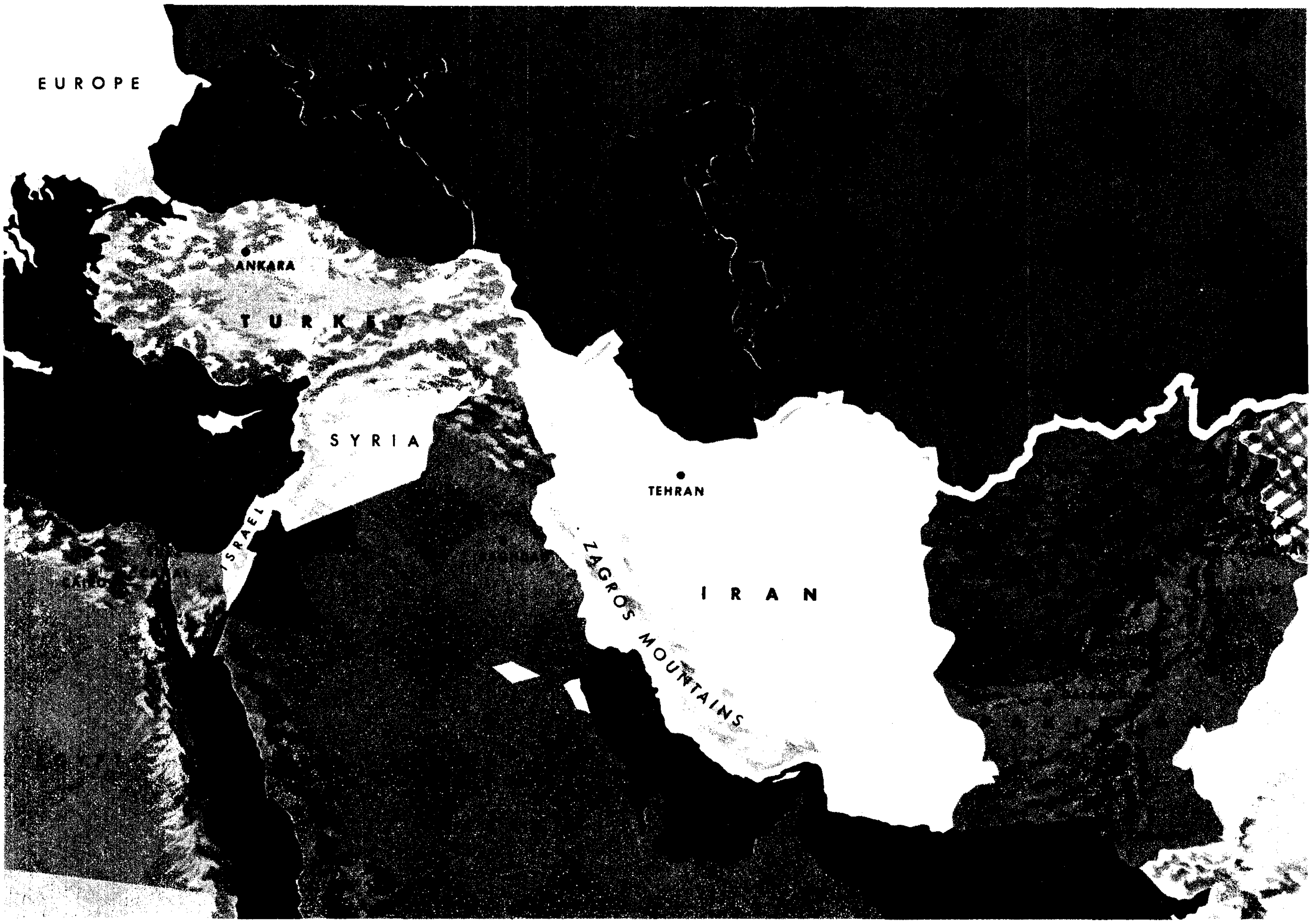
He had never had a greater right to be happy. All he had ever really asked of life was about to be realized, with the publication of Genesis of Treason, and with its current serialization in the Courier. A few months before, the possibility of having his by-line appear in the pages of the nation's biggest and most respected weekly newspaper supplement had been remote to the point of fantasy. So why this sudden clenched-fist frenzy?

But he knew why; he was subconsciously aware that since the suicide of Buddy Hollister two months before, he had been in a state of mounting tension. But, he told himself firmly, that was ridiculous. Hollister had been nothing to him—just a crazy kid, a charming, curly-headed psychopath, a graceful prisoner behind steel bars. Had Hollister also been a

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

When he saw the insane turmoil of his apartment, he thought: They've made two previous tries; this was the next step



AL TARTER

Turkey and Pakistan are the two anchors of the Dulles line. We are also arming Iran and Iraq

New Frontier for Freedom

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

Secretary Dulles is forging a defense line on Russia's southern doorstep. Why is it

SECRETARY OF STATE John Foster Dulles rose from his desk in the State Department, Washington, and walked over to an illuminated globe in a corner of the office. "What would you think," he asked me, "if the free world's Middle East defense were organized right up on the Soviet border?" He drew his finger from Turkey across Iran and Afghanistan to Pakistan.

"Would the countries involved like it?" I asked.

"That remains to be seen," the secretary said.

My interview with Dulles took place last September. Four months later Turkey had—with our blessing—offered Pakistan a Treaty of Friendship and Co-operation in the political, economic, cultural and defense fields, and the United States had agreed to add Pakistan to the long list of countries to which we are supplying arms for defense against aggression.

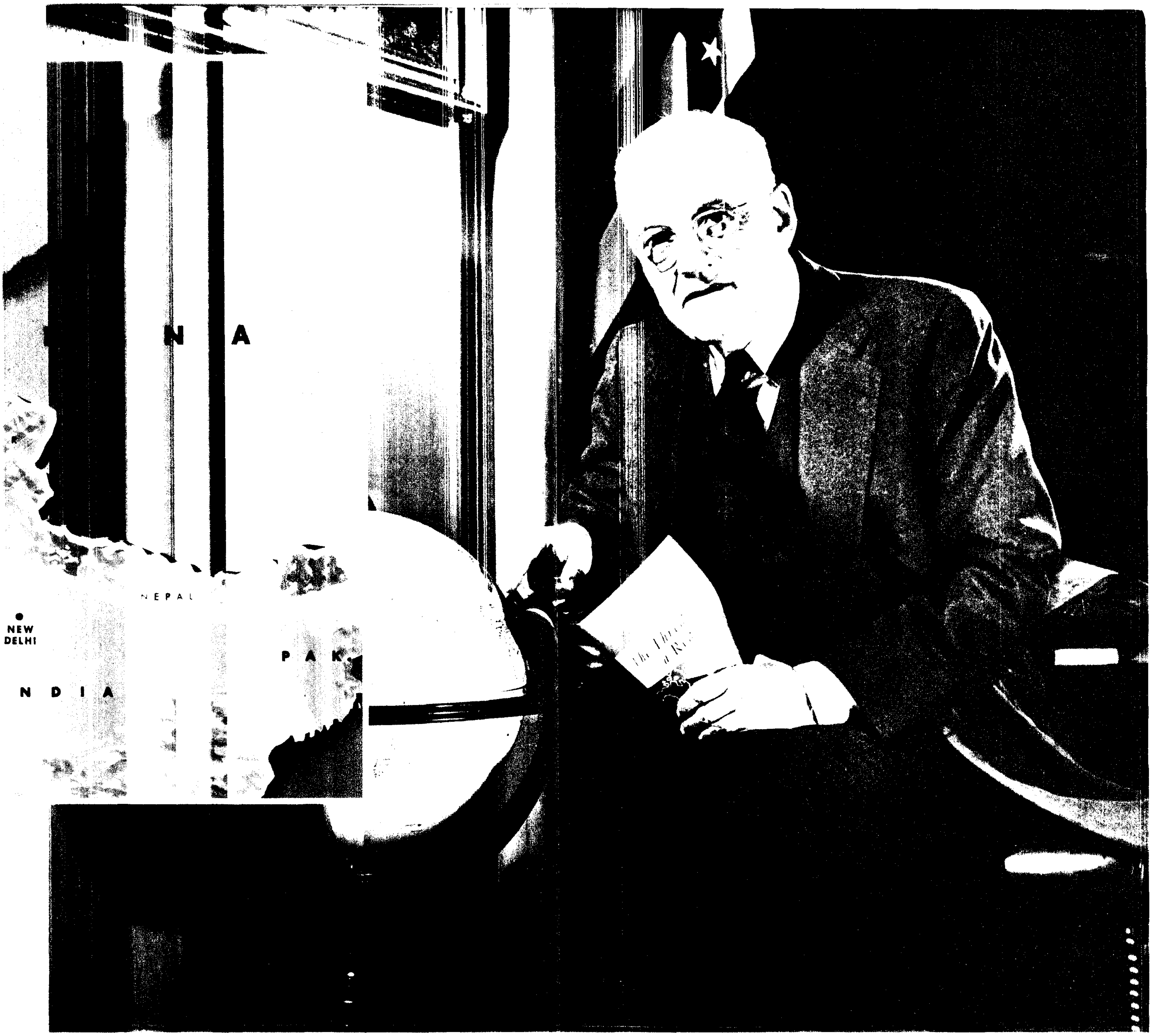
In April, we also concluded a military-aid agreement with Iraq. We have had a similar agreement with Iran since 1949, and there is reason to believe that Afghanistan would like to get American weapons, too. Thus the first steps have been taken toward forging what Dulles envisioned that September afternoon—a defense line on the Soviet Union's southern approaches.

The whole Middle East is excited over the "Dulles line"—as I discovered on a tour of the colorful area. But before taking up what I saw and heard, let's consider for a moment how much the new pacts will mean to our own future.

The most important step of all was the bringing of Pakistan into the Western camp. While the United States agreed only to arm Pakistan, the Turkish-Pakistan mutual-defense pact makes her a partner of our stanch ally, Turkey. Should the Soviet Union attack the United States or any other member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the rest of the signatories—including Turkey—are pledged to full support. Under the Turkish-Pakistan pact, Pakistan would then be expected to go to Turkey's—and therefore our—assistance.

The Pakistan agreements could prove the free world's most important move since it went to war in Korea. They also mean a great extension of the former American policy of "containment" of Communism. Indeed, the free world seems to have seized the initiative in the cold war and certainly has established another front from which to fight in case the cold war gets hot.

Other Middle East countries may line up behind Turkey and Pakistan in a defensive alliance. If and when they do, the free world will be able to



HARRIS AND EWING

Dulles may be accomplishing a "masterstroke in geopolitics" in Middle East, one expert says

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seal the invasion routes around the Persian Gulf, protect or interdict the great oil fields of the area, defend the Suez Canal, deny the Indian Ocean to Soviet submarines, add perhaps 20 or more divisions to the forces of freedom, and give those forces air bases close to the Soviet's interior.

These goals are highly desirable regardless of what happens in Indochina and Korea. The Middle East is a major gap in the almost world-wide defense wall we have been gradually erecting against Communist aggression. Indochina and Korea lie far from this potential area of operations and cannot affect it; they are advance outposts of our Pacific chain of Far East bases. Given a few years, good fortune and resolute leadership, the free world may close the Middle East gap and thus complete a global Monroe Doctrine warning the Communists: So far but no farther!

Dulles is providing the needed leadership in this first stage of building the Middle East wall. It was he who approved Pakistan as the key ally in the new setup, he who pushed through the arm-Pakistan program against powerful opposition, he who encouraged Turkey in her offer to Pakistan of a full military alliance.

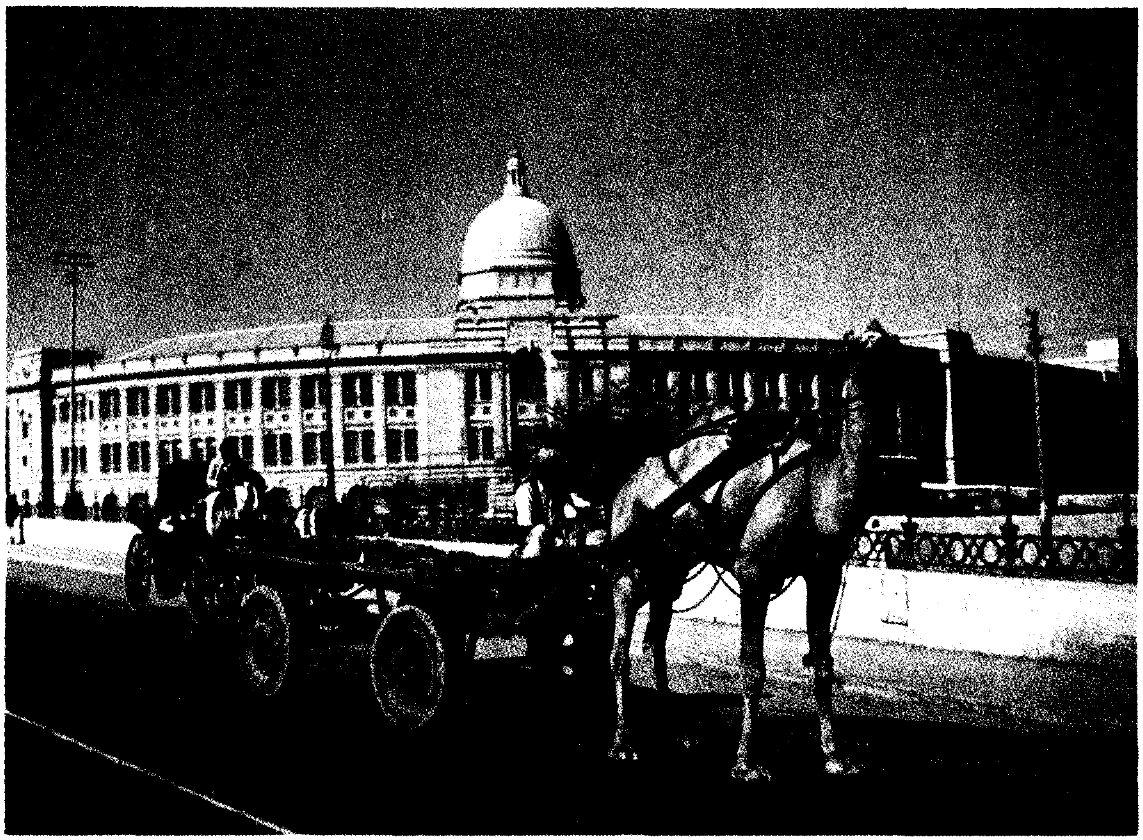
Behind our decision to arm Pakistan raged one of the hottest, though virtually unpublicized, controversies in Washington in recent years. While the subject was still under consideration, India protested against any arming of her subcontinent rival. Paul Hoffman, original head of the Economic Cooperation Administration (ECA), called on President Eisenhower to voice his disapproval; he said he agreed with Chester Bowles, former ambassador to India, that such action would only heighten tension between India and Pakistan and might cause us to lose India altogether. There was even opposition within the State Department, where some officials feared that arming Pakistan might drive India into Communism.

On the other hand, Republican leader Senator William F. Knowland of California, who had recently toured the Middle East, thought the new plan might well become "Secretary Dulles' masterstroke in geopolitics."

On December 28, 1953, President Eisenhower gave final approval to the arms-for-Pakistan program. Three weeks later, I left on assignment from Collier's for Pakistan, India, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq and Turkey. I wanted to find the answers, if possible, to such questions as:

What kind of ally will Pakistan make? What new risks have we assumed? What is the outlook for bringing Iran firmly into the defensive alliance

Pakistan can provide up to a million trained men for the West



BILL STAPLETON

Population of Karachi, capital of infant state of Pakistan, has multiplied five times in last three years. Here a camel cart passes Karachi's modern-looking Port Trust building

to close the gap of nearly 1,200 miles between Turkey and Pakistan? What is the attitude of Iraq, of Afghanistan?

On my arrival at Karachi, capital of Pakistan, I found a remarkable change had occurred since my last visit three years before. The people had transformed the former sleepy garrison town of less than 300,000 inhabitants into a going capital of 1,500,000 population. The overhead roar of international airliners and the horns of motorcars and busses mingled with the shouts of farmers to their overloaded donkeys, the squawking of bicycle rickshas and cyclists, and the tinkling of bells attached to the knees of camels.

Many Feared for Pakistan's Survival

When Pakistan became an independent dominion within the British Commonwealth of Nations in 1947, even some of its friends predicted it would not survive. They asked how 75,000,000 people, divided into two widely separated mountainous areas with unfriendly Indian territory between, lacking many natural resources and with almost no well-developed industry, could hope to establish and maintain economic and political stability in a total area about one eighth the size of the United States. West Pakistan borders on Iran, Afghanistan and India, missing contact with Russia by only a few miles. East Pakistan is bordered by India, the Bay of Bengal and Burma.

Despite these heavy handicaps, I found, the people of Pakistan are determined to remain united and to remain free. By will and by work they are creating a Moslem state to preserve the Moslem way of life.

Pakistan's desire for an alliance with the United States stems from the firmest of foundations—calculated and legitimate self-interest. Its prime minister, Mohammed Ali, was formerly ambassador to Washington and saw for himself what Western life is like. But the alliance will be no one-way road. Pakistan is prepared to carry its share of the burden, both economically and militarily.

"Don't underestimate our stability," Mumtaz Hasan, Secretary for the Ministry of Finance, told me. "We haven't much money, but we grow enough to feed our people—barring another bad drought like last year when you pulled us out with a gift of wheat. So long as the world needs jute and cotton, Pakistan can be self-supporting."

Pakistan's sense of unity with the Western nations in foreign affairs is strengthened by the possibility that Red China someday might move against East Pakistan. If so, the Karachi government would defend its eastern provinces with all its strength. A strong Pakistan thus will be a deterrent to any move by Red China into the subcontinent.

The Pakistan people have an indomitable spirit, a fine military tradition and a remarkable interest in world affairs, derived in part from long association with the British. I first noticed these qualities while talking at Karachi with Iskander Mirza, a former officer, now permanent defense secretary. Mirza, a man of action (he loves to hunt), welcomed me in English accents.

When I asked him what he thinks of foreign protests against American arms for Pakistan, he snorted: "Let them scream their heads off. As Pakistan becomes stronger, they will become friendly enough." Then he told me, "Go where you like, see what you like and talk to whom you like."

Armed with this carte blanche, I saw a good deal of the Pakistan army. I visited Chief of Staff General Nasir Ali in his house at army headquarters in Rawalpindi. I stayed at Peshawar with Divisional Commander Haq Nawaz, a devout man who discusses religious philosophy and military strategy with equal ease. I went to the races at Lahore with Major General Azam Khan. I spent hours in discussions with younger officers. And I visited the school for recruits at Rawalpindi.

Nearly all the high command, I found, were trained in English military schools and had led troops in World War II against the Germans or Japanese. To the Pakistanis, the military is the finest of all professions. Voluntary service is often for as long as 30 years—and hereditary! In three separate companies where I lunched, the fathers of three fourths of the rookies had served with the colors. In many villages the prettiest girls scorn suitors out of uniform.

Pakistan's army, navy and air force consist entirely of volunteers. All three services can get as many recruits as they can pay. These are the people of the famous Khyber Rifles, the Pathan Regiment, the Baluchi Regiment, the Punjabis. Kipling's Gunga Din was from what is now Pakistan.

Pakistan leaders told me they hope to raise their army from its present strength of eight divisions and assorted special battalions to 20 peacetime and 30 wartime divisions of 15,000 men each. In terms of man power, 225,000 men are now in the armed forces and there is a pool of a million men with military training. The eventual size of the Pakistan army will depend largely on the amount of equipment supplied by the United States. The extent and kind of military aid we will provide is now being studied by a survey commission.

Foreign Minister Opposes Neutrality

India's prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, talks earnestly of the good that might flow from maintaining a policy of neutrality in the world struggle between Communism and freedom, but the martial Pakistanis take a different view. Bearded and pious Foreign Minister Zafrullah Khan told me, "Neutrality offers no safety for us. Our sympathies are with the West and we prefer to carry our share from the beginning."

Prime Minister Mohammed Ali, a heavily built, smiling Bengali, went further. "We consider the dangers involved in becoming your ally," he explained, "smaller than those of remaining aloof and seeing the free nations go under one by one."

General Ayub Khan, Pakistan commander in chief, clinched the argument. "We are prepared to be your friends," he said. "But we will fight Communism whether you are our friends or not."

At Karachi, Major General Mohammed Musa, deputy chief of staff, gave me the picture as the Pakistanis see it:

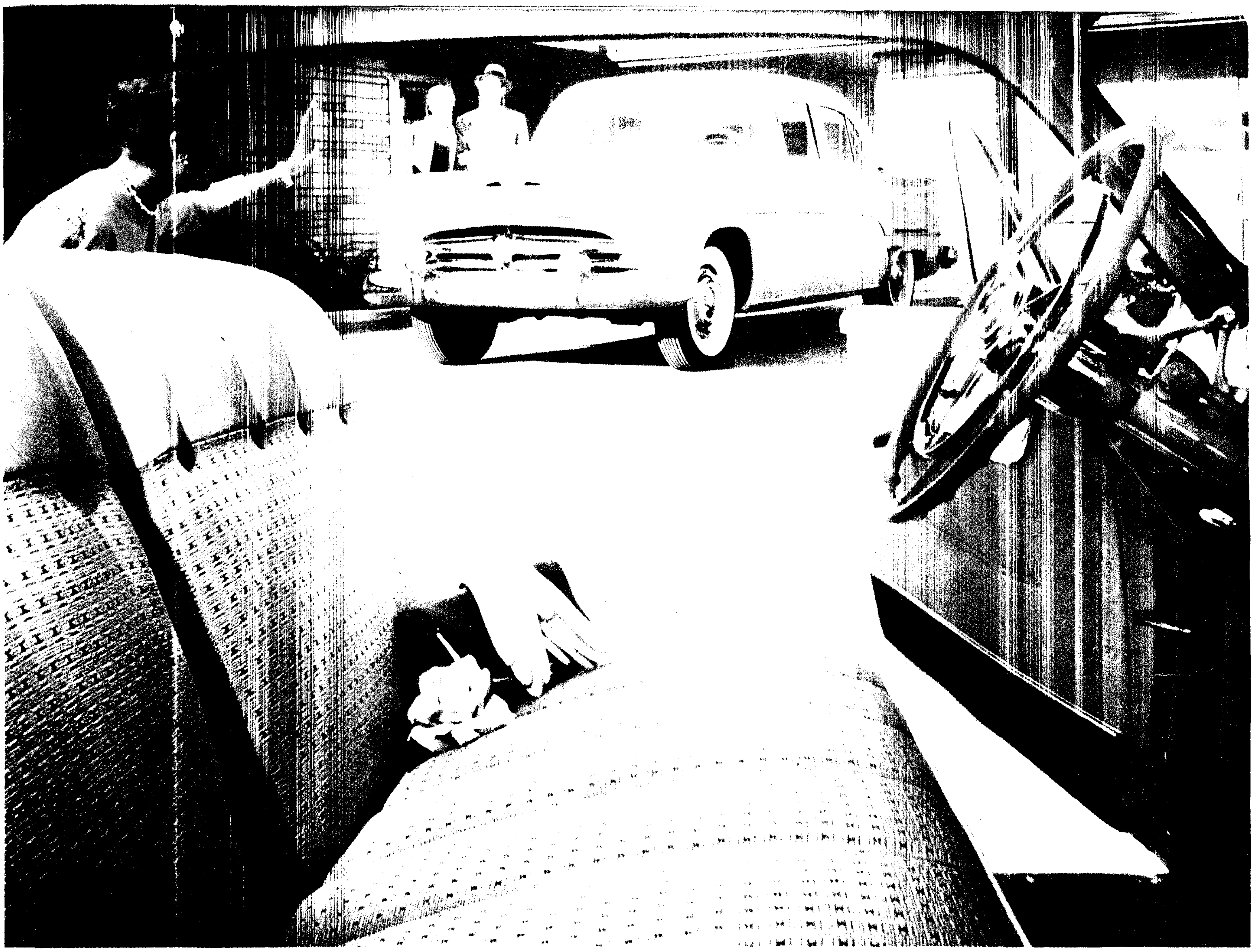
"Communism's four military objectives in this part of the world are the Suez Canal Zone, the great Persian Gulf oil area, Pakistan's airfields, notably at Dalbandin, Pishin and Quetta, and Pakistan's port of Karachi. As things stand, we could not prevent Soviet occupation of the first two, though we could make it costly. With sufficient arms, Pakistan alone can preserve its airfields for the wartime use of American planes and prevent Karachi from becoming a Soviet submarine base."

Wartime airfields closer to the new Soviet industrial centers beyond the Urals are considered immensely valuable by high allied officers whom I consulted—General Gruenther, NATO commander; General Paul Ely, French chief of staff; and Greece's premier, Field Marshal Alexander Papagos.

The map tells why. To Omsk in Siberia from our Moroccan fields is about 4,000 miles; from Okinawa, more than 3,200 miles; from Libya, 3,000 miles; from Foggia in Italy, about 2,700 miles; from Ankara in Turkey, something over 2,100 miles. But from Quetta (or Pishin) in Pakistan, Omsk is only 1,700 miles. What a spot for a refueling station or a fighter base to support our bombers on their way to or returning from Siberian targets should war be forced upon us!

Yet—even with Turkey's assistance—Pakistan could not (as General Musa admitted) prevent Communist land forces from advancing south and occupying the great Irani or Iraqi oil fields or the Suez Canal Zone. The oil fields and the Canal Zone can be defended by weaker forces against land attack from the north on only one line: the Zagros Mountains, which range northwest to southeast through Iran to Pakistan, with peaks as high as our Rockies. Just three major passes lead through the Zagros into Iraq and the same number to the head of the Persian Gulf.

Farther east, access to the warm salt water of the Arabian Sea lies across a 900-mile-wide stretch of desert. Properly defended by a coalition



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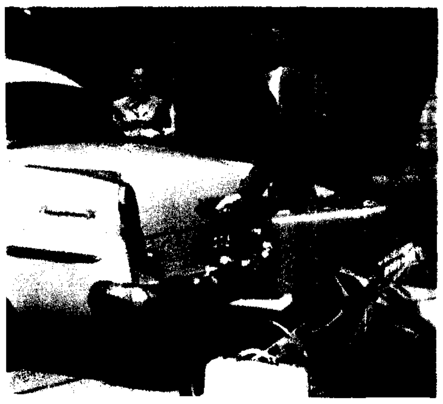

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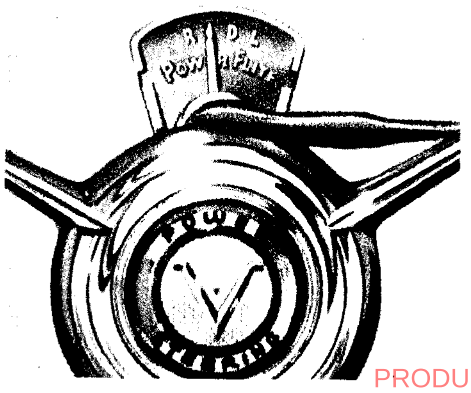


Elegance in Action

Dependable New '54 DODGE

Dodge Shows Star: Danny Thomas (TV) • Bert Parks (TV) • Roy Rogers (Radio)

America's $1,500,000,000 investment in Turkey is paying off

BLACK STAR

Pakistan soldiers parade in Karachi. The country has fine military tradition. Its armed services are composed entirely of volunteers

FOREIGN OPERATIONS ADMINISTRATION

Turkey is modeling its army along American lines. Officer conducts class in tactics for second-year cadets at Turkish military academy

of Turks, Iraqis, Iranians and Pakistanis, with Anglo-American air support, this mountain-and-desert line might be held against a multitude. And holding it would be even easier if Afghanistan would permit Pakistan forces to advance north to the Hindu Kush mountain range, just south of the Afghanistan-Soviet border.

What chance have the United States, Pakistan and Turkey of forming such a Middle East coalition and bridging the gap? What prospects are there that Afghanistan will permit Pakistan forces to move across the border?

Over Mountains and Desert to Kabul

The answers lay to the west of Pakistan. I headed first toward Afghanistan. The country lies between Pakistan and the Soviet Union and at present forms a neutral buffer between the Communist and anti-Communist camps. Because no pilot cared to land a plane on the ice-covered dirt field at Kabul, the Afghan capital, I hired a chauffeur-driven car and set out from Peshawar. The unheated, 1949-model American car first threaded the 28-mile-long Khyber Pass until the pavement ended at the Afghan frontier. Then we crossed a desert, ascended a steep, narrow gorge, climbed painfully over a 7,000-foot snow-blown mountain range and came down soon after dark into frozen Kabul (pronounced *cobble).* We had traveled 180 miles in 12 hours.

On both sides of the frontier we continually met camels. These giant beasts are still an important means of transportation even in progressive Pakistan. Each winter tens of thousands of persons migrate from Afghanistan across the Khyber Pass into Pakistan and India in search of livelihood and return in the spring. We met many camels, and at each meeting it was the car, not the camel, that turned aside.

Afghanistan's 12,000,000 inhabitants are almost untouched by Communism—or democracy. Their government is unusual. Until recently, the king and most high state officials were members of a single branch of a single family—the Duranis. Afghans call their country a "democratic constitutional monarchy."

Keeping such a kingdom independent is no small diplomatic feat. Of the 120,000 conscripted soldiers, 70,000 are used for police duty. The remainder lack even simple equipment. Appeasing the mighty Soviet Union seems—at present—a necessity. But Indian loans are welcome, and the Afghans—with a minimum of publicity—are appealing to the United States for as much aid as possible. The U.S. Export-Import Bank already has advanced the country $39,500,000 for economic projects, and the Afghans also would like to get some modern weapons.

I came away convinced that the Afghan rulers, although anti-Communist, are conscious of their country's weakness and exposed position and will not open their borders to Pakistan troops or join the West until they feel that the United States is willing and able to defend them under all circumstances—a difficult task. There is no official confirmation of recent reports that the Afghans have suggested or are considering federation with Pakistan. On the contrary, the story has been officially denied.

Iraq was the next country I visited. Officials in Washington and Karachi had said Iraq's adherence to the Turkish-Pakistan pact was eminently desirable—partly because Iraq lies just west of the Zagros Mountains, partly because the Iraqis are Arabs and their adherence might eventually bring other Arab states into the alliance.

In the legendary city of Baghdad, I interviewed the then prime minister of Iraq, Dr. Mohammed Fadhil al-Jamali, in his European-type house. Dr. Jamali and his cabinet later resigned over a domestic political issue, but his successor, Arshad al-Umari, continued the existing foreign policies.

Talks initiated by the Jamali government resulted in an agreement in April whereby the United States will furnish military aid to Iraq in return for that country's promise to defend itself against aggression.

"But joining a military alliance with Turkey and Pakistan is something different," Dr. Jamali told me. "It might cause misunderstanding among our friends of the Arab League. Also we should have to consult our ally, Great Britain, before answering any such invitation."

My visits and interviews in Afghanistan and in Iraq gave me no firm conviction that either country would come quickly into the Dulles line for Middle East defense, though of the two we seem to have a better chance to win over Iraq. However—and this is somehow encouraging—while both are highly desirable as allies, neither is absolutely necessary at the moment. The one essential country—in addition to Turkey and Pakistan—is Iran. If Iran is missing as a strong member of the alliance, a door comprising 900 miles of common frontier with Soviet Russia will be left open.

Failure to close this door will not blot out all we gain by having Pakistan as an ally, but it surely would leave the non-Communist Middle East and the free world dangerously and unnecessarily vulnerable. The door can be closed by building Iran as a strong link in the defense line. Iranians with whom I talked stated openly that the United States must put up the money needed.

Iran is not only exposed externally, but is fearfully weak internally. Few Americans realize how close Iran came to Communism in August, 1953. Our ambassador, Loy W. Henderson, believes that had the Iranian people waited 48 hours longer to throw out weeping Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh and recall the exiled shah, the Tudeh (Communist) party would have seized control of the nation and made it another Soviet satellite.

Many observers told me that Iran still could lurch downward through nationalism into Communism—or could rise to become a stable nation capable of considerable self-defense against its northern neighbor. They believe that the course Iran follows depends largely on the amount of American aid it receives—and how well that aid is utilized.

Iran has been getting some military aid from the United States for several years. Brigadier General Robert A. McClure, head of the U.S. military mission training the Iranian army, considers the soldiers first-rate material and the officers, many of them French-trained, quick to learn. In a couple of years, the Iranian army could—if it gets enough U.S. help—fill its part of the gap between the Turks and Pakistanis. But first the nation must get back on its feet economically.

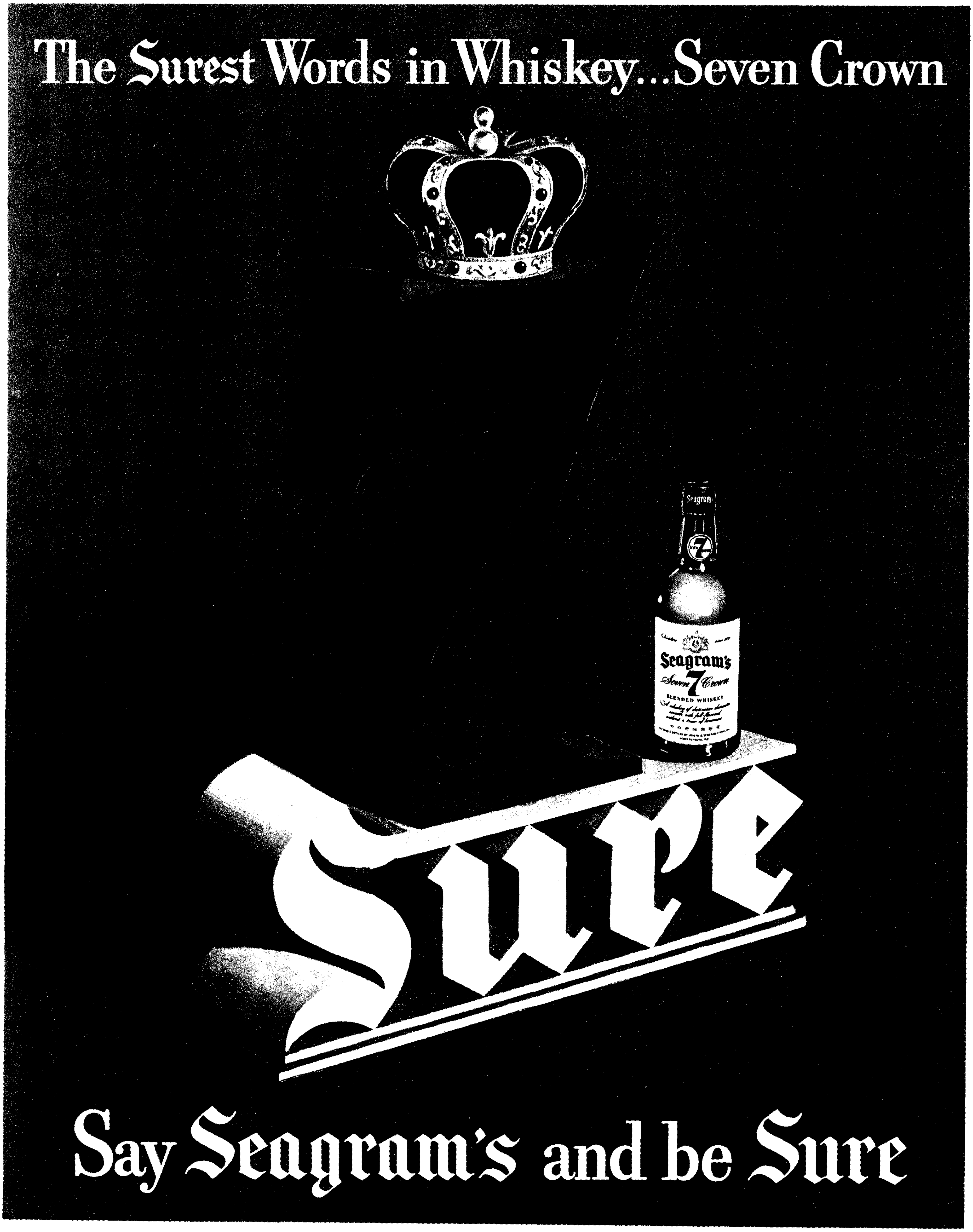
An Interview With the Shah of Iran

The shah, Mohammed Riza Pahlevi, frankly discussed Iran's dire economic plight and need for American aid when he received me at a mountaintop hotel outside Tehran. He entered the room without ceremony, dressed for skiing. A handsome man of thirty-four who speaks excellent English, he waved me to a seat beside him on a sofa and began to talk.

"Iran is a ruin," he said. "First military occupation, then rule by Mossadegh have left us with a shattered economy. We urgently need more money to pay our civil servants, our police and our army. We need funds to increase our productivity by more irrigation, to repair our railroads and main roads, to transform our army from an internal police to a national defense force.

"Until we have repaired the damage of recent years, our people would never understand any discussion of common defense with Turks or Pakistanis. Our present job—I repeat—is rehabilitating our country.

"In 1949," the shah continued, "I visited Washington and asked for American economic help. Had I got it, Iran would never, I feel sure, have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come so close to utter ruin and Communism. Now you are helping us.

"It is up to you to decide whether you wish to tide us over until our oil revenues fill the gap. You have given Turkey a billion and a half dollars. Iran could be equally important."

The new prime minister, General Fazollah Zahedi, the man who arrested Mossadegh and put down the combined Communist and fanatical nationalist conspiracy just in time, also talked eloquently of "economic aid" from the United States, but did not answer my questions about common defense.

This situation seems to leave the problem of total Middle East defense very largely in the lap of the shah. Foreigners insist that only he can give the popular backing to make the vital decisions, some of them unpopular, necessary to stabilize and strengthen his country. Moreover, he still must prove that he can rule Iran. The shah is liked as an affable, well-meaning young man, but in the past he has been indecisive.

From these countries of more or less uncertainty, I moved next to Turkey, where there is no doubt of national sympathies and capabilities.

The most striking characteristic of new Turkey is determination. Modern Turks have decided that their country (a tenth the size of the United States and with only 22,000,000 people) is to be a great nation—and they are well on their way to making it so.

Greatness requires that the Turks maintain an army larger than they can afford—at present, 19 divisions, 13,000 men to a division. They acquired the means to support such forces by becoming an ally of the United States and entering NATO. Since 1947, U.S. taxpayers have invested about a billion and a half dollars in Turkey.

In the Shadow of the Soviet Menace

To deserve this money, the Turkish Republic for almost three years stood at the end of the NATO line, exposed to the threatening might of the Soviet Union to the north and northeast and with only the political soft spots of Iran and the Arab countries to the east and south. But the Turks are not a timid people. Some two thirds of the Turkish soldiers invalided home from Korea or released after a term of service volunteered to go back.

Former President Ismet Inonu, old, deaf and wonderfully brash, confided to me at his Ankara home: "Our next task must be raising the morale of our European allies to the level of America and Turkey."

The Turks are modeling their army on American lines. They are committed to partnership. President Celal Bayar, returning home from his visit to the United States, told his countrymen, "The Americans like us and have confidence in us just as we like them and rely upon them." Prime Minister Adnan Menderes and opposition leader Kasim Gulek both made the same remark: "Never forget that no matter how sharp our internal political struggles, they will not change Turkey's will to be a close friend of the United States."

BLACK STAR

India's Prime Minister Nehru says American arming of Pakistan may involve area in war

All this helps explain why Turkey, once it was sure of American approval, took the initiative in starting the mountain-and-desert wall across southern Asia. Its first choice of an ally in the area was Pakistan. An army captain who showed me around Ankara remarked: "If we can get a few more such friends, we may avoid World War III."

Today Turkey—no longer *end* man, but *key* man—has become a sort of universal joint linking three defense groups: the 14-nation NATO, the Ankara Alliance (Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia) and the Turkish-Pakistani partnership, whose further development is Turkey's chief diplomatic task in the days ahead.

Pakistan's rejection of neutrality has dispelled a nightmare of certain U.S. ambassadors (names withheld on request)—that India might succeed in creating a vast neutral belt from Indonesia to Egypt. Any neutral belt, they think, inevitably helps the Communists.

But India's Nehru has not abandoned his impracticable dream, as I learned when I called on him in New Delhi. "By arming Pakistan," he told me, "you are involving a whole area that needs peace and economic improvement in a political dispute and perhaps in a new war. I do not see what you expect to get out of it."

"Another deterrent to a possible Soviet attack."

"Local forces are no deterrent. The only real deterrent is Russia's fear of war with America," he declared.

"That fear failed to prevent the Communist attack in Korea," I countered.

"That was another matter. Now you will drive awakening young Asians into the Communist camp by seeming to seek Asian man power to fight your battles. If you really want peace, you should cease talking of alliances, armament and war. You should think peace, talk peace and act peace."

"Mr. Prime Minister," I broke in, "are you trying to stop armed aggression by incantation?"

Talk of War and A-Bombs Criticized

Nehru's handsome face grew darker. "No and no. It is your Mr. Dulles who is using incantations—always talking of war and A-bombs."

"I think Mr. Dulles wants peace as much as you do."

"Then he is on the wrong track," Nehru retorted. At the door the prime minister said good-by and added: "Always remember, we must have peace at almost any price." And he was gone.

Some Americans and others argue that in arming Pakistan we are losing India. The truth is we never had India to lose, and U.S. officials in Asia expect no very serious reaction to the Pakistan agreements. Some even say that if the United States continues to offer arms to India for the same anti-Communist purpose as to Pakistan, India someday may decide to accept them and join the armed freedom front.

Informed Americans in the Middle East will give you a guess that the cost of building the Dulles line of defense will be a billion dollars over the next few years, but they agree that it is worth building. Back home I found no money estimates available from officials, but Vice-President Nixon told me he considers the move "a necessary step in resisting Communist penetration."

Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, goes still further. In his office at the Pentagon, he said: "Our decision to bolster the Middle East was essential. If we had done nothing, the Soviets were almost sure to move into the area. They have had their eyes on it for a long time."

Every successful move we have made over the last seven years—whether helping Greece and Turkey, breaking the Berlin blockade, operating the Marshall Plan, promoting NATO or intervening to save the Republic of Korea—has entailed the danger of major war.

This danger is perhaps what Secretary Dulles had in mind when he said:

"Sometimes it is necessary to take risks to win peace just as it is necessary in war to take risks to win victory." ▲▲▲

Pakistan's Premier Mohammed Ali prefers an alliance with West to neutrality favored by Indians

Turkey's President Celal Bayar, back from U.S. tour, says Turks like Americans and rely on them

Iranian Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi wants nation to get on feet before entering alliances

Afghanistan king, Mohammed Zahir Shah, steers the middle road between Soviets and West

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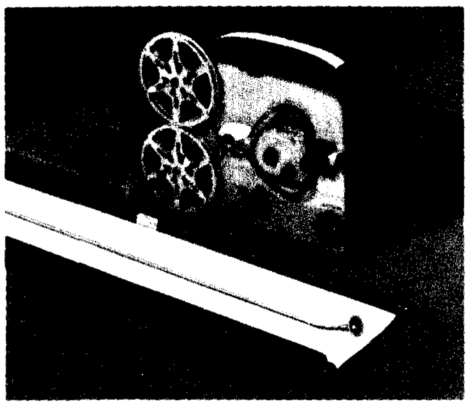

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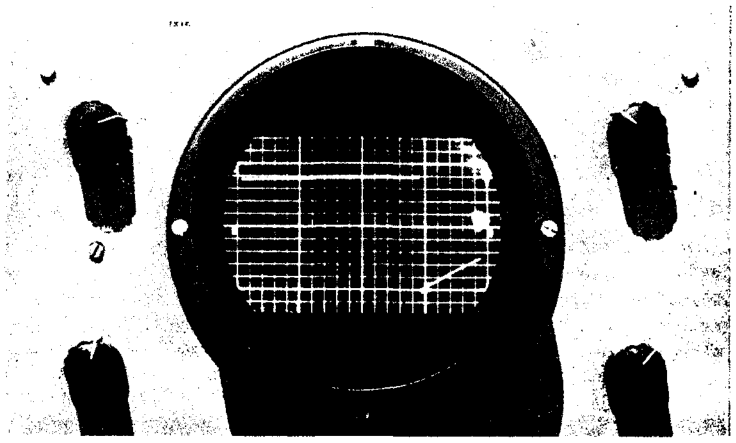


Above, oscillograph screen shows Turley's 94-mile-an-hour pitch as it looked electronically (it's the line crossing the grid near top). Below, photoelectric-eye-view of the Baltimore pitcher. Ball passed through triangular opening, breaking beams from two photoelectric circuits set six inches apart

Turley's Fast

Enemy hitters knew Oriole Bob Turley was fast. Now science shows that his hard one reaches home plate in just .4 of a second

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM AND HUGH BRODERICK

PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
AL
BOST
CHI
WASH
DETR
NY
CLEV
UMPIRES

Ball: 94.2 mph

BOB TURLEY, rookie right-hander of the Baltimore Orioles, is the fastest pitcher in baseball today, and he has an oscillograph to prove it. Turley's hard one has been scientifically clocked at 94.2 miles an hour; in that test, science merely underscored something American League hitters have known since last August when Turley returned to baseball after a two-year Army hitch.

The Oriole pitcher, who has a scoop-nose reminiscent of Bob Hope's, fires the ball plateward as nobody has since Cleveland's Bob Feller in his prime. How many games Turley will win depends largely on his fellow Orioles. How many strikeouts he will get depends entirely on Turley; in any event, he seems a cinch to lead the American League in that department. Bob's total certainly will be boosted by the lights in Baltimore's stadium, which are not much brighter than the one in your hall closet. Two new light towers are to be installed by August 1st, but by that time Turley probably will be thoroughly warmed up and even faster.

A Du Mont cathode-ray oscillograph test, arranged recently by Collier's, proved that Turley throws a ball from the mound through two light screens six inches apart in .00362 seconds. American Leaguers, shunning fractions, improper or otherwise, merely say they knew it all along.

"It isn't just that his ball is fast," explains Bill Dickey, Yankee coach. "It's live. It darts and jumps when it gets near the batter." Casey Stengel, resident genius of the Yanks, adds, "Turley even makes a *manager* nervous when he pitches. You can imagine what he does to the batters."

Rollie Hemsley, onetime battery mate of Fireball Feller and now a coach with the Athletics, doesn't believe Turley is quite as fast as Feller used to be. (Feller's fast ball was once clocked at 98.6 miles an hour.) But since speed, like a week end with your in-laws, is entirely relative, Hemsley adds: "Turley is the fastest around, though, and he never lets up when he's in a jam."

The Orioles didn't get many runs for Turley in his early games this year, a not unfamiliar situation for him. Pitching last winter in Puerto Rico, where the fans called him *"Humo en los ojos"* ("Smoke in the eyes"), Bob lost six straight because his team, San Juan, scored just one run in 54 innings.

Unlike Lefty Bob Grove, Feller and other fastballers to whom he has been compared, Turley's control is exceptionally good for a youngster (he's twenty-three)—although early in the season he walked seven in losing a two-hitter to the Yankees. After the Yankee game, Hank Bauer, New York outfielder, reported that he'd sooner face Turley *with* control. "He's brutal when he doesn't know where the ball is going," said Hank.

Unaffected by his current publicity, Turley is a Western-pulp-devouring, movie-going, popcorn-gobbling kid who almost became a Yankee. He and his uncle, Ralph, one year older, attended a Yankee tryout school in 1948; the scouts sent in a glowing report on "R. Turley"—and the Yanks signed the wrong man. Uncle Ralph lasted two months.

The fact is, Bob wasn't greatly displeased to go to work for the Browns instead. He'd always wanted to play ball close to home, which is East St. Louis, Illinois, just across the river from St. Louis. But just when he was ready to settle down to a big-league career within commuting distance of home, the Browns became the Orioles and moved to Baltimore, somewhat beyond streetcar limits.

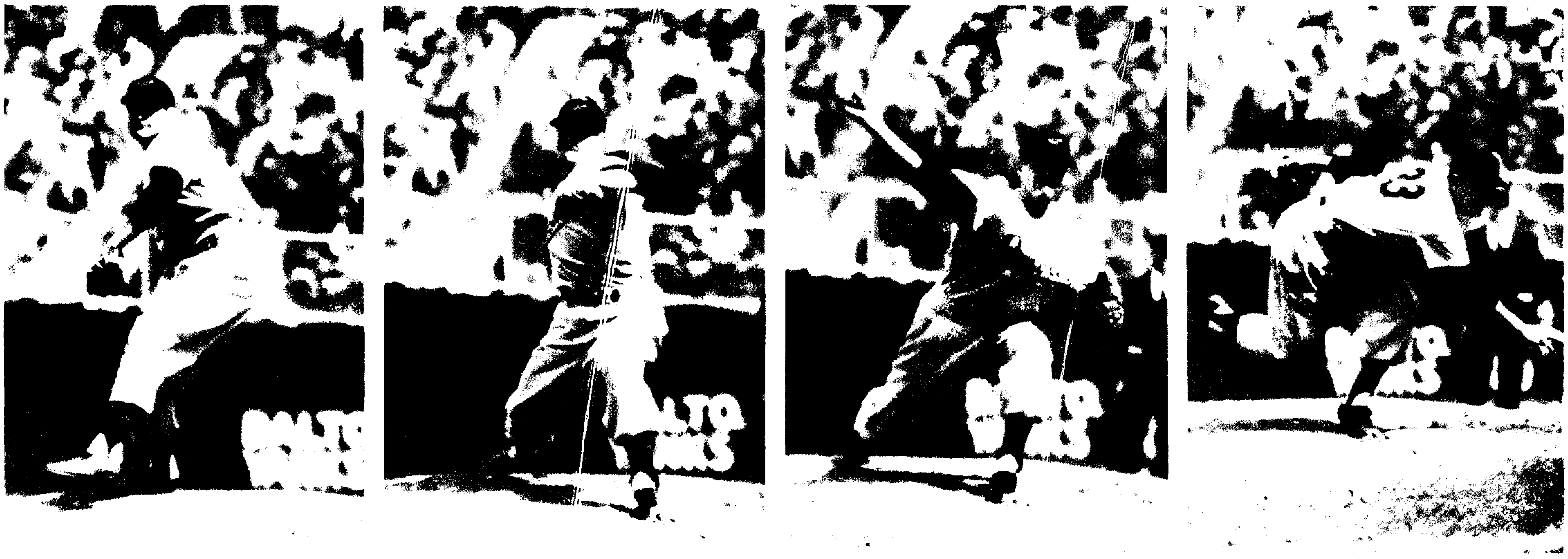
It was the convenience, and not superstition, that made Turley want to play near home. He's not superstitious. His regular uniform number used to be 24, but when Vern Bickford moved briefly to Baltimore from Milwaukee and mentioned he had a sentimental attachment for the same number (he'd worn it when pitching a no-hitter against Brooklyn), Bob promptly switched with him, taking number 33. "The only numbers that count," he explained later, "are those on the scoreboard."

The way he's been pitching, most of those scoreboard numbers are going to be goose eggs.

—TOM MEANY

Turley and technician examine oscillograph. The Oriole pitcher suggested after test that he might have thrown faster, but he'd had only two days of rest since last start. In most games, he says, 60 per cent of the pitches he throws are fast balls

Muscular Turley, shown with Oriole pitcher Duane Pillette, has had two 20-game seasons in minors. He throws sharp-breaking curve, but hasn't used it much because he has trouble controlling it—though manager Jimmy Dykes says he's getting better at it



The pitcher in action. As Turley throws, his great stride puts him almost four feet closer to the plate as ball leaves his hand

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Rendezvous with a Traitor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

cold-blooded traitor? A Communist?

And that, Kendall decided—that chimerical quality in Hollister—was what was haunting him.

Kendall had known other suicides. His own father had committed suicide when his mother walked out. Kendall had been old enough to understand most of the implications and all of the blatant facts, and he had sympathized deeply with his father—as, indeed, he had all his life sided with his father in the war that had raged unceasingly between his quiet, dependable father and his unstable, cheating mother.

And there had been that corporal in Luzon, who had killed himself the night before a scheduled attack. Kendall had known the corporal better than he had known Hollister.

ACTUALLY, Kendall thought, he hadn't known Hollister at all. He had written a book, a detailed analysis of Francis Burton Hollister, First Lieutenant, United States Army, imprisoned for assaulting an enlisted man but presumed to be a Communist (although no statement to that effect had ever been overtly reported in the newspapers, because they had never learned what Hollister had really done). Kendall had written a definitive treatise on Hollister, and he hadn't known the truth about him; now he never would.

Well—he stood up, thinking that the world was full of puzzles. But he didn't go back and finish making the bed. Instead, he picked up the telephone and dialed Salway and Gibbons' number.

There was, the switchboard girl told him, no Fred Johnson employed by the firm.

Kendall put down the receiver and picked up the Manhattan telephone directory. There was no Quick and Speedy Messenger Service listed.

So—someone was trying to get a look at a complete manuscript of Genesis of Treason. Why? The book was already running serially in the Courier: the publication date had been pushed forward so that the first installment was on the newsstands right now. In less than six weeks the whole story would be available to anyone. Still, for some reason, someone didn't want to wait.

In a way, Kendall thought, it was as if Hollister were not quite dead. The enigma of him, the questions surrounding him, hadn't been killed off. The would-be manuscript thief was not very different from the general public. People were still asking questions: they were curious about the circumstances surrounding the Hollister case. It had all been so closed-door, so hush-hush.

The newspaper photographs of Hollister at the time of his arrest had aroused public interest. Old shots of Hollister—Hollister laughing into the sun; Hollister looking determined in a football helmet; Hollister, young, pensive and manly, in a studio graduation pose. He had looked like the traditional American boy—handsome but not pretty, stalwart but not beefy, good but not goody-goody.

A lot of people had questions, and they weren't going to be happy until they got answers. Now they were looking to Kendall's series to provide some of those answers.

But Kendall had questions too, and it looked as if he weren't going to be permitted to forget them. . . .

He told Gregory and Windham about the events of the previous afternoon in as few words as possible: a messenger had come, asking for a carbon; a man had telephoned, saying he was from Kendall's publishers. Kendall had checked: there was no such messenger service, no such person at the publishing house.

"I see." Gregory looked down absent-mindedly at the coffee table; the marble top had been pried off. "Did you doubt the messenger's legitimacy the moment you saw him?" he said.

"Why, no. I didn't give him another thought until the second incident."

Windham said, "If you thought the messenger was genuine, why didn't you give him a carbon?"

"Because I don't have one. I made only a couple, and I used those in revising. The Courier *knew* I didn't have another carbon."

"And that's all, Mr. Kendall?" said Windham obstinately.

Kendall showed open irritation for the first time. "What do you mean, 'That's all'? That's all that happened until I returned home last night and found this." He indicated the jumbled and dismembered furniture.

Windham thrust out his jaw and said bluntly, "Returned from seeing Miss Wentworth, you mean?"

Kendall's head came up with a jerk. "Have you been following me?"

Gregory said, "No, no—"

And Windham said, "We have kept careful track of the Wentworth girl."

"Oh," Kendall said. So they had been following Marta Wentworth all these weeks—then of course they knew he had seen her. He said coldly, "Let's get this straight. You asked me what happened and I told you. You asked only what happened *to* me, not what I initiated myself. I don't consider my talk with Miss Wentworth as anything that might be of interest to you."

Windham said, "She is part of the Hollister case."

"I thought the case was closed."

"Does it look it?" Gregory said softly. He gestured at the wrecked apartment.

Kendall had no answer to that. "What do you want of me?" he asked stiffly. "I saw the Wentworth girl. Not a new fact emerged. I didn't mention it because I sincerely didn't think it was any of your—"

Windham leaned forward. His face looked very earnest. He said, "You see, Mr. Kendall"—he paused, and Kendall realized that the ramrodlike Windham was trying to unbend—"it's difficult to explain without stepping into areas you consider your personal business. We are inclined to think the girl is very, very slick. We just wouldn't want you, uh, to be taken in . . ."

AFTER his discovery that there was no Quick and Speedy Messenger Service in the telephone book, Kendall had sat in his bedroom, thinking of the pictures of Hollister that had appeared in the newspapers, thinking of the Wentworth girl.

The mercurial Hollister had made him feel heavy and slow. Had Hollister taken him in? Had the girl . . .

The memory of the girl was at the very heart of his gnawing indecision, of his inability to consider the story finished and dismiss it. Somebody had lied: Hollister—or the girl. Logic said it was the girl, but Kendall had never been satisfied with that logic.

He opened the heavy telephone directory and looked up Wentwirth, Marta. He dialed the number, then said, "Miss Wentwirth?"

"Yes."

"This is Bob Kendall." There was silence at the other end. "Perhaps you don't remember me," he added diffidently. "I came to see you a couple of months ago."

"Mr. Kendall, you certainly can't think I've forgotten you. The Courier is lying in front of me right this minute. Your name—in red—is on the cover. My name is plastered all over the inside. You call me a liar—"

"No, Miss Wentwirth. I—"

"All right. You practically call me a traitor."

"No, I—"

"A consort of traitors, then. You suggest—"

"Miss Wentwirth—"

"I didn't go to work yesterday or today. I doubt that I'll ever— Why did you ruin everything for me? What did I *do?*" Her voice rose and broke.

He waited a moment and then said, "May I buy you a drink?"

"What?"

The shocked incredulity in her voice brought him up short. But then he went doggedly on: "There is an explanation. There may even be a way to—to extricate you. Let me come around and talk to you."

She said, and she sounded very tired, "All right."

Her easy capitulation left him momentarily wordless with surprise. He collected himself and said, "Good. Then I'll come right over. Okay?"

"Yes." She hung up.

He got his overcoat and walked down the hall. As he took his hat off the table, he looked back at the hall. It was not very neat, but it was pleasant. He liked the thought, the concept of "home." Another thought came to him then, unrelated, unbidden: basically, women are not inclined to truth.

The thought shocked him. He usually kept his prejudices buried. . . .

It was still and cold in the streets, but in the little bar it was warm and pleasant. Yet as he sat in the small, dim room he didn't know where to start.

She wasn't helping. She sat looking down into her drink, her face impassive. She was, he thought with surprise, immensely attractive, almost beautiful. The first time he had met her she had been contained, expressionless, uncommunicative—neat and unostentatious and impersonal, like her apartment. He had expected a siren and he had found a nun. At the time he had thought it was an act, and he had been annoyed and rude.

Two months before, Marta Wentwirth's shiny, dark hair had been arranged severely. Now it was disarranged, almost disheveled, and the result was unexpectedly dramatic. Her features were small and, he had thought then, not very interesting. But the dark mass of hair lent them drama, so that her too-short nose became an intensely feminine feature, and her full but small mouth seemed larger.

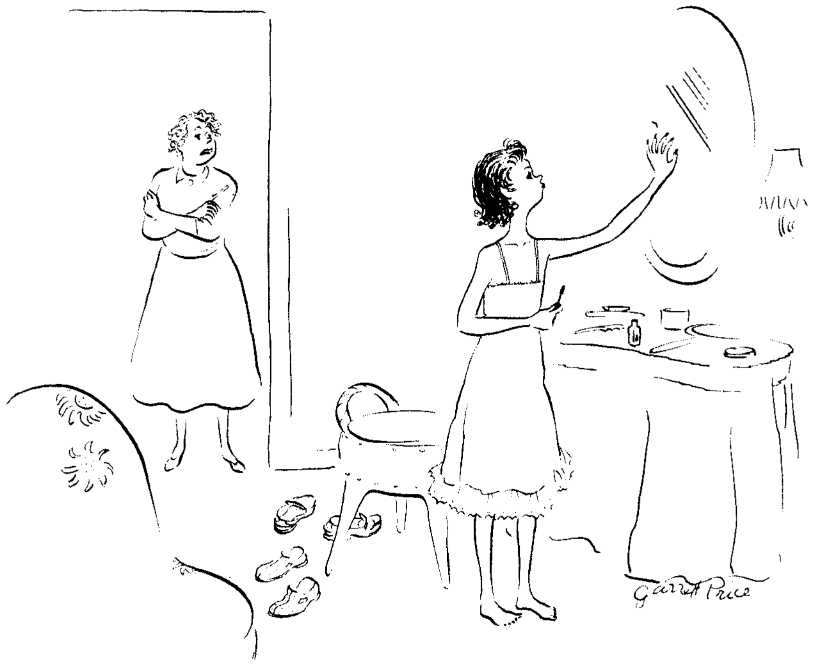
SHE looked up from the glass and stared at him, a thoroughly inimical stare. Her large, dark gray eyes were like the sky outside—still and cold, with the forlornness of winter.

He was surprised to find himself wishing she would be more receptive, less antagonistic. He wanted—was it understanding, forgiveness? Or was he simply looking for a lead to the explanation of the messenger and the telephone call?

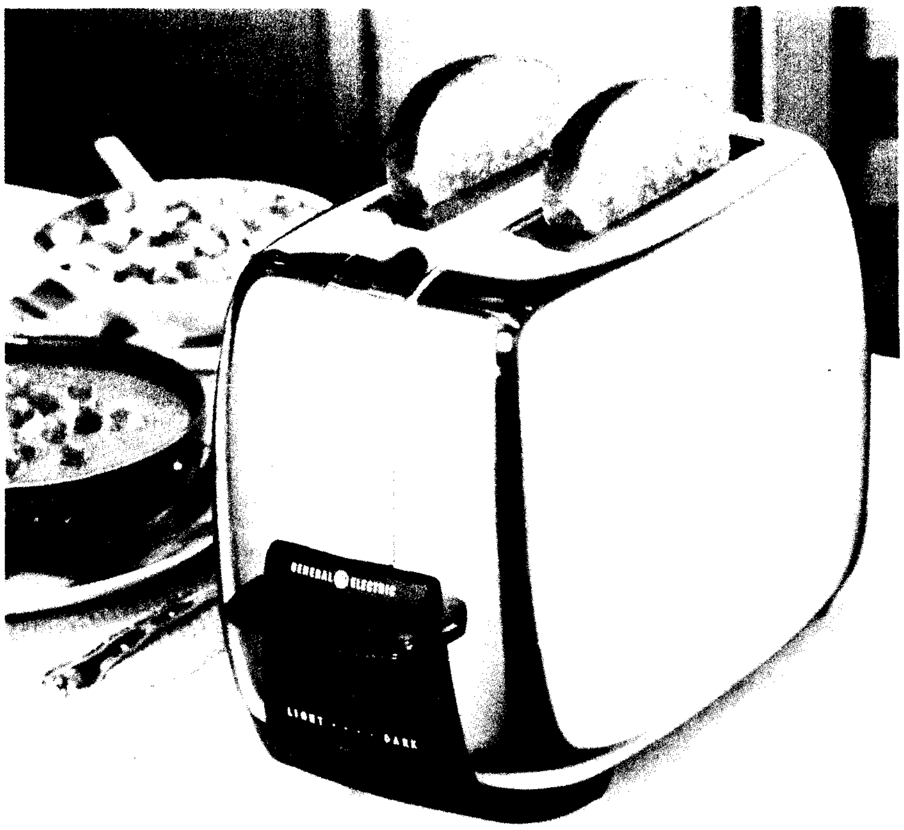
"Suppose I try to tell you how it happened?" he said, and knew at once it was the wrong start. He sounded apologetic, and he had really had no cause to change his mind about her. "There was no reason for me not to believe Hollister, no reason for him to lie," he said. It was hard going in the glare of those stormy eyes, but he stumbled on: "He was so quick, so—mercurial. He talked, and I didn't even have to ask questions. It's not my story; it's his. Even the title is his." . . .

Kendall had been surprised by the guards, the steel bars; he had had a vague idea that military prisons were different. And Hollister had been wearing Army fatigues, which in those surroundings looked like prison garb.

But he was a shining man. Kendall had the fleeting thought that Hollister was standing in a spotlight, a pink-and-golden beam. But, of course, the beam



COLLIER'S "Well, Mrs. DiMaggio, are you getting ready to entertain the troops?" GARRETT PRICE



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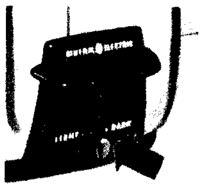

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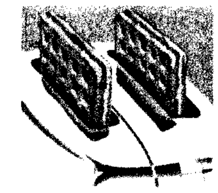

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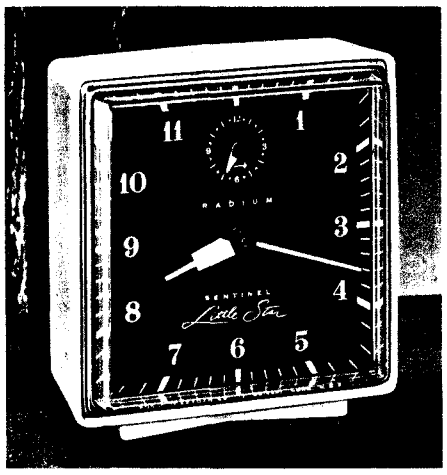

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was merely a ray of sunlight coming through the window behind him.

Hollister was smiling as they clanged the cell door behind Kendall, and, as always, his smile trembled so near the edge of laughter that when you thought about it later your mind supplied a laugh to the soundless gesture. He said, "You're Kendall, and you're a reporter on the Courier."

Kendall said slowly, "I'm not on the Courier; I'm a free-lance."

"But you're *from* the Courier, aren't you? So it's a difference in prepositions. You're a purist. And honest. And maybe not so bright."

It was foolish to give this boy's words any weight, Kendall knew. But his own amazement at having been chosen for the job had only added to his lack of self-esteem.

Although Hollister was about Kendall's height—a little under six feet—he looked shorter, and he was slight and wiry. As Kendall inspected him, Hollister raised his hand and pushed it through his blond curls—a gesture Kendall was to come to know well. Hollister performed it carelessly, not quickly, and yet it had the quality of restrained energy. It was clear to Kendall that Hollister was as tense as an overwound jumping jack or, in his not infrequent venomous moments, as a rattlesnake just before striking.

Hollister interrupted the inspection. "Go ahead and look," he said arrogantly but not unpleasantly. "I'm really delighted to have you here, you know. I've been wanting to talk to the papers. You're the first civilian who has ever really seen me—did you know that? You're in a unique position."

AT THAT point, Kendall decided that Francis Burton Hollister was crazy. Hollister had been in the New York cryptographic station of the Army for four years, and his life before that was an open book. But later, when Kendall talked to people outside, he had realized there was some truth in Hollister's claim: no civilian *had* really seen him as he was.

Hollister walked the few feet across his cell, pushing his hand through his hair. He was extraordinarily graceful. "Now, let's see," he said. "They warned me I might do myself harm by discussing my supposed espionage with you—which is a laugh, since I wouldn't discuss it even with the lawyer the Army provided for me—and that you have been put on your honor to stop your ears if I should suddenly decide to change my mind. So why are you here? Well, it looks as if you're going to attempt to describe me to the public." He raised his eyebrows. "Right?"

Kendall nodded. He was content to wait, to look and listen. "That presumes great insight on your part," Hollister said. "Do you have great insight?" Kendall shook his head.

Hollister laughed, and then, with disconcerting abruptness, he turned completely serious. "Now, look: you are here because people are interested in me. I have become something of a *cause célèbre,* and the Army's stuck with me. The American public is pretty damned foolish—like nothing quite so much as a bunch of cows. But any mass of animals moving together can become powerful. Too bad the Americans don't know how to move together more often. Because of that inability 'the king of Babylon shall certainly come and destroy this land, and shall cause to cease from thence man and beast.' "

Dear Heaven, Kendall thought, he's not a little off; he's completely crazy!

Hollister said, "I'm not crazy, you know. That's a quote from the Bible." He gestured toward a table beside the narrow, built-in bunk. "Interesting reading. That was from Jeremiah. The king of Judah had burned a roll—that was a book—and the Lord was angry. Quite a story.

"Anyway," he went on, "where was I? Oh, yes. Well, as you must know, I'm up for trial for assaulting an enlisted man—but, as you must also know, the Army thinks there is more to it; they also think I'm a spy. I didn't want to talk to any Army lawyer—I wanted to talk to the press. You're the first human being out of uniform I've seen since they picked me up!

"But if we're not going to discuss my alleged act of espionage—and we're not—about all you can do is describe how I look," Hollister said. "And a picture does that better." He moved closer and stared at Kendall. He was twenty-six—only eight years younger than Kendall—but until that moment he had looked like a boy of twenty. He said slowly, "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll give you a story that will make good reading, an interesting report on a fabulous person—me. Notwithstanding my comments, I realize you wouldn't have been chosen for this assignment if you couldn't write. So presumably you will do me justice." He paused, and then added imperiously, "You will call the piece Genesis of Treason, and you will report faithfully most of what I say."

He stopped and waited. Kendall said nothing. After a minute, Hollister asked sharply, "Agreed?"

Kendall said slowly, "To a degree. I'm here for the express purpose of reporting what you say, so that part is easy. I must, of course, put some interpretations on it. And if you say anything the Army doesn't want said, it will be taken out of my hands, since it will be carefully censored. You understand that, Lieutenant Hollister?"

Hollister walked across the room. When he turned and faced Kendall he was a smiling twenty-year-old again. "I've been demoted, you know." He laughed. "Call me Buddy; everybody does. Of course I understand. I think that's just swell." He laughed again.

"We'll start," he said in a moment, "by my telling you about a woman. We can't say she's responsible for my downfall, because we're not saying I've had a downfall. Let's just say that the gods, to avenge themselves, sometimes grant us our desires. She was my desire, and the gods are avenged. If it weren't for her—"

He left the suggestion there, laughed, shrugged. "Her name is Marta Wentwirth," he said, "and I've loved her for years. It was when I was leaving her apartment that I was picked up. It reminds me of that story I mentioned in Jeremiah. The king of Judah was sitting before a fire on the hearth 'in the ninth month'—I was picked up on September thirtieth, you know . . ."

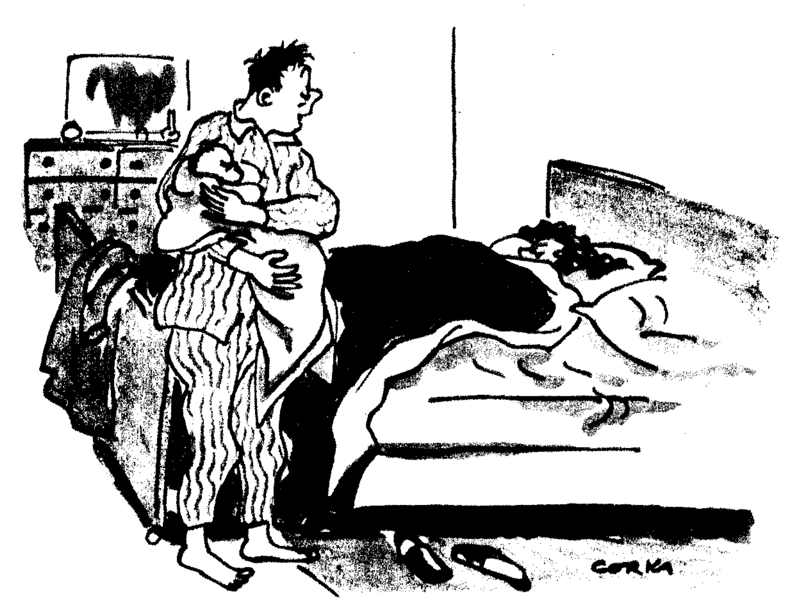
KENDALL made interlocking rings on the table with the damp bottom of his glass. After a long pause, he looked up at Marta and said, "The rest was substantially what you read in the first installment—all about you, his mixed feelings toward you. He never said you were implicated in his case—"

"But he implied it—or *you* did." She pushed aside her glass, which was still full, and leaned forward. Her eyes were almost black. She said rapidly, "Now, listen, Mr. Kendall. I agreed to see you only because you said there was an explanation for your behavior; you mentioned extricating me. Well?"

There was something frighteningly convincing about her anger. Kendall felt cold. He said, "Yes, I have an explanation. Look: I was assigned to do a character piece on Hollister; I had no knowledge as to what Hollister might have done in so far as espionage was concerned. All I knew was what the papers had said: between the time he hit the guard and was picked up, he had tried to get in touch with a known Communist." Marta's clenched hand moved restlessly on the table, and he added quickly, "The point is that I wasn't required to check up on what Hollister said because I wasn't reporting facts as such. I wasn't a reporter in the crusading sense; I was a reporter in the character sense."

"Then why," she asked, "did you come to see me—if you weren't looking for facts? And afterward, why did you proceed with your story as if you hadn't talked to me at all?"

"Well"—he spoke slowly, as much for his own benefit as hers—"I saw Hollister five times, spent maybe four hours with him over a period of several days. He was so contradictory—sane, insane; humble, grandiose; old, young; religious, profane—that I began to get confused. I needed other viewpoints on him. Then, when I



COLLIER'S "Did you hear that, dear? His very words—'I don't want you, I want Mama' " CORKA

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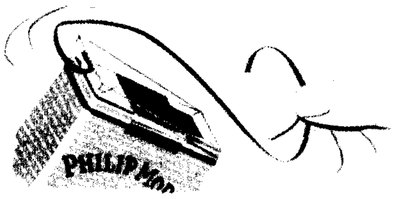

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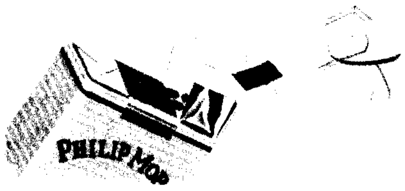

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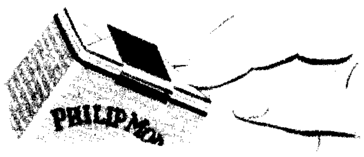

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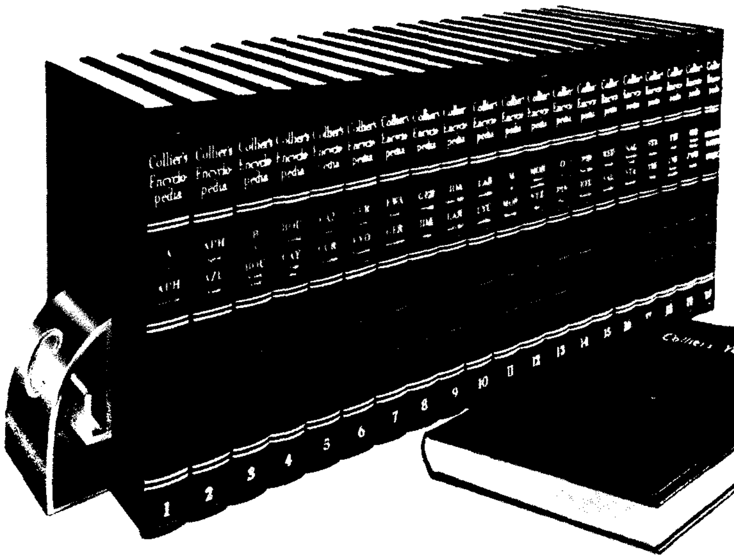

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talked to people who had known him, I was more confused than ever—at first. It turned out that the Hollister I was visiting hadn't existed for anyone before his arrest. That's when I understood what he had meant about not being known to anyone.

"Hollister, people told me, was a pleasant, good-looking, colorless young man. That's about all anyone had to say. So I finally went to see you. From his story, I figured you *certainly* would know . . ." His voice trailed off.

She said, "So you finally came to see me. If I was such an obvious key to Hollister's character, why 'finally,' Mr. Kendall? Why not first?" Her voice rose a trifle: "Because you had prejudged me? Because you thought—what was the phrase?—that I was responsible for his downfall? That's exactly what Hollister wanted you to believe!"

"Perhaps," he said.

"But then you *did* come to see me," she said coldly, "and I told you without hesitation what I knew. Why didn't you tell me you didn't believe me, give me a chance to defend myself?"

"Well, there were two reasons. The first"—he could feel his face getting hot, and he hated the obviousness of his embarrassment—"doesn't reflect very much credit on me. You see, working for the Courier was a great chance for me. When I saw you, I had already turned in the first couple of installments. And they were very pleased; they said the piece was brilliant. So—I was human. I didn't want to disturb anything. Especially"—he stopped, and then went doggedly on—"since I didn't believe a word you said."

She said bitterly, "So Buddy Hollister was right. He implied that you considered yourself loaded with insight, and he laughed at you and shamed you into denying it. But you *did* consider yourself qualified to sit in judgment on me."

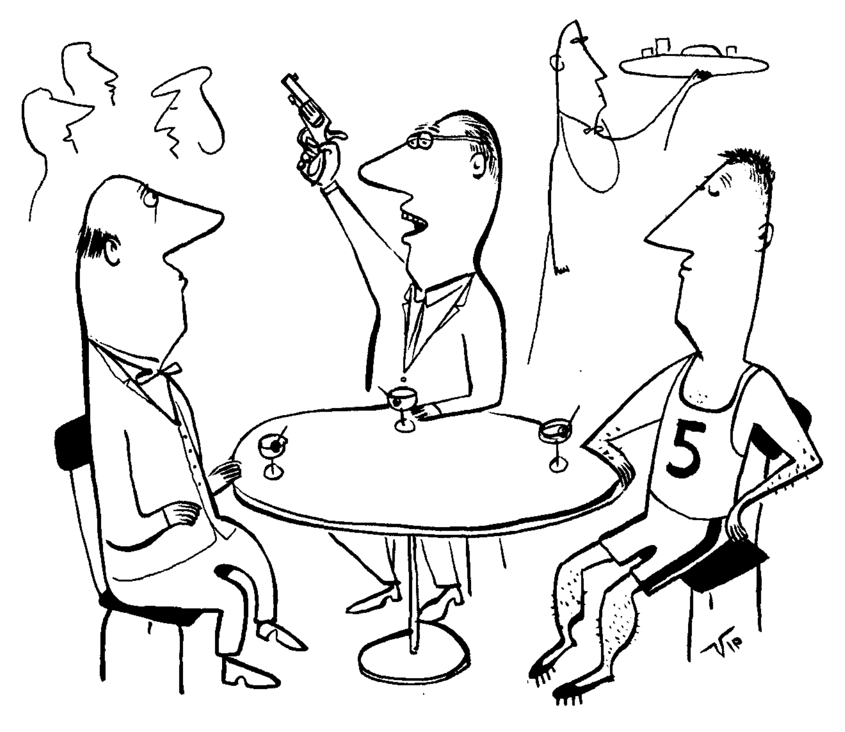
"No, no," he said defensively, earnestly. "I arrived at my conclusion purely by logic. Think it over, Miss Wentwirth. Hollister was in prison awaiting trial for assaulting an enlisted man, but he knew the Army was working on an espionage case against him. He was stuck. He did not accuse you of complicity, so he was not trying to shift legal blame onto you. He merely said he had known you well. If he had been lying, he'd have had nothing to gain by the lie. I thought"—Kendall's words came more slowly—"his motive was vindictiveness, a desire to see to it that you didn't get off scot free. But that, in itself, was substantiation of his story. Who is vindictive to an utter stranger?

"And when I came to you, what did you say? That you and Hollister *were* utter strangers. That you had met him at a cocktail party, he had called you two days later, and you had agreed to go to dinner with him on September thirtieth. You told me Hollister arrived at your apartment at six; the two of you left the apartment at twenty minutes after six, and the authorities met you in the doorway and arrested Hollister. In other words, you claimed you had spent a total of about two hours, in all, with Hollister.

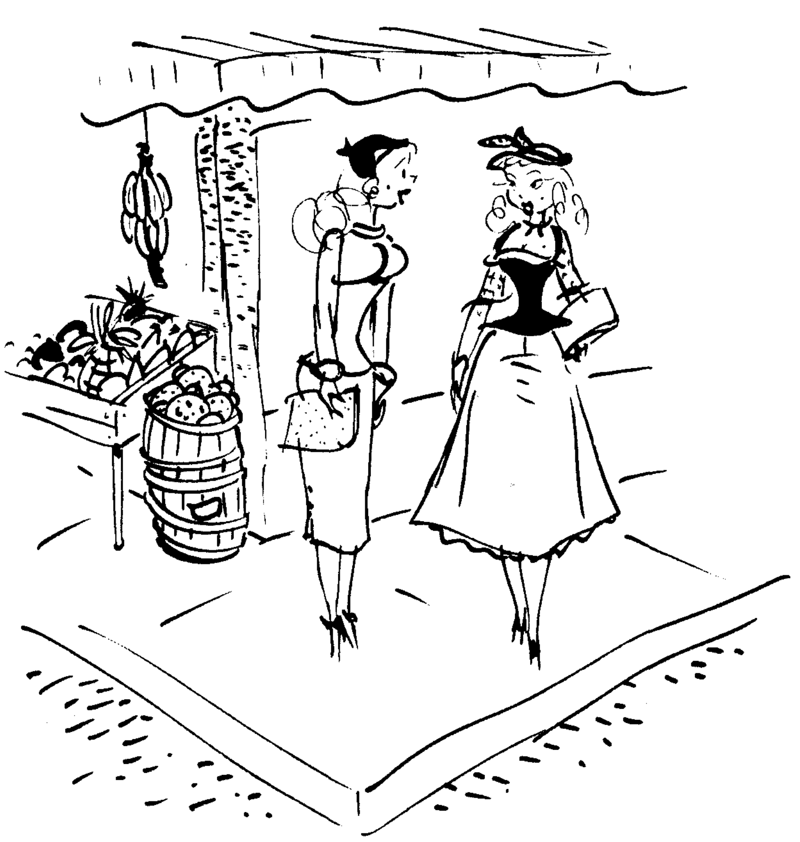
"Well, Miss Wentwirth, I put it to you: What could it profit Hollister to make up a lie about knowing you for years, about loving you? But, on the other hand, wasn't it vastly important to *you* to say you didn't know *him*?"

MARTA WENTWIRTH was looking down into her glass again. Her dark hair fell forward, outlining her cheekbones. She looked up suddenly and met his gaze; their surprise was mutual. "All right, Mr. Kendall," she said, "it makes some sense. But you still accused me in print of—undefined crimes, without giving me any chance to defend myself. So why come to me now? It's not belated conscience, is it?"

He would have liked to have said yes. He would have liked to have absolved her of everything. But he said, "No, it's just that I'm no longer sure—not about you, specifically, but about any part of it. When I finished those articles I was satisfied: I had painted a picture of a man. The man was confused, but the picture wasn't. I had shown his reactions to his boyhood, his manhood, to his father, his mother, his—girl. I implied that he could be guilty of espionage; and I showed, by indirection, how he got that way. It was truly the *genesis* of treason. The reader could understand Buddy Hollister, as much as I or any sane person could understand someone so emotionally unstable."



COLLIER'S "I'm afraid we'll have to eat and run" VIRGIL PARTCH



"What I like about Ralph is, he's so prompt that whenever he's late you know immediately that he's run out on you"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

Kendall added tonelessly, "And then he killed himself."

He stared at her, but he didn't see anything but his own confusion. "That act was absolutely contrary to my version of Hollister's character—the man I was so proud of having portrayed truthfully and concisely. Sure, Hollister was capable of suicide, but he would have needed a strong reason for it, a shining cause. Patriotism, perhaps, or Communism—any ism—but never anything so negative as despair. It was just impossible."

He looked away from her, down at the glass in his hand. "It was the first piece of work I ever felt I did really well, and I did it all wrong."

She spoke slowly: "It comes to this—your self-esteem has been wounded. I'm sorry. But I have a problem too and *you* created it. What about my job, my friends? Have you thought of my parents—in a small town upstate? The Courier is distributed with one of the biggest papers up there. Have you any conception—" She stopped.

He had a sudden, pounding headache. What good could he do her, or she, him? His logic was still good, and if her personality got through to him—well, wasn't that the way Hollister had felt about her?

He looked to see what time it was, but found he had left his wrist watch at home again. It must be about seven, he thought, and said, "Shall we go have some dinner?" Then he was astonished. How many times in your life, he wondered, do you speak completely without volition? And why wasn't she surprised by the invitation? She was looking at him in silence, impassively.

He said abruptly, "You should always wear your hair that way."

That time he had surprised her. Her eyebrows lifted and a slight flush came over her face. She looked past him at the mirrored wall. Then she said, "It doesn't look—abandoned?"

"Perhaps. A little. But good."

She smiled faintly. "I *would* like some dinner," she said. . . .

At ten thirty, when he got back to his apartment building, he realized he had had a pleasant evening.

They had gone to a small Italian restaurant a few blocks from the bar. After the first awkward half hour, they had, surprisingly, talked a good deal. Perhaps, he thought, the unorthodox basis of their acquaintanceship—in creating its own peculiar stress—had somehow helped. Whatever the reason, he had enjoyed the evening. And that surprised him, because usually he became uneasy in the presence of a woman. He told himself it was his own fault, but he did not really believe it. His personality changed because he feared women, and not without sound reason.

As he put his key in the lock, a cold fact came to him suddenly, destroying the pleasantness of his mood: despite her beauty and interesting, if remote, personality, he had no more reason to believe Marta Wentwirth now than he'd had at five o'clock.

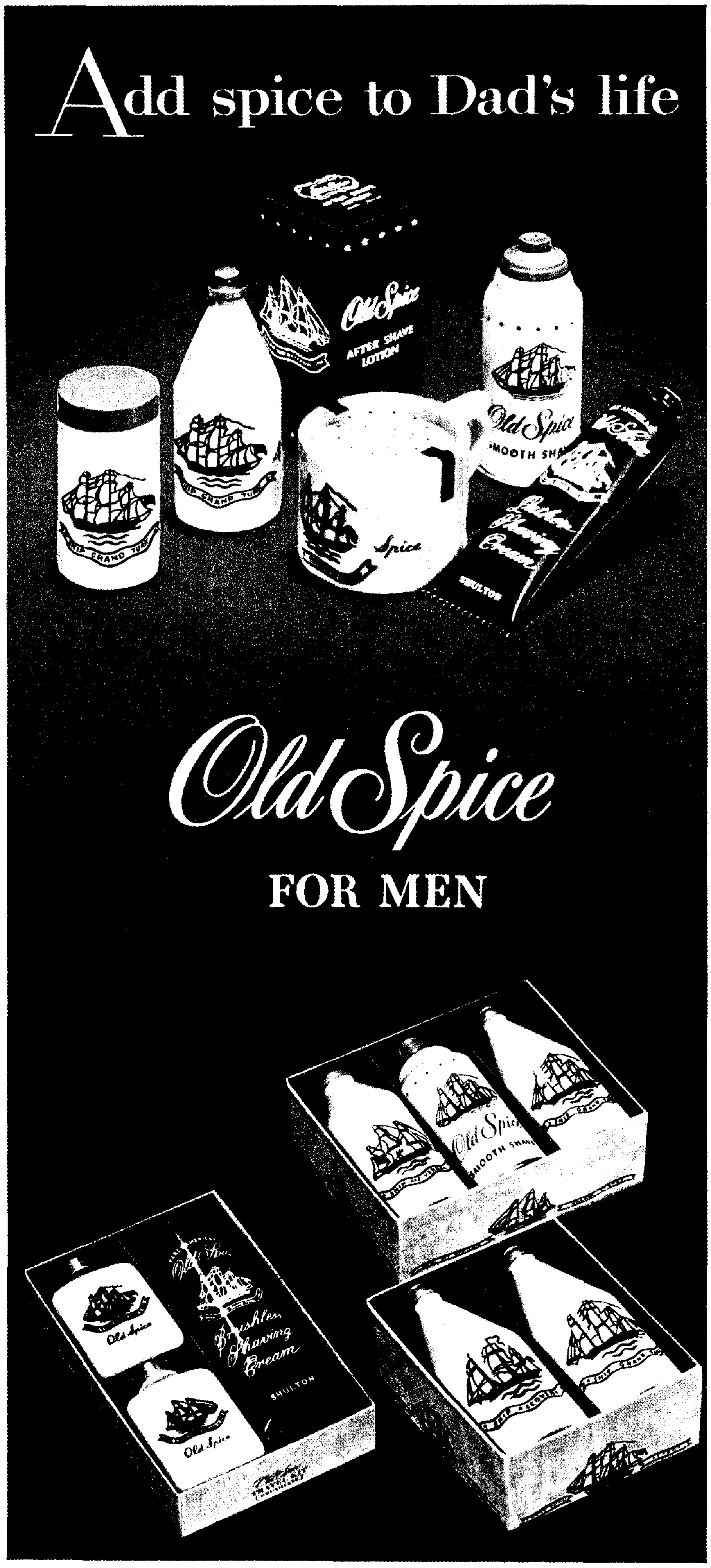
WHEN he switched on the lights and saw the insane turmoil of his apartment, he experienced little surprise. He certainly should have foreseen it. Someone had wanted a script and had made two previous tries at getting it; this next step had been clearly indicated.

On the dresser in the bedroom was his watch; his visitors had ignored it. And nothing else seemed to be missing, so robbery was not the motive.

Still he couldn't ignore it. He went into the bedroom, called the police and reported the incident.

Sergeant Vincent, a tall, gaunt, dissatisfied-looking young man, arrived in about twenty minutes. It was immediately obvious that the affair bored him. The apartment door had been forced, he pointed out, so the means of entrance wasn't mysterious: nothing had been stolen, not even the manuscript Kendall mentioned. So why fuss?

But as he left, after fifteen minutes of futile, desultory questioning, he



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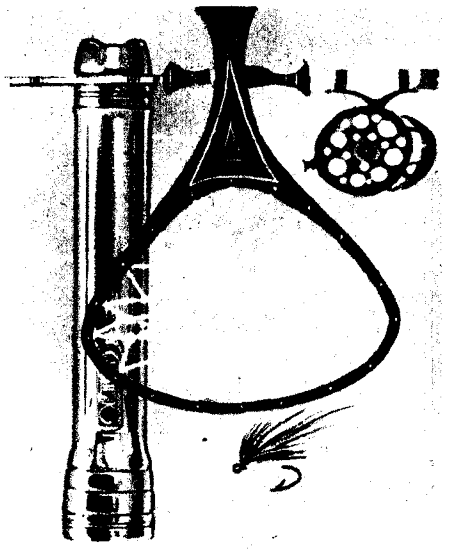

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paused in the doorway and said, "Robert Kendall? Oh, yes."

Kendall thought sardonically that the first recognition of his name as that of a remotely public figure had certainly been underplayed. Vincent recognized it—yes; but he made it clear that he was not impressed.

KENDALL said to Major Windham, "There was no question of my being 'taken in' by Miss Wentwirth. I took her to dinner, came home to this—this vandalism, called the police, and went to bed."

Windham was still leaning forward, his hands on his knees, and as he spoke Kendall began to feel that beyond his pomposity Windham possessed a vast earnestness and incorruptible tenacity. He said, "Mr. Kendall, would you mind telling us why you saw Miss Wentwirth?"

Kendall said shortly, "Hollister's suicide had made me unsure of my picture of him. I thought Marta Wentworth might clear it up."

Gregory said, "That's very astute."

"Astute of me to recognize my own inadequacy?"

"No, no." Gregory looked rather surprised. "Astute of you to recognize that suicide was out of character for Hollister."

"You imply that my portrait was correct? That Hollister changed?"

"Why, no, Mr. Kendall. But Hollister *did* have *to* have a strong motive for suicide. However, since the only apparent result of his action was to speed everything up, that must have been his motive. But *why* did he want to speed it up? That's what we don't fully understand."

Kendall said flatly, "I don't get it. Speed what up? What motive?"

"The Courier originally scheduled your first installment for January third, didn't they?" Gregory said. "But it's not yet January and the first installment has already appeared. Why?"

"Why, because of"—Kendall began to speak more slowly—"because of Hollister's suicide. The piece was very timely, so they rushed into print . . ." He paused, suddenly aware of what Gregory was getting at.

Windham thrust his chin forward. "Exactly. The day after Hollister learned the January publication date, he managed the difficult job of hanging himself. He had no shoelaces, no belt, none of the—uh—conveniences. He tore his shirt into shreds and braided it. There is evidence that his makeshift rope broke under his weight twice, and that he painstakingly mended it. A strong character—Francis Hollister."

Gregory added, "And a shrewd one. The Courier would naturally rush publication to take advantage of the news break. He forecast that neatly."

"Sure," Kendall said. "But the difference was a matter of only three weeks. So, in the articles there must be something—"

"—with a deadline." Windham finished the sentence for him. The major was as pompous as ever, but Kendall had come rather to like him. "You certainly gave the Army the rough end of the stick in your articles, Mr. Kendall," Windham said.

Kendall was startled. He said slowly, "I felt the Army handled the situation badly, that Hollister's deviation—whatever it was—couldn't have been as vital as the Army made it sound."

Windham's face had turned a slow, painful red. "Shall we say," he said stiffly, "that the Army did not handle the matter in the most advantageous manner. But there are excuses. Hollister's act was not a 'deviation,' not a bit of it: it was an outrageous act of espionage. We had no sympathy for a would-be traitor. Our—uh—biggest secret was involved, something in which lies our hope for peace. Our—"

Kendall said, "The H-bomb."

Windham seemed thrown off base. "The H-bomb?"

"At Seutaconawa, Montana."

"Ah, uh, yes."

Gregory said, "Look, Mr. Kendall, Major Windham and I have decided that you may be able to help us. But first you will have to believe unquestioningly in the guilt of Francis Hollister. So we got permission to tell you what he did." Gregory crossed his legs and slid deeper into his chair.

"Hollister, we realize now, was a sleeper," Gregory said, "a member of the Communist party whose whole life was dedicated to one big moment. We've met them before, but we've never had so clear-cut a case.

"Until he was eighteen he lived with his widowed mother. No brothers or sisters. V-J Day fell around his eighteenth birthday, so he didn't get into the war. And then he missed the Korean action because, at eighteen, he went to West Point. He was appointed in the regular way and graduated in the regular way. Nothing very odd about that story, is there?" He looked inquiringly at Kendall, who shook his head.

"Well, there is." Gregory's attitude became more intense. "Nobody, but *nobody*, was ever as colorless as Mr. Francis Burton Hollister. Every kid gets involved in something—a hobby, club, neighborhood gang, debating society—something. But not Hollister. He did go in for sports, but not to any great extent.

"Until he was perhaps sixteen, his colorlessness must have been a coincidence. Perhaps he was solicited just because he *was* so ordinary. Before his seventeenth year he had been—the single out-of-the-usual note—a brilliant student. But by the time he was seventeen his grades had dropped until he was about a third of the way from the top. In everything. Note that: in *everything*. Who consistently pulls down the same marks in every subject? Who isn't better in math and worse in English, or vice versa? Answer: Hollister.

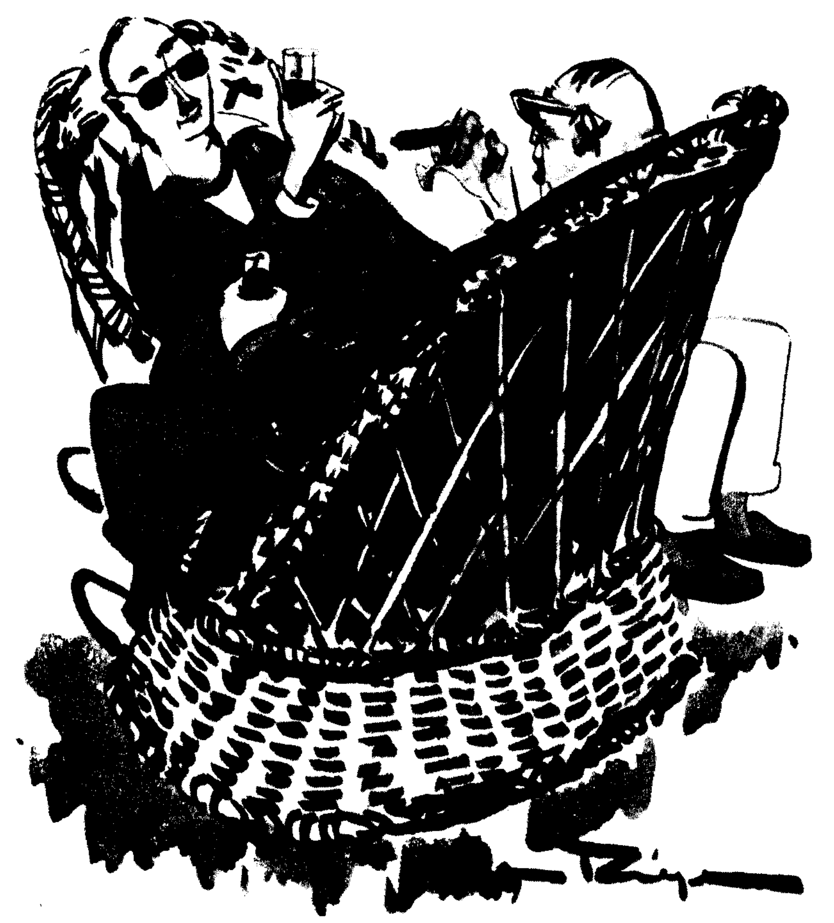
"I can't overstate how far Hollister went," Gregory went on. "In addition to keeping his mental and physical prowess under wraps, he also succeeded in hiding his charm and even in disguising his good looks. His acquaintances considered him a blank, a man of no personality, but you should have heard an account of his behavior when he was interviewed by the lawyer assigned to him by the Army: brilliance, wit, a pervading charm. He laughed at the lawyer, and although the lawyer suspected Hollister of being something he hated, he sometimes laughed with him."

Kendall nodded. "I can understand that," he said slowly. "He had the same effect on me."

GREGORY shook his head uncomprehendingly. "Well, there it was," he said. "At the Point he became almost imperceptibly better at those subjects that would lead him into the cryptographic section of G-2. When, at graduation, he showed his preference for that post, he seemed to be just the kind of young man they look for. He worked in the New York station for almost four years."

Gregory lapsed into a momentary silence. Then he said broodingly, "His behind-the-scenes directors must have left his eventual function somewhat to his own discretion, because what he did was spur-of-the-moment, and they couldn't have predicted it. But when the big moment did come, with lightning speed he saw it, estimated its value, and took it.

"Hollister's branch was run by Briga-



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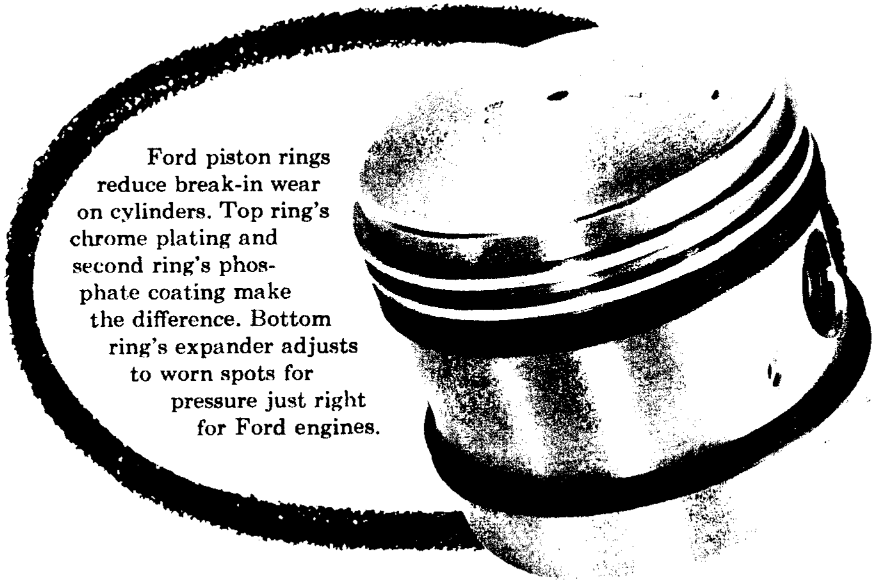

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dier General Myerson, who was the main secret-holder of the Army. We try, you know, not to concentrate knowledge, but it's difficult to avoid: the more people who know a secret, the less of a secret it is. So, inevitably, secrets become concentrated. Myerson was a high concentration point.

"Well, on that particular afternoon," Gregory went on, "the general was at his desk. Before him was a single slip of paper, and on it was a set of diagrams that comprised an intricate code. No one else in the office ever saw these courier-delivered code messages. The general decoded them, destroyed the transliteration, and then could read them without redecoding—a valuable trick of memory. The coded messages were kept in the safe in Myerson's private office.

"On that afternoon the general had decoded the message before him into a mere couple of dozen words, and those words were on his desk. Then he sent for Hollister—why, we'll never know. It couldn't have been about that specific code, because no one in the office ever had anything to do with it. To make it even more incomprehensible, Hollister, by rank and age, was not a person the general often dealt with directly. Hollister probably hadn't been in that office twice in four years. So—there's the scene."

GREGORY stopped talking. After a minute, Kendall said, "Yes. Well, what happened then?"

It was Windham who answered him: "That was when General Myerson dropped dead."

"Oh." Kendall remembered well what he had read about Myerson's death: *suddenly, of a heart attack, in his sixty-first year*, the papers had said.

He asked, "How long was Hollister in the office? The papers never said and Hollister wouldn't tell me."

"That was the first question we asked," Gregory said. "Not more than two minutes was the general verdict. He came rushing out of the office looking terribly agitated, shouting, 'The general! The general!'

"In less than five minutes the security officer had taken over and declared the station under maximum security—no one was to leave—and a doctor had arrived and pronounced the general dead of a heart attack. There was no haphazard rushing into the office; the general's secretary handled that very efficiently. The security officer—Windham, you had better explain the rest."

"I was the security officer, Mr. Kendall," Windham said. "At any rate, when I first entered the general's office everything seemed all right. The safe was closed, and it could not have been opened in so short a time. The rest of the room was neat. The desk was clear too, except for the two pieces of paper. I looked at the coded one, which was unintelligible to me, of course, and then I circled around behind the general so I could see the one that was facing him, a corner of it under his cuff. It didn't require very much thought to grasp the meaning of the message, and it took only a second to realize that if that message leaked . . ." Windham paused and shook his head.

"So I went into high gear," he went on. "It was obvious that only the general's secretary and Hollister had been in that room alone, and neither for much more than a minute. The secretary said he himself had not looked at the message. Then I sent for Hollister. He had gone. When the station's security guard had tried to stop him, Hollister had knocked him down and fled.

"Believe me, Mr. Kendall, I was frightened. We immediately issued an order for Hollister's arrest and sent a corps of our agents out to get him. And I took the precaution of fingerprinting the two papers that had been on the general's desk.

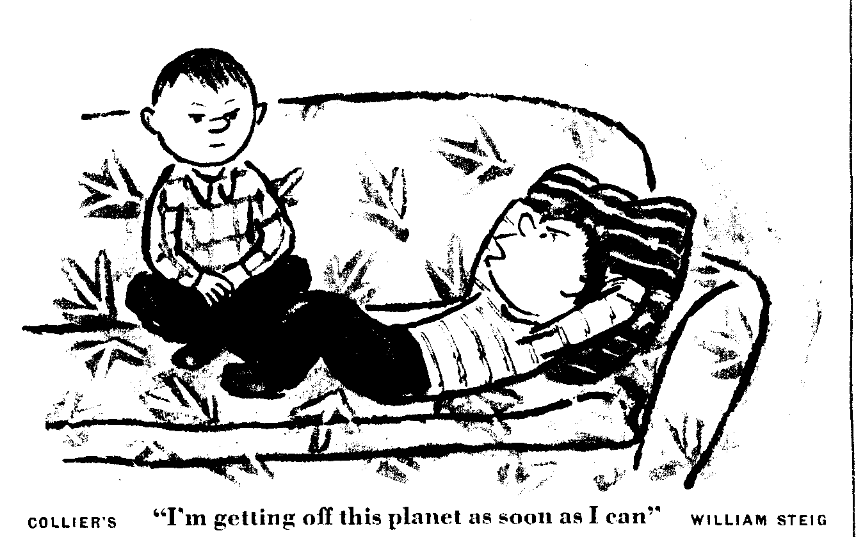
"The coded piece was plastered with prints—the general's and many others, perhaps those of people who had originally handled the blank paper. But the decoded message bore only a few smudgy prints of the general's and, in the upper right corner, the imprint of a single forefinger."

Windham looked grim. "That was it," he said. "We keep all personnel prints on file, of course. It was Hollister's. What had happened was perfectly clear; the paper had been farther under Myerson's cuff, and Hollister had carefully moved it out just far enough to read it."

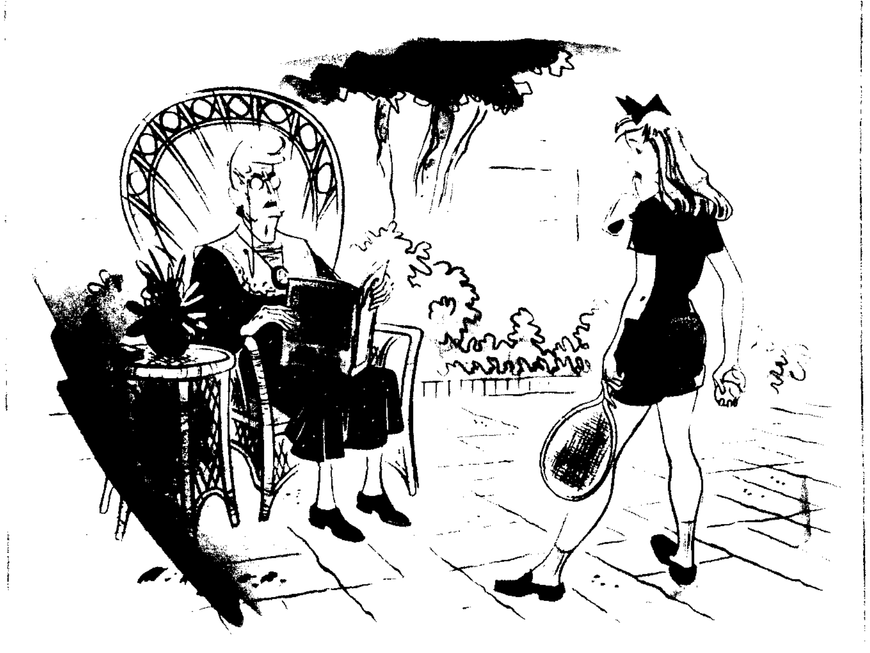
"Even then it wasn't an open-and-shut case. Hollister could have read the message, realized its import, and panicked. But we could afford to take no chances.

"Then I had a piece of luck. Earlier that day the man at the desk next to Hollister's had heard Hollister make a dinner appointment with a girl named Marta. This man had been at a cocktail party with Hollister a couple of days before, and there had been a girl there named Marta Wentwirth. So I called Gregory's office, he was assigned to help me, and we descended in force on Marta Wentwirth's neighborhood. And that's where we made our mistake." Windham looked at Gregory.

Gregory said slowly, "You see, Mr.



COLLIER'S "I'm getting off this planet as soon as I can" WILLIAM STEIG



"When I was your age, young ladies did not tear around half-dressed with a crowd of young hoodlums all day and night. We were bored stiff"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

Kendall, we were in a panic. Hollister had been out of sight for almost an hour. We later learned that he was simply trying to establish contact during that time. He had gone to a downtown office that houses a Communist-front organization and found it closed. After that he made a telephone call. He wasn't the kind of agent who reported regularly and he had no one particular contact; he merely waited for the big day, for the big assignment. But we didn't know that then, and we were scared to death. So, as Windham says, we descended in force. And, as a result, we were damned obvious.

"Hollister got to Miss Wentworth's apartment building at about a quarter to six," Gregory went on, "and he stood in the doorway for almost fifteen minutes. I've never seen a man so nervous. He paced. He looked up and down the street. He ran his hands through his hair. We know now that he was waiting for some contact to arrive, as a result of his telephone call, but the contact never showed."

WINDHAM said bitterly, "We had scared him away, of course. By the time Hollister got there, we had our squadron—uh—deployed. But when we first arrived we rushed around like ants on an anthill. The contact must have seen us and kept right on going."

Gregory said, "Well, we put an immediate tap on the Wentwirth telephone; there were no calls while Hollister was up there. We permitted no one to enter the building after he went in. We picked him up when he came out, and we took Miss Wentwirth too. We were sure, at that point, that he had already passed the secret on.

"But Hollister made a mistake too. He was so absorbed in accomplishing his purpose he didn't realize that in that very determination he was defeating it. All he wanted was contact with the outside world. And the more his determination showed up, the more certain we became that he hadn't passed the secret on. He would not accept Army counsel and he wanted no outside lawyer. But he was determined to talk to the press. And that, Mr. Kendall, was where you came in," Windham said pointedly.

Kendall said slowly, "You don't think—"

"No." Windham was very emphatic. "Have you ever wondered why you got that assignment?"

Kendall smiled. "That's not very flattering of you, but frankly, I wondered very much. I'm not in the top bracket of free-lance reporters. If I were editor of the Courier I'd have picked a half dozen others before me."

Windham said, "Ten."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Mr. Cressman, of the Courier, picked ten men before he came up with your name."

"I don't understand."

"Well, you see, we *wanted* Hollister to talk to the newspapers—but we wanted to pick the newspaper and the reporter. We could not possibly say to the press at large: 'Hollister stole the secret of Seutaconawa. He is a traitor and we're going to be sure, in the interests of the public welfare, that he is stopped.' "

Kendall said, "Why not? It would certainly have cleared up a whole lot of questions."

Windham said, "Forgive me—but you simply don't know what you're talking about. One reason was that we didn't want the name of Seutaconawa on the front pages of every newspaper."

"But everybody knows—"

"No, sir. A few people close to this case suspect. The handful of ranchers who live around Seutaconawa are curious. No one *knows* anything."

"I have heard"—Kendall was very positive about it—"half a dozen people say that at Seutaconawa, Montana, the H-bomb is being perfected."

"No doubt. But you've been working close to this case. The country at large has never heard of the place. If we had given that statement to the press, we would have found ourselves dealing with sight-seers."

It did make sense, Kendall thought, and he said, "But what about my ten predecessors?"

"Well, as I say, we wanted to pick the newspaper—to plant the story, so to speak. We had the idea that Hollister would use his interviews with the press to transmit his information—he had no other way. We wanted to see what he would say and what the results would be, and, if possible, learn who his contacts were.

"But we insisted on passing first the

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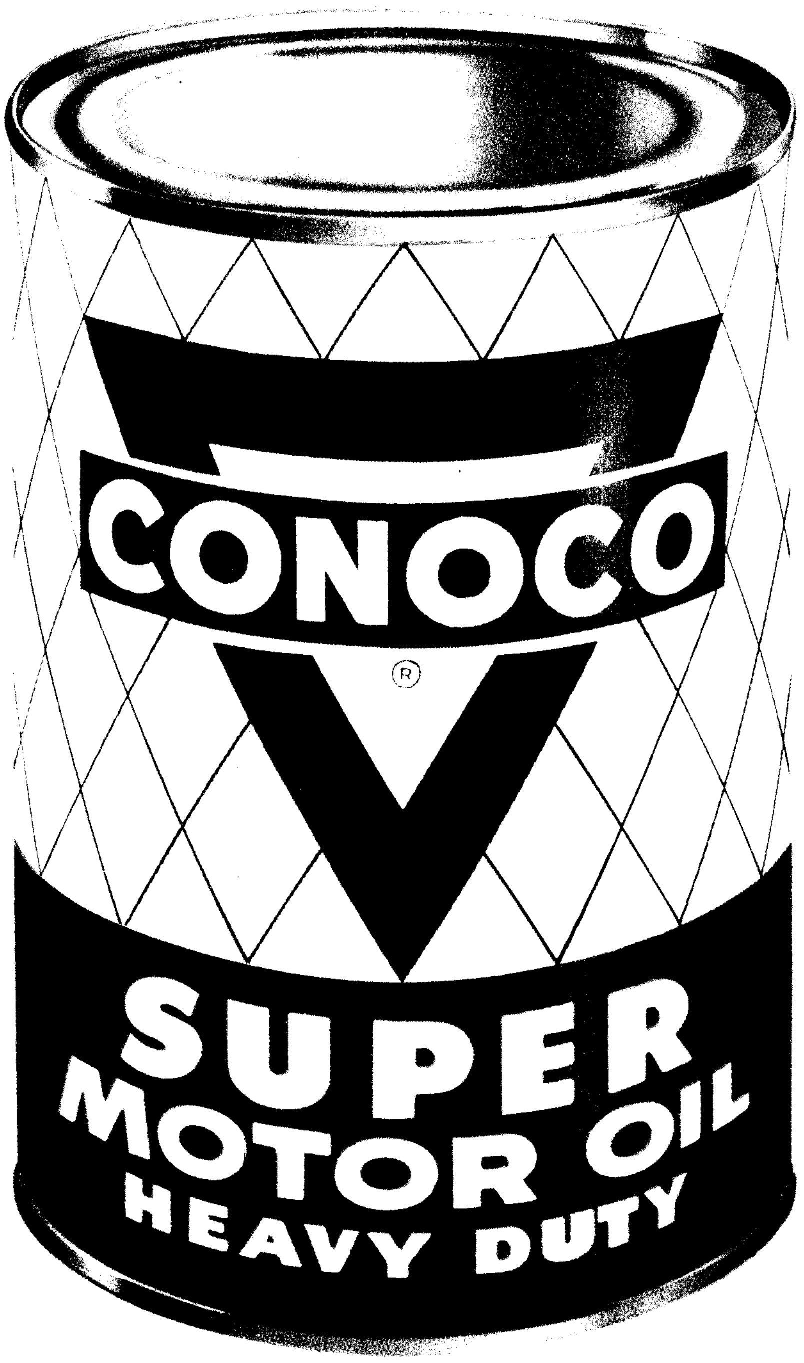

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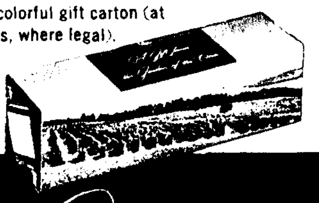


TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Champagne
DRY BRUT

writer and then the story. And we rejected the first ten names Cressman submitted."

"Good Heaven!" Kendall exclaimed, staring at him.

Windham added hastily. "Oh, they were probably all loyal Americans, but in each case we dug up something, *something*. And we weren't going to take even the most infinitesimal chance. You were the eleventh suggested interviewer."

Kendall whistled softly through his teeth. Then he started to laugh. "I wondered a little at my getting the job, but I never dreamed ability had as little to do with it as all that."

Gregory said quietly, "May I say I thought it a magnificent piece? Cressman explained that although you had never done any big jobs, he thought you might do this exceptionally well, and he was right."

KENDALL suddenly felt much better. He said, "Okay, thanks for telling me. But—where are we? Hollister was guilty. No civilian except me contacted him. You are willing to absolve me. My house has been raided. Where do we stand?"

Windham said pontifically, "It is obvious that there is something in your series that will tip the—uh—information, and Hollister's contacts don't want to wait until the entire story is out. Now we simply want to find the message and delete it." He stopped.

Kendall waited. Finally he said, "Yes?"

Windham looked embarrassed. "We, of course, checked your articles carefully before the Courier ever saw them, and could find no hint that Hollister had tipped off his information through them. But apparently"—he paused and smiled stiffly as he looked around Kendall's apartment—"we missed something. We—uh—hope you'll be more successful."

Kendall looked blank. I wouldn't even know what I should look for, he thought.

"You see, Mr. Kendall, there's a time limit," Windham said. "Hollister's cohorts know he rushed publication, so *they* know there's a time limit. The first installment didn't help them, and so they've—"

Kendall interrupted: "The bomb is going off on a certain date?"

Windham looked a bit disconcerted. "Well, you might put it that way. You see"—he paused and looked at the ceiling—"there's a secret, and in it lies our hope of peace. Once exposed, it will be valueless."

"What it comes down to is that you want me to see what I can uncover."

"That, Mr. Kendall, is it in a nutshell. Meanwhile, we'll try too. And we'll continue with our other precautions. We'll watch Miss Wentwirth carefully. We feel about her somewhat the way you do."

"The way *I* do?" Kendall asked, frowning.

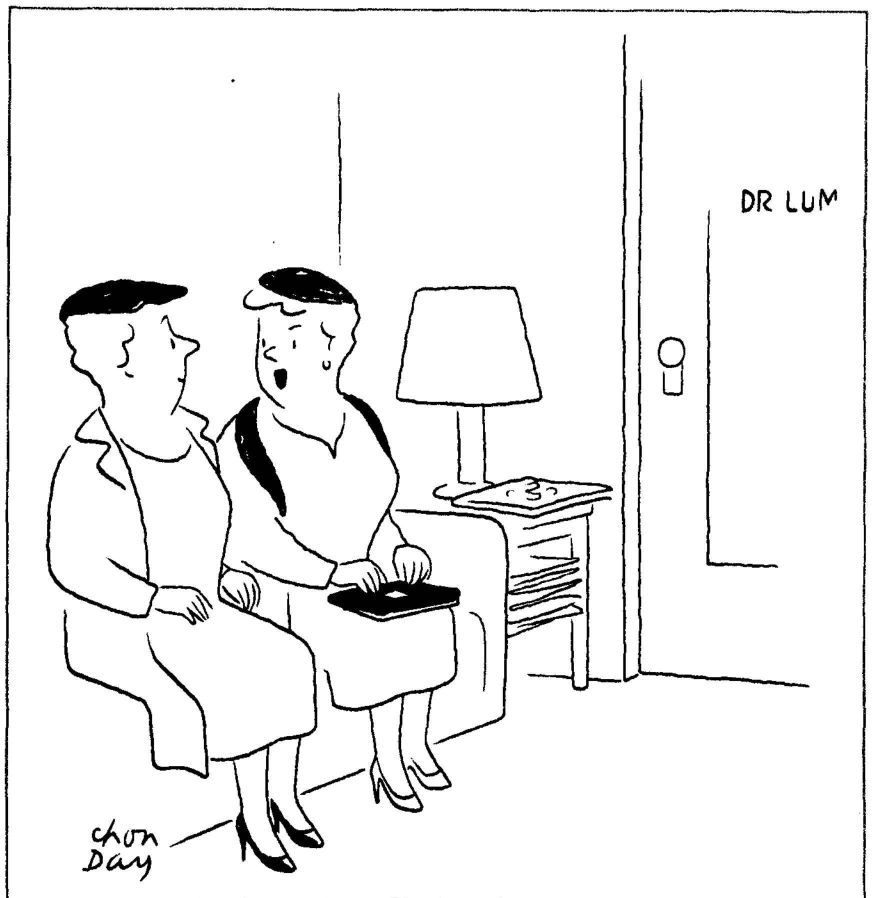
Gregory said dryly, "I read your piece, Mr. Kendall."

"Oh—yes."

"If she hadn't said she barely knew Hollister, we would have absolved her," Gregory said. "But since there was obviously no reason for him to lie, *she* must be lying."

Kendall should have felt vindicated and triumphant. He didn't.

Gregory added, "Either she didn't understand what Hollister told her, or he didn't trust her enough to tell her, or—possibly—her involvement is of a different sort, a—well, a moral lapse. Her phone tap reveals nothing"—Gregory smiled his charming, small-boy smile—"except an interesting call from you, Mr. Kendall, and she hasn't contacted anyone. We'll just watch her carefully."



COLLIER'S **"You'll like him. He doesn't pooh-pooh you"** CHON DAY

Windham hoisted himself out of his chair as if he weighed twice what he did and glanced meaningfully at Gregory. Gregory said, "Yes, Major: we've accomplished what we came for." He wrote out a telephone number and gave it to Kendall. "Let us know if you find anything," he said. "We'll be in touch with you."

When the door had closed behind them, Kendall looked at the clock at the end of the hall. It was ten thirty. They had been in his apartment for slightly over an hour and a quarter. It seemed like a lifetime.

THREE hours had passed before Kendall permitted himself to realize he was stalling. Not content with putting the apartment back into general order, he had undertaken one by one the little improvements he had been putting off for a year. He did not merely replace the books that had been dumped on the living-room floor but found himself developing a precise, orderly rearrangement.

After a while he stopped and sat down on the couch. Why was he stalling? he asked himself.

When he made himself think about it, it took him only a minute to decide that he was occupying himself to avoid a wish to call Marta.

He went into his kitchen and fried some eggs; and while he ate, the pages of his manuscript appeared before his mind's eye and behind them the factor that gave the book its virility—the inescapable, vivid form of Francis Burton Hollister, alive, passionate, galvanic.

He tried to ignore Hollister and see only the words. But the words, too, were Hollister's: Genesis of Treason was largely the words of the quotations of Francis Burton Hollister.

Those quotations—Kendall's mind kept coming back to them. Hollister had, in his choice of reference, circled the earth and roamed boundlessly in time, rarely giving credit lines except to his Bible references, and in that case he had had the Book of Reference before him . . .

Kendall stood up. The quotations were a definite possibility, one way or another. He would tackle them systematically.

He installed himself at his living-room desk and started making a list of the quotations Hollister had used. The job went quickly: *Old Chinese proverb: Half an orange tastes as sweet as a whole one. Jeremiah 36:22: Now the king sat in the winterhouse in the ninth month* . . . and so on down the sheet of paper.

At the bottom Kendall wrote, *Old saying (Southern?): A blind sow once found an acorn*, and then he sat back, overwhelmed by the appropriateness of the saying. He was the blind sow, all right. And he wasn't sure he would know the acorn even if he found it.

His chair was on a level with his newly arranged bookshelves. Directly in front of him was the group of religious books. His eyes ran absently over the titles—the hymnal, the Bible, the concordance.

He glanced quickly back to the sheet of paper before him. Of the nineteen quotations he had remembered so far, ten were Biblical.

And Hollister had called his story *Genesis* of Treason.

A Bible? Kendall thought. No—*Marta's* Bible.

Hollister had been trapped with his secret in Marta's apartment. He had known how little time he had; no one knew better than he how quickly the Army and the FBI could move in the event of a possible breach of security. So where would he secrete a note? In Marta's apartment—a place likely to be the last in which he would have any freedom of action.

And then Kendall had an unarguable reason for calling Marta Wentwirth.

—HOLLY ROTH

(This is the first of two parts)

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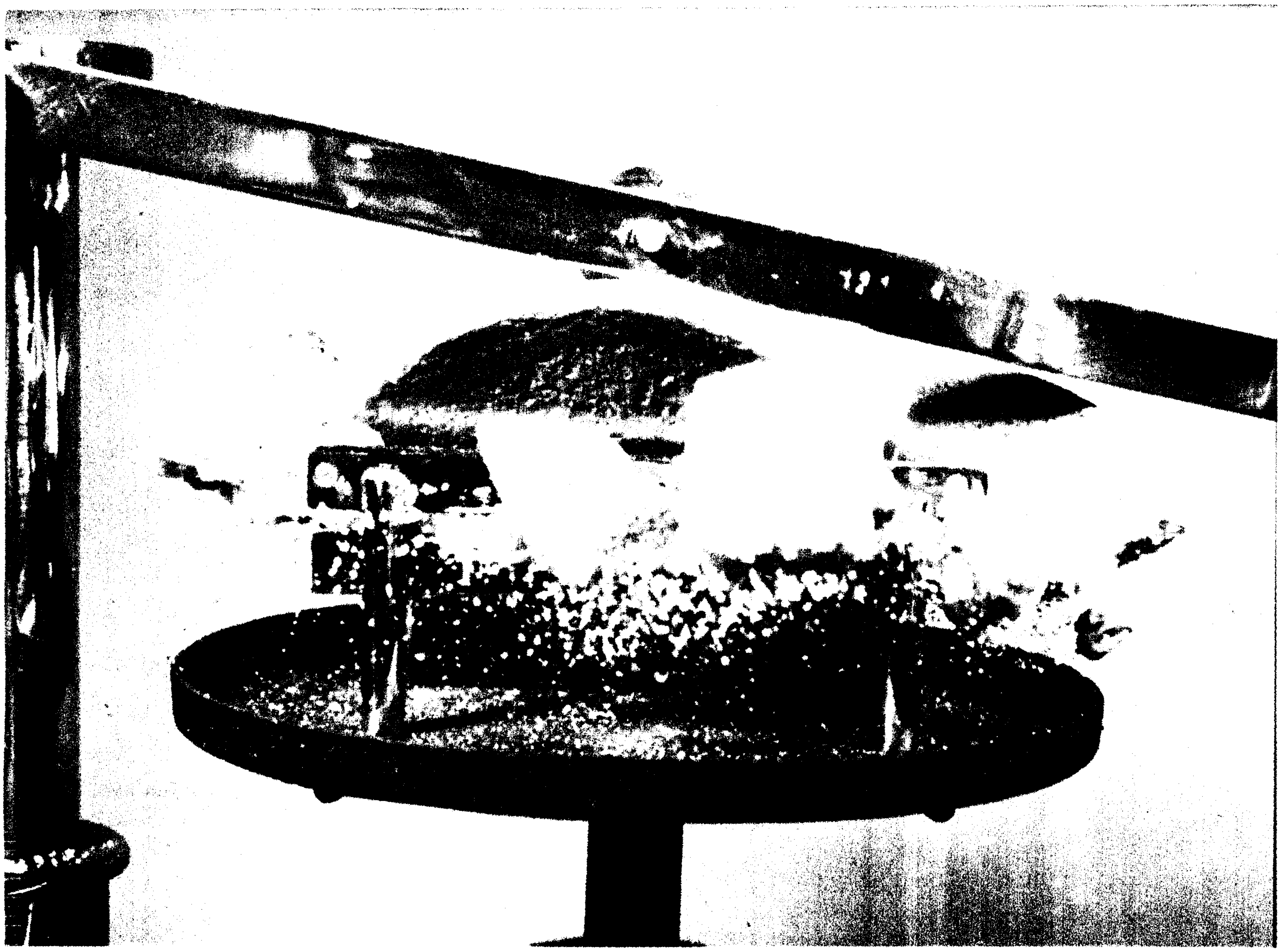


Cookie-snapper: cookie is hit by striking bar to test resistance to crumbling. It takes three pounds of pressure to bite average cookie

Cookie SNAPPER

THE complex collections of dials, gears and levers pictured here look as if they might have something to do with splitting atoms. The fact is, they split jelly beans. They also spread jam, crush cookies and jump on gelatin. Frivolous occupations? Not a bit. The machines are working for you. They make certain that your food is pure enough to eat, tasty enough to enjoy, and stable enough to travel well and live a long life on your pantry shelf. They reflect the care which food manufacturers and distributors take to control the quality of every product they sell. The machines are part of the Kroger Food Foundation in Cincinnati, an elaborate food-testing operation which is run by the huge (1,853 stores) Midwest supermarket chain. The foundation has a test kitchen, a taste panel and four laboratories full of ingenious machines which reveal everything from the bite resistance of a jelly bean to the crumb potential of a cookie. All products sold in the company's stores are first screened and then re-examined regularly—600,000 sample lots a year. The laboratory's 25 testers inspect more than a thousand items every day and throw away 200 pounds of empty cans, alone, every night. The tests cost more than $200,000 a year. But company officials figure it's worth it for the consumer confidence they gain with their cookie-snappers, gelatin-jolters and jelly-bean-busters.

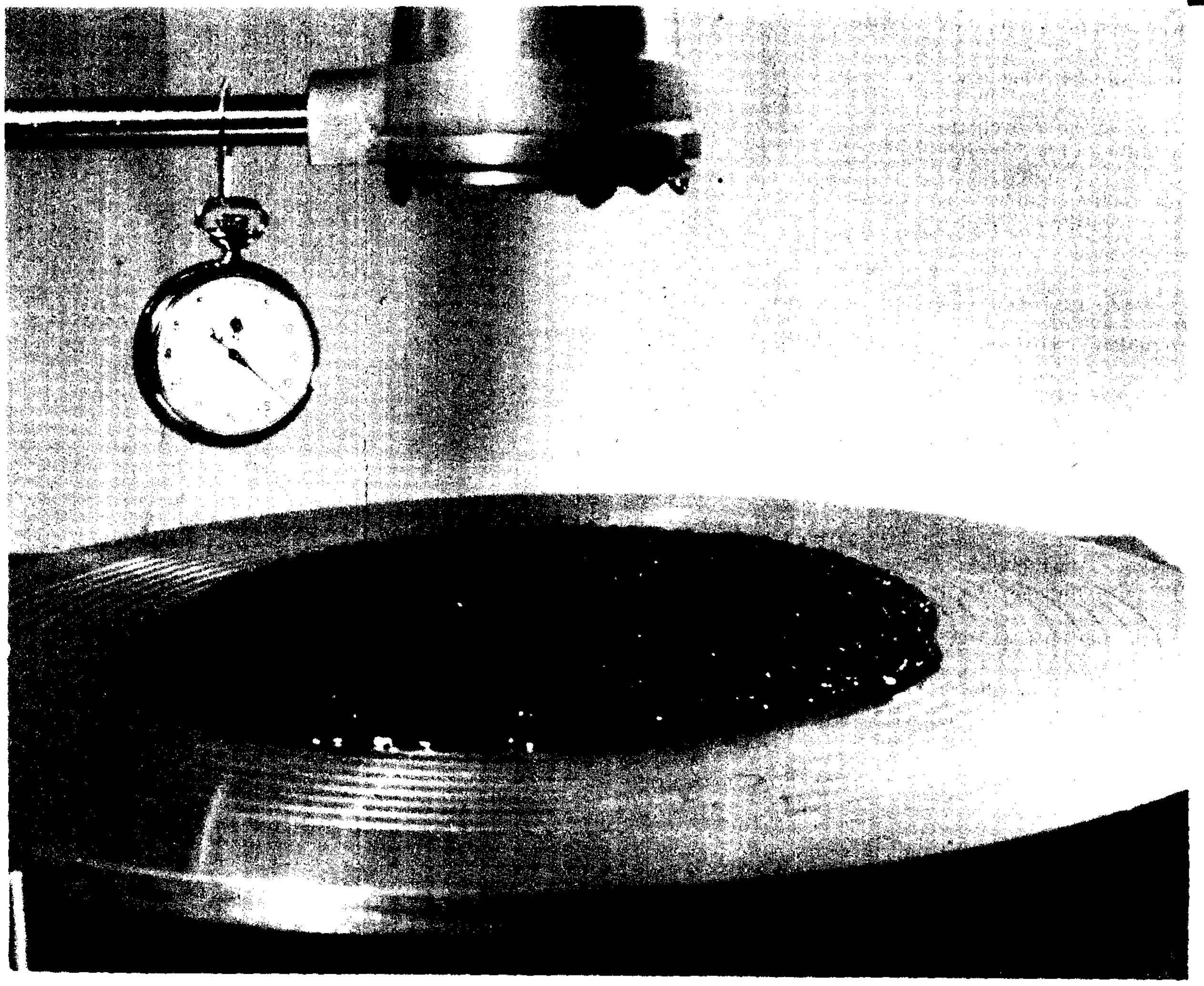
—MARTHA WEINMAN

Want to know how hard you bite to crumble a cookie? A machine will tell you. Here are the newest devices which supermarkets use in a hundred ingenious ways to make certain your food is fit to eat

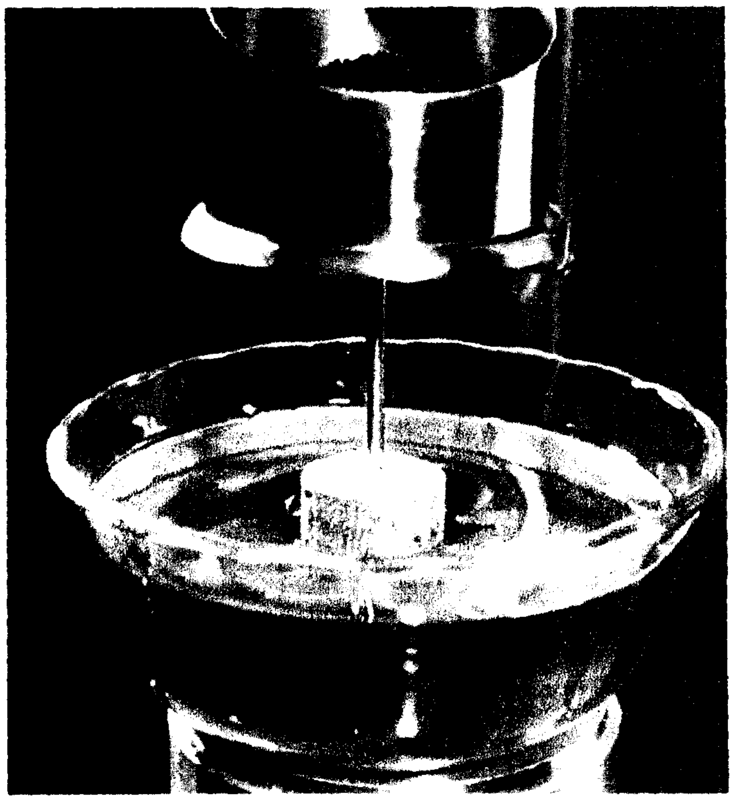
COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

Jelly-bean-buster: vertical shear splits gum candy to measure its degree of hardness. You use about ten pounds of bite power to crack open a jelly bean

Jam-spreader: quality jam placed on a calibrated plate spreads from three-inch to about seven-inch diameter in 30 seconds. Stop watch measures rate of flow



Macaroni-meter: device called micrometer finds diameter and wall-thickness of spaghetti and macaroni to determine necessary cooking time



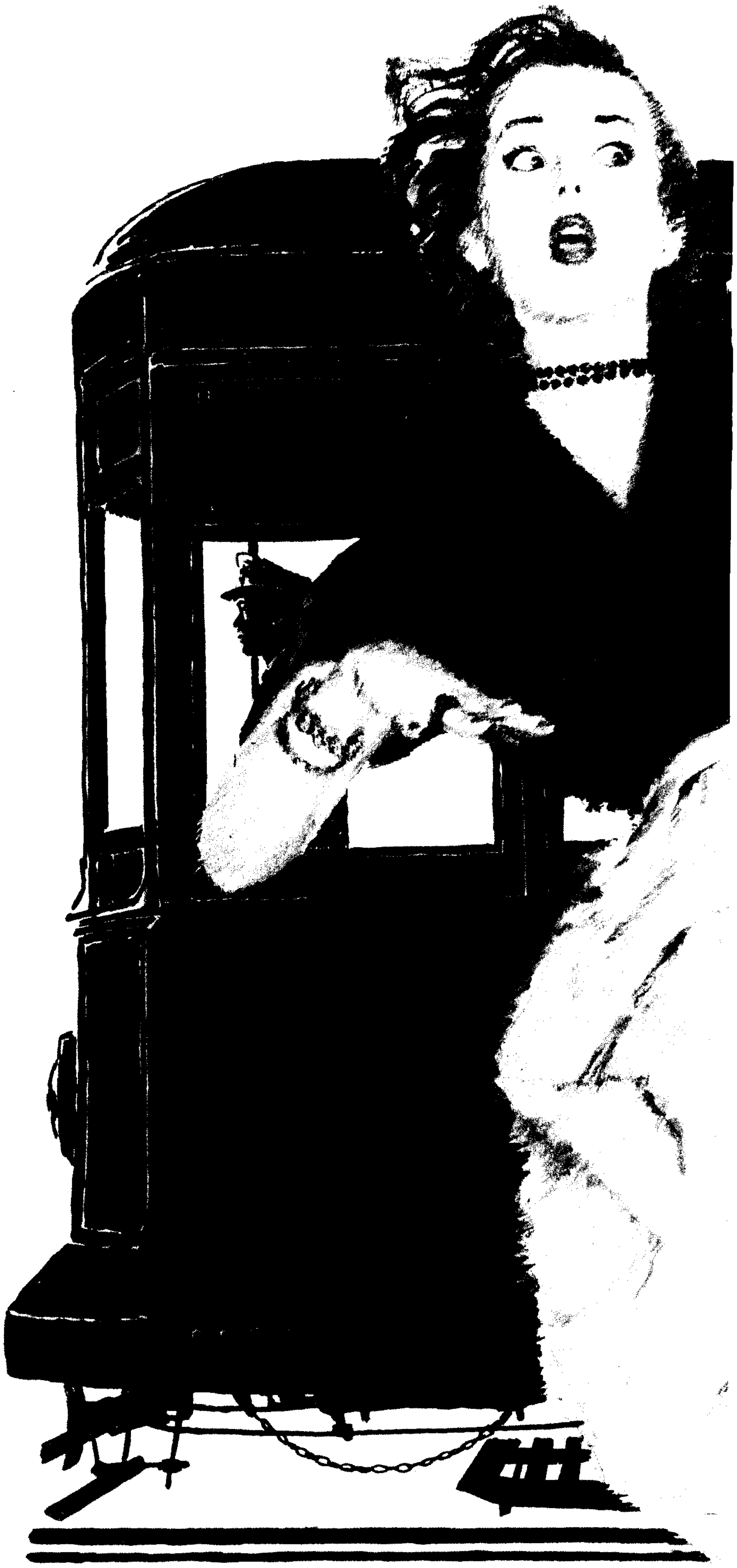
Gelatin-jolter: a cork weighted with bird shot pummels a bowlful of gelatin. Amount of lead needed to break surface measures consistency

Bean-tasters: one of laboratory tasting panels compares brands of beans beneath red lights to guard against testers being influenced by color

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY LEO CHOPLIN

THE COURTSHIP ON CAR

If you're planning on picking up that girl you see every day on the trolley, read this story—and full steam ahead



HER hair was carrot red; her eyes sparkled brightly, promising untold delight. George leaned close to her. "Mary, honey, please!" he whispered hoarsely. "You've got to. I'm going out of my mind."

The trolley lurched forward, then came to a sudden stop.

"He thought he could beat the light," Mary said.

The fat, bald man in the pink sport shirt who was sitting next to George crashed heavily against him. George felt his lungs collapse, and for a minute he half expected to see his entire life flash rapidly before him. Instead, he saw the fat man's red, perspiring face.

"New motorman," the fat man said. "Every summer they try 'em out on this North Philly line. Can't get a decent ride until October." He waited for George to answer.

"I don't pay much attention to motormen," George said when he got his breath.

"My father started out as a motorman," Mary said cheerfully. "In Duluth, before he came to Philadelphia."

George shuddered. He knew what was coming. He turned to the fat man and said quickly, before Mary could speak, "That's right, and her Uncle Harry started out as a laborer. They went into the construction business, built a lot of houses and made a lot of money. Uncle Harry's a bachelor; he lives with her parents and her brother Jerry. They're all very nice, very strict, and if she brought me home to them they'd hate me. They're self-made men, constructed of solid rock. They'd consider me a little flimsy and prefabricated. Besides, they never okay any material they haven't picked out themselves." He took Mary's hand in his. "Now, honey, how about just talking to me for a change?"

"Your father went to college," Mary said accusingly.

"He was young," George said. "He didn't know what he was doing."

"You needn't be sarcastic," the fat man said.

"He's not sarcastic," Mary said. "He's just trying to be funny."

"Sounded sarcastic to me," the fat man said.

"Look," George said to both of them. "My grandfather went to college too. In the winter, I go to college. What's that got to do with it?"

The fat man pursed his lips. "Could have a lot to do with it."

"Then you see my point," Mary said. "Our families are worlds apart. Can you imagine George Wheaton, Senior, Professor of English Literature, getting to be pals with Eddie Owens, the builder?"

"Not offhand," the fat man said.

"They might though," Mary said. "Men are like that. They might both collect the same kind of coins, or root for the Phillies. But the women would hate each other." Her voice trembled. "His mother would hate me."

"She'd love you," George said. "Why don't you give her a chance? You haven't even met her."

"I haven't met you either," Mary said.

George pressed her hand gently. "I think you're exaggerating."

"No, I haven't. Not officially."

"I see," the fat man said. "Kind of a pickup."

"How would you like a punch in the nose?" George said.

"It was nothing of the sort," Mary said defensively. "We'd been riding this same trolley—this same old car sixty-five—for months. Ever since early this spring."

George turned to her happily. "Then you *did* notice!"

"One day I dropped my purse and everything spilled out," she went on, speaking to the fat man. "He was sitting beside me and he helped me pick everything up, then we started to talk. That was a month ago."

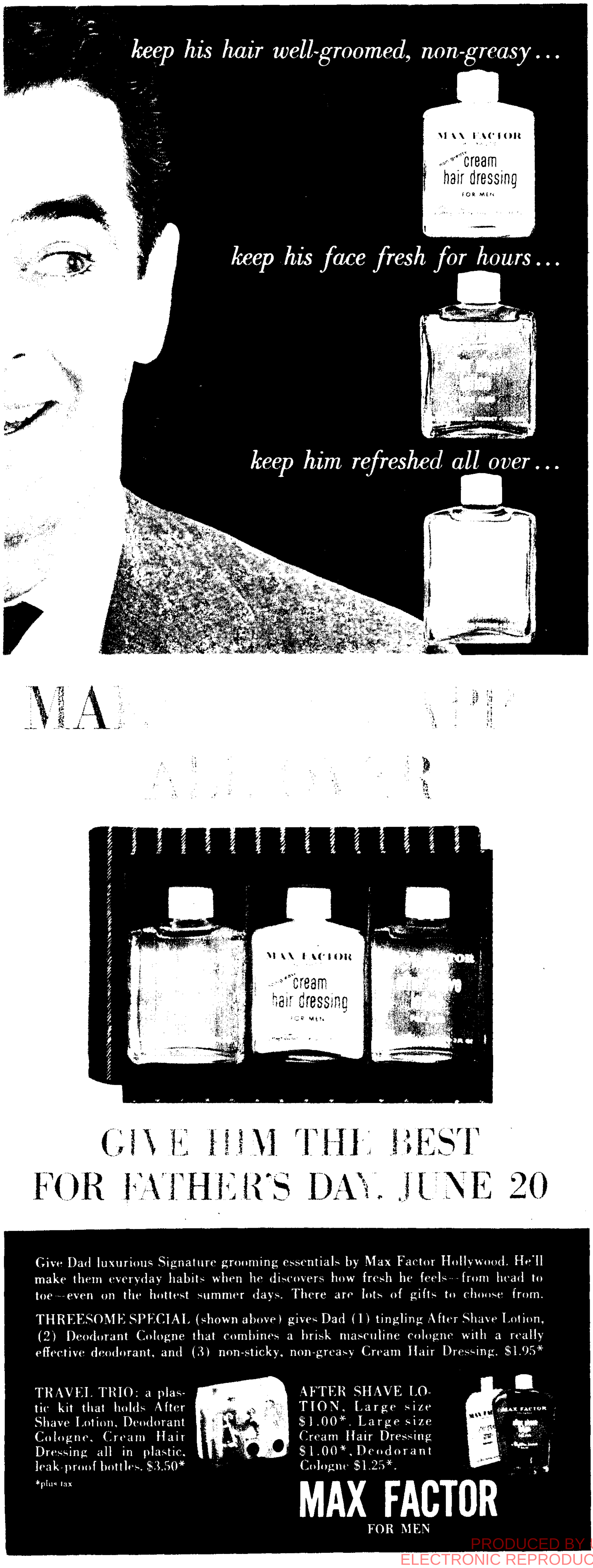
George sighed. "June third, eight twenty in the morning. Exactly one month, four days and fifteen minutes ago."

"We've only talked," Mary said. "It's not a pickup if you only talk. I

SIXTY-FIVE

By JOE COOGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER



keep his hair well-groomed, non-greasy…
MAX FACTOR
cream hair dressing
FOR MEN
keep his face fresh for hours…
keep him refreshed all over…

MA[illegible]
[illegible]

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THREESOME SPECIAL (shown above) gives Dad (1) tingling After Shave Lotion, (2) Deodorant Cologne that combines a brisk masculine cologne with a really effective deodorant, and (3) non-sticky, non-greasy Cream Hair Dressing. $1.95*

TRAVEL TRIO: a plastic kit that holds After Shave Lotion, Deodorant Cologne, Cream Hair Dressing all in plastic, leak-proof bottles. $3.50*

*plus tax

AFTER SHAVE LOTION, Large size $1.00*. Large size Cream Hair Dressing $1.00*, Deodorant Cologne $1.25*.

MAX FACTOR
FOR MEN

talk to a lot of people. Like you, for example."

Like everybody, for example, George thought. Mary was one of those people who couldn't sit beside somebody in a trolley car and not chat. She was so pretty and cheerful-looking that people couldn't resist talking to her, and so pleasant and friendly that she couldn't resist talking to them. But before the purse incident, she had never said a word to George—and he had sat beside her for a week and a half without being able to do more than gulp. He had known right off, by the way she ignored him, that she thought he was something special too.

THE fat man scratched his bald head. "I don't know, girlie; it still sounds like a pickup to me."

"How would you like a large, discolored lip?" George said.

The fat, bald man coolly surveyed George's lean, broad-shouldered, six-foot-three frame. "You wanta fight so much, whyn't you go in the Army?" he asked.

"I've been there," George said.

"You have?" Mary said. "Why, George, you never told me."

"What difference does it make?"

"You shouldn't shout at the kid," the fat man said. "Where you been in the Army? You're too young for World War Two."

"He's twenty-three," Mary said.

"Korea," George said.

"Drafted, huh?"

"I enlisted. Now do me a favor and shut up."

"Only tryin' to help." The fat man lurched into George again as the trolley screeched to a stop.

"Master Street," the conductor said. He sounded a little embarrassed.

Mary stood up. "I get off at the next stop," she said.

"Nice talkin' to you, miss," the fat man said.

George got up and walked with her to the door. "Mary," he said, "please! Are you going out with me or not? You said you'd tell me this week."

"It's only Wednesday."

"Don't you want to?"

"You know I do, George. It's just—well, it's mostly my family. I've got to get them used to the idea."

"Tomorrow, Mary?"

"Jefferson Street," the conductor said in a small, thin voice.

The trolley stopped abruptly. When George regained his balance, Mary had gone. He walked to the back of the car, and slumped down disconsolately in his seat.

"A cute kid," the fat man said, "if you like those little redheads."

"She's not a kid," George told him. "She's almost twenty-one. And her hair isn't red." His voice took on a quiet, dreamlike quality. "It's the color of burnished copper. Furthermore, she's not little. She's five foot six and her—uh—measurements are thirty-six, twenty-three and thirty-six."

The fat man frowned. "How you find that out?"

"I study architecture," George said. "I've got a good eye for proportions."

"Architects make good money," the fat man said. "If her old man's in construction, it sounds like a good tie-in."

"You seem like a nice guy," George said. "I'm sorry I yelled at you."

"Forget it. Kid your age, you should have a little spunk."

"Maybe you could help me," George said. "You're a lot older than I am. What would you do?"

"I'm only fifty-two." The fat man sorrowfully rubbed his shining head. "I have lost a lot of hair though."

"I've got to do something desperate."

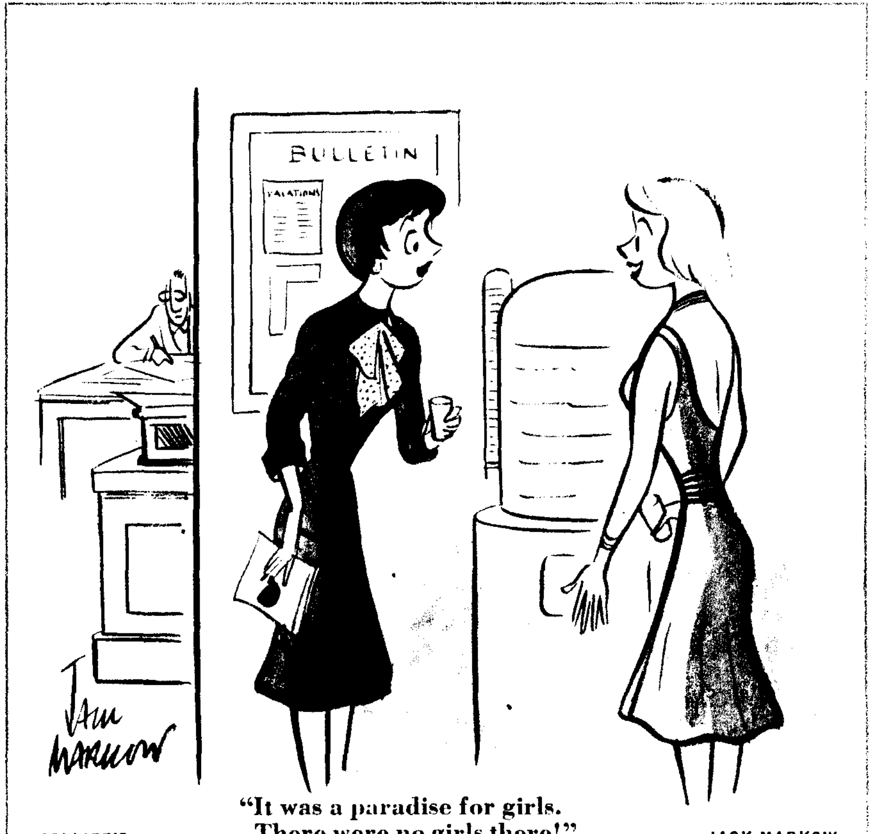
"You could ride the subway. Lots of pretty girls ride the subway."

"I *will* do something desperate."

The fat man stood up, reached out to shake hands, and then, as the trolley stopped, he fell forward. His large, meaty palm slammed against George's chest. "Don't worry, kid," he said. "I bet everything turns out fine."

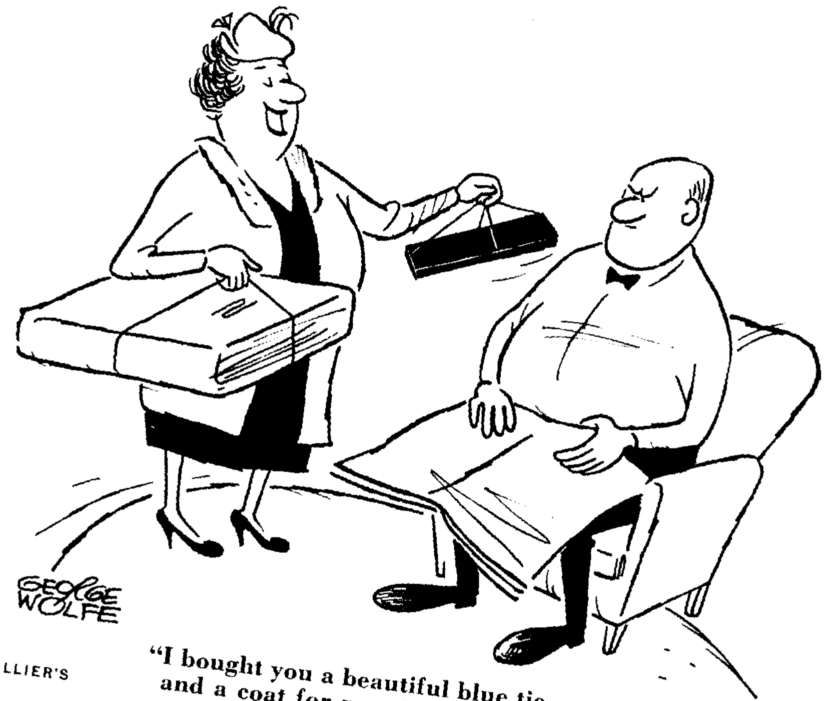
George couldn't answer. . . .

The next morning George had a little trouble getting on the trolley. Two teen-age girls shoved him aside as he walked toward the door, and he had to help a tall, thin, middle-aged woman in a lavender dress get up the first step. As he approached the rear of the trolley, he saw Mary deep in conversation with



"It was a paradise for girls.
There were no girls there!"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW



COLLIER'S **"I bought you a beautiful blue tie and a coat for myself to match!"** GEORGE WOLFE

a short, pleasant-faced, gray-haired woman. George grabbed a strap and stood in front of them. The short, gray-haired woman looked up.

"Is this the young man?"

"That's the one," Mary said.

George groaned.

"He's cute," the gray-haired woman said. "Thin, yet muscly."

"A little too much jaw, though," said the tall, thin woman in the lavender dress who was standing next to George.

Mary got up, and a smiling elderly man who had been sitting on the other side of her looked as if he had just lost his best friend.

"I'm sorry," Mary said to the thin woman in lavender. "I didn't know you were there. Would you like to sit down?"

"Thank you, dear." The tall, thin woman sat down. "That's nice of you."

"Oh, she's a wonderful girl," the pleasant-faced, gray-haired woman said. "Smart as a whip too. Secretary to a doctor in North Philadelphia. The young man here's no dumbbell either. Senior at Penn—and a war hero. In the summer he works as a timekeeper in that new plant on Rising Sun Avenue."

"We've been talking," Mary said to George.

GEORGE didn't say anything. The trolley, jolting to a sudden start, had thrown Mary excitingly against him, and her elbow had caught him just underneath the right lower rib.

"They're a nice-looking couple," the tall, thin woman said.

"Like Romeo and Juliet," the short, gray-haired woman said. "Star-crossed lovers. Their families hate each other."

"I love Shakespeare," the tall, thin woman said.

"So do I." The short, gray-haired woman closed her eyes. "'*Two households both alike in dignity . . . from ancient grudge break to new mutiny. . . .*' It's the same deal."

"It is not," George said. "They never even met."

The short, gray-haired woman laughed. "Certainly they did. They were both big shots in the same small town—Verona, Italy."

"I mean *our* parents."

"He picked her up," the short, gray-haired woman went on. "Neither family would stand for that."

"Romeo picked Juliet up," the tall, thin woman said. "At a dance."

The gray-haired woman shrugged. "Well, you saw what happened."

"Why not go out on the sly?" the thin woman said to Mary. "Juliet did."

Mary's eyes glittered. "That's not honest. It's not fair to anybody."

"She *is* nice," the tall, thin woman said.

"So's he," the short, gray-haired woman said. "Industrious, too." She leaned forward and peered closely at George's light-tan gabardine suit. "You dress pretty well for a timekeeper."

Mary laughed. "The first time I saw him, he was wearing old slacks and carrying a lunch pail," she said. "He looked cute."

"Please, Mary—" George began.

The short, gray-haired woman interrupted. "Romeo disguised himself to meet Juliet. He wore a funny hat or something."

"A mask," the tall, thin woman in lavender said and threw her arms around the elderly man beside her as the short, gray-haired woman tackled George at the knees. The trolley had stopped in its customary manner.

"Master Street," the conductor said. He sounded close to tears.

"Goodness," the tall, thin woman said, "I think I'll get off here."

"Me too," the short, gray-haired woman said. She turned to Mary. "Don't worry, dear, I know everything will be all right."

"Did you ever read Antony and Cleopatra?" the tall, thin woman asked.

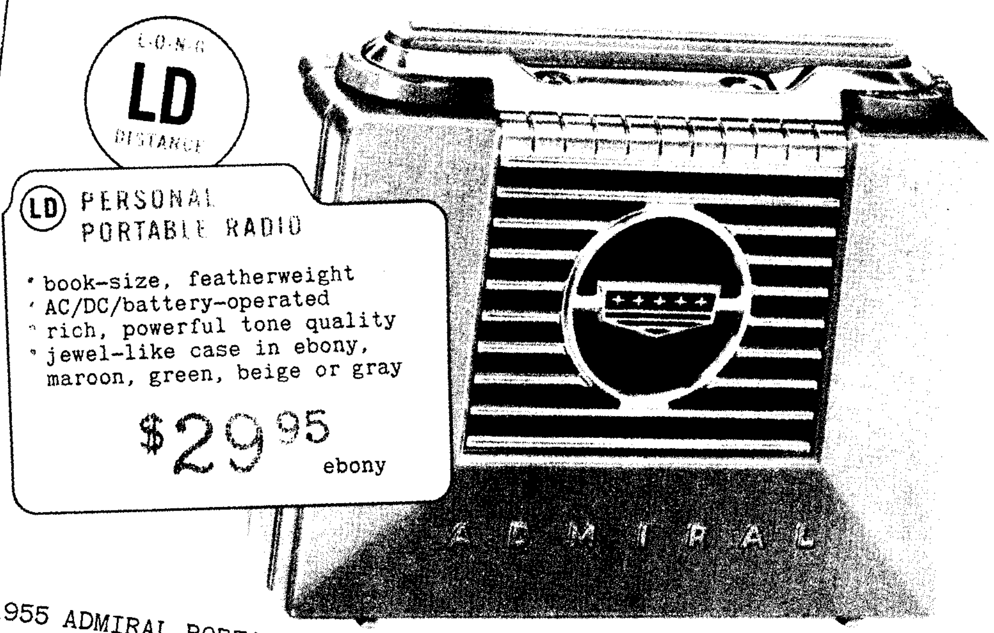
The gray-haired woman raised her eyebrows. "Oh, I'm sure they're not like those two." They got off together, arm in arm.

"Honey," George said, "you've told everybody else about us, but it seemed you'd never tell me, and so I've done something desperate."

But Mary was moving away from him. "I've got to run, George. I get off at the next street."

George was thrown into the seat as the trolley stopped. He heard the two teen-age girls giggling at him from across the aisle. George suddenly thought of an ancient Chinese torture in which the victims' tongues were cut out. It was the one bright spot of his day. . . .

On Friday morning, a new, stern-faced, implacable George Wheaton, Jr.,



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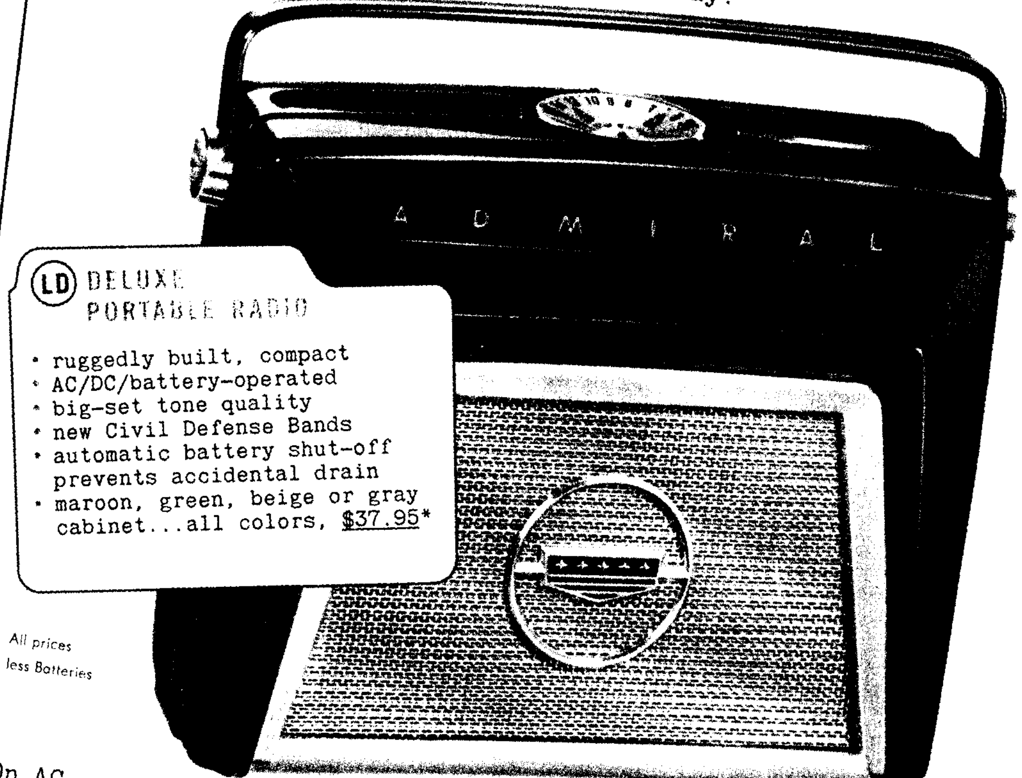

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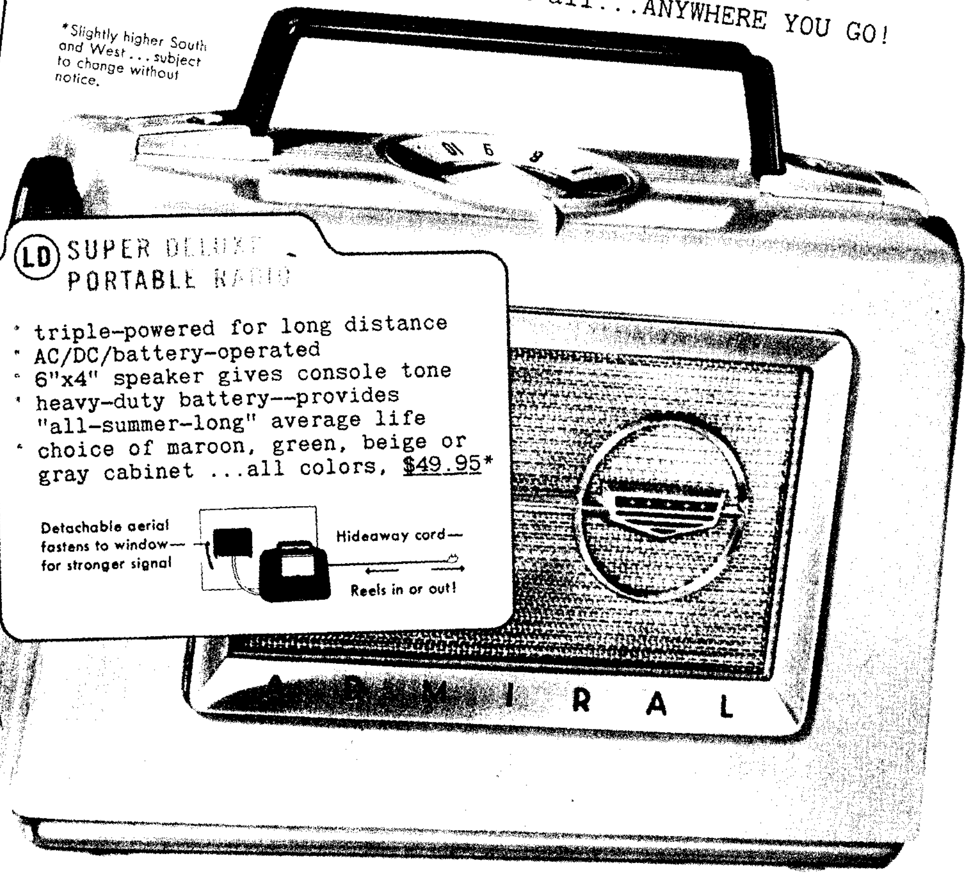

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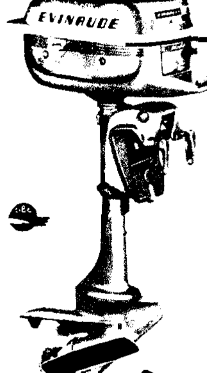

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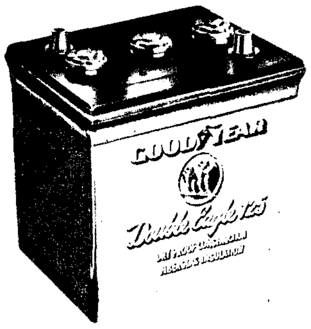

Double Eagle—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
DRY PROOF DOUBLE EAGLE BATTERY

brushed aside the two teen-agers, almost trampled a kid wearing an oversized football helmet, and jumped into the trolley before the doors were fully open. The seat beside Mary was vacant. George walked purposefully toward it, turned to sit down, and was knocked off balance by a rather weak but expertly placed straight-arm. The kid in the football helmet scrambled into the seat and stared mournfully at George.

"You wouldn't deprive a child of a place to sit, would you?" the kid said.

Mary started to speak, but George cut her off. "No you don't," he said fiercely. "Not one word to him, or to anybody else. Just me."

"Yes, George," she said. "Just you." Her voice was warm, intimate. George could feel the new, implacable Wheaton melting away. It took a few minutes to pull himself together.

"It's Friday, Mary. Friday morning," he said, his voice stern and crisp.

The kid in the football helmet grinned nastily. "Now there's a hot news item. A real scoop."

Mary glared at him.

"Ignore it!" George commanded.

Mary nodded meekly, stood up and reached for the strap George was holding. Their hands touched. George trembled.

"George, can you call for me around seven?"

"I can?" George asked. "Of course I can! Of course. Yes!" The new, implacable Wheaton had evaporated in a fine mist.

"How mushy can you get?" the kid said disgustedly. He pulled a large comic book from his belt and buried his nose in it.

"And, George, promise me you'll try real hard to like my family."

"I'll love them," George said. "Love you, love them. One and all."

"I'm not sure," Mary said. "I haven't really told you everything about them—I can't bring myself to tell you. George, you're not listening!"

"Listening," George said. "Alert. Very alert."

HE WASN'T though. His heart was soaring like a toy balloon in a high wind, and his head was full of bright, faraway thoughts. He was hazily sure that Mary kissed him on the cheek when she got off; and he thought he saw the kid almost fall out of the seat once when the trolley stopped, but it took a sharp kick on the shin to bring him back to reality.

"I'm talking to you, Buster," the kid on the seat said. "You ever play football?"

George smiled at him vaguely. He was a nice kid. "High school," George said. "Little too light for college."

"You'll do. Whatta you know about the Statue of Liberty play?"

"Plenty. It's corny. Quarterback fakes a pass, halfback takes the ball out of his hand and goes around end. The Statue of Liberty was ancient even when I was your age."

"No offense, Buster," the kid said, "but a lotta generations slipped by since then. It might be just old enough to fool the Venango Street Tigers." He punched George on the arm. "I like you, Buster. I'm gonna give you a tip: football and redheads don't mix."

When the trolley stopped, the kid jumped up, raced down the aisle, straight-armed a man in overalls and leaped off. . . .

At six fifty that evening George walked slowly up the gravel drive to Mary's house. The house—a somber monument to Mr. Owens' business acumen—was a large, forbidding Victorian structure bristling with dormer windows. If this was a movie, George thought as he rang the bell, the door would slowly and mysteriously open by itself.

The door slowly and mysteriously opened by itself.

"We did it, Buster," a shrill voice called from behind the door. "The good old Statue of Liberty. Nosed out the Venango Tigers in the last two minutes. A hundred and nine to ninety-eight. It was the league play-off too. They been postponin' that game since last December."

"Jerry Owens," George heard Mary say, "get back in here. I could have killed you on that trolley this morning."

"Heck, I got a right to inspect him too!" the kid said.

MARY came to the door, took George's hand and silently led him into the living room. A familiar-looking, fat, bald man got up off the couch, walked over and threw a heavy arm around George's shoulders. "So this is the guy who was gonna punch me in the nose?"

"This is Uncle Harry," Mary said.

"Now don't torment the boy, Harry." George looked around and saw the short, pleasant-faced, gray-haired woman smiling at him.

"My mother," Mary said.

"Nice seeing you again," Mrs. Owens said.

"I had to do it, George," Mary said. "They'd never let me go out with somebody they weren't sure of. Can you ever forgive me?"

"I don't mind," George said. "I'm glad you did. It's like meeting old friends."

"And, George," Mary said, "please don't ever tell your mother what I did. I'd die."

George laughed. "I'm afraid it's too late for that. Mary, do you remember that tall, thin woman in the lavender dress?"

Mary stamped her foot. "Georg Wheaton! That's the sneakiest trick I ever heard of!"

"It certainly is, Mary," Mrs. Owens said. "But it's all right. She's a very sweet woman. She's invited me to join the Bard of Avon Club."

"I was desperate, honey," George said. "Why, *all* spring I cut my first class just so I could ride your trolley. Ever since that first Saturday when I saw you—"

"Where is this Lothario?" a booming voice behind George asked.

George turned slowly around. "Don't tell me. Your father turns out to be the conductor."

"Not me, son," Mr. Owens said. He was a thinner, white-haired version of Uncle Harry. "I took their word for you. Hate trolleys. Worked on one for five years." He laughed. "You won't believe this, but one day a woman got on my car carrying a monkey, a small monkey—no bigger than your hand. Well, sir—"

Mr. Owens went on. George laughed at the right places, but he wasn't listening. Mary had told him the story before. As he glanced happily around the room, the kid clasped his hands over his head and shook them. Mrs. Owens smiled at him, Uncle Harry winked. George winked back. He liked the Owenses. Warmhearted, friendly and loyal, they would obviously do anything to help out one of the family, which were not bad qualities for in-laws to have. —JOE COOGAN

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Today's chicken has something to cackle about: modernized by science, she lays more eggs, tastes better —yet costs the same as she did 10 years ago

HE HELD her in his arms and was pleased. She was plump and curvaceous, with well-formed legs and a smooth, firm neck. Here, he thought, was a creature who could raise the kind of offspring he wanted. But then he looked her in the eye, and the pleased expression disappeared from his face. Abruptly he released her from his arms and turned away.

The man was a geneticist at a chicken-breeding farm, one of the many scientifically run chicken farms that have sprung up in this country during the last ten years. The hen he dropped from his arms had been under consideration for his pedigree stock. Her well-rounded breast, neck and legs had indicated at first that her descendants could meet the stiff competition in today's poultry markets. But then the geneticist noted that the pupil of the bird's eye was not perfectly round—a tip-off to a breeding flaw that might prevent the hen from producing vigorous, healthy offspring. He immediately rejected her.

Such scientific breeding has produced major changes in meat chickens in the last few years. Ten years ago, you could buy fresh fryers or broilers during only six months of the year; now you can get them at any time. Furthermore, the bird you buy today is meatier, juicier, more tender and more pleasing to the eye. And with all those improvements, the cost of chicken has remained the same, which can't be said of many foods these days. Stores that sold broilers for 40 cents a pound in the spring of 1944, were selling them in the spring of 1954 at 37 to 42 cents.

The change has been accomplished by letting only the nation's best chickens produce chicks. From each new crop of chicks, the top few are selected—and of their progeny only the best are allowed to breed. All over the country, chickens are co-operating with poultrymen to become "superior meat-type" birds (a term originated by humans). Besides working closely with geneticists, the chickens are joining effort with nutritionists, pathologists and management consultants in a great drive for self-improvement.

I visited Arbor Acres Farm in Glastonbury, Connecticut—among many others—to watch the process in action. Arbor Acres has about 150,000 chickens, of which 5,600 are special breeders. The best of the 5,600 are the 1,600 so-called pedigree chickens which produce future generations of special breeders. The remaining 4,000 produce the regular breeders whose descendants end up on your table.

Because of the constant selection for good qualities, today's table chickens are superior to the best breeders of a few years ago. Besides having more and better meat, they mature more quickly—which means they cost less to raise and can be sold at a lower price. It used to take four months to raise a broiler. Now it takes three.

In addition, the modern meat hen strives to lay more and better eggs; each Arbor Acres' White Rock pedigree hen can expect to have as many as 50 daughters, 2,500 granddaughters, 250,000 great-granddaughters. Moreover, eggs are laid all year long now, and the setting instinct has been bred out of the hens; incubators do the hatching. That means you can buy all types of poultry during any month of the year.

The table chicken looks better, too. It has the light yellow skin that consumers like best, and fewer visible pinfeathers.

Another characteristic that geneticists have brought out in breeding is adaptability to all sorts of circumstances. Adaptability has made chickens grow and eat better, and also has helped keep their market price down by cutting the death rate. In the past, for

SUPER-CHICKEN

By LEONARD A. STEVENS

example, a stranger walking into a chicken house might cause disaster. Sometimes the chickens would pile up against a far wall, and many of them would smother to death. Also, jumpy nerves burned up good energy that might otherwise have been used for building thick, tender flesh.

"If a rooster or hen jumps all over the place when I come near," I was told by Richard Allen, geneticist at Arbor Acres, "I might consider that enough to eliminate the bird." Such selection, plus the fact that heavier chickens are naturally less nervous, has brought serenity to poultry. Allen can even walk into his chicken houses with his dog; the chickens simply step aside.

Breeding Chicks to Be Foolproof

Besides getting their nerves into shape, chickens must be able to adjust to the foibles of chicken growers. One meat-chicken breeder explained, "We try to think of all the mistakes a chicken grower might make, and then we expose some of our breeding stock to the bad conditions that would result from these mistakes. It's like reverse management of a chicken farm. We then breed for the qualities that stand the poor conditions best."

To test for those qualities, chickens are crowded together, provided with poor ventilation, fed erratically and exposed to cold and heat. If they can endure such hardships, chances are good that their offspring will be able to take the worst treatment an inefficient chicken farmer can offer.

As the meat-chicken business has boomed, baby chicks have had to travel longer distances to reach their growing homes. Every month, for example, more than 10,000 chicks are flown to Puerto Rico from the Nichols Poultry Farm in Kingston, New Hampshire. Chicks also ride long distances by truck and train, and I even saw some riding in a school bus in Maryland.

Humans are able to eat while traveling, but chicks usually can't. The distance a chick can travel, therefore, is limited by the time it can go without food. Scientists have found that chicks hatched from large eggs can fast longer, so breeders are raising hens that lay larger eggs. Nichols Farm has bred chicks that can go 72 hours without eating.

Where chicks must travel more than 72 hours, the unhatched eggs are shipped, and are incubated upon arrival. Eggs that travel must be long-lived and able to withstand shock—the co-operative chickens are now laying eggs that travel better: the shells are heavier and less porous, with a thick inner membrane. There was a time when most eggs wouldn't hatch if they had to go five days without incubation. Today, Nichols Farm produces eggs that last ten days without deteriorating, and the farm has shipped hatching eggs as far as India and the Gold Coast of Africa.

Improving the appearance of the table chicken has been partly a problem of de-emphasizing the pinfeathers. When a bird is plucked, some pinfeathers—the small stems of feathers just beginning to grow—invariably remain. They're not harmful, but they're not pretty, either, and consumers don't like to see them. The solution is to breed for pinfeathers that are hard to see: white ones. Most meat chickens today are New Hampshires, which are red, but the Arbor Acres chicken is a White Plymouth Rock, and other breeders are experimenting with other pale-quilled birds. I visited the Indian River Poultry Farm in Ocean View, Delaware, and saw chickens called Indian River Crosses which had the white-patterned feathers of their Delaware fathers and most of the other

Americans consume 2,500,000,000 pounds of broilers each year

MARTIN IGER

The white Plymouth Rock is one of the best eating varieties. Birds like this handsome rooster are fed penicillin to keep them healthy

desirable characteristics of their plump New Hampshire mothers.

Chickens also are growing feathers faster than before, which means fewer partly grown feathers—or pinfeathers. Fast-growing feathers also have solved another problem. Chickens like to peck at any bare spots they see on one another's backs. Fast-growing feathers mean fewer bare spots, less pecking—and no scars on the dressed chicken.

All this high living in the henhouse might still be in the future except for World War II and a contest sponsored by the A&P food stores. Before the war, chicken raisers were primarily concerned with getting more and more eggs. The result was poorer eating chickens, because hens straining to lay eggs don't produce thick, tender flesh. There were few farms specializing in meat chickens and little had been done about breeding for meat improvement.

When Red Meat Was Rationed

With the war came meat rationing. But poultry was not included, and everybody wanted chicken. The meat specialists applied mass-production methods. By 1945, U.S. Department of Agriculture statistics showed that more than a billion pounds of broiler chicken was produced that year compared with a little more than 400,000,000 pounds in 1940.

But the meat-chicken growers knew that mass production alone wouldn't sustain their business when red meats became plentiful; they had to improve chicken meat, give the housewife more for her money.

Among those who recognized this need was Howard C. Pierce, A&P Poultry Research Director, and at his suggestion the A&P sponsored two three-year contests for meat-chicken breeders, aimed at producing fowl with big breasts, thighs and drumsticks quickly and inexpensively.

The first contest ended in 1948, the second in 1951. Both were won by the same grower, Charles D. Vantress, of Live Oak, California. His winning chickens in 1951 weighed an average of 4.27 pounds at 12 weeks of age, and had eaten only 2.89 pounds of feed for each pound of their weight—a record that was really something to cackle about. Not many years before, it would have taken 16 to 20 weeks to raise the same chickens, and they'd have gulped down more than four pounds of feed for every pound of weight.

A&P sponsorship ended in 1951, but similar contests have continued under other auspices. There were contests in 18 states in 1953. A chicken raised last year by Mrs. L. G. Schaeneman, of East Longmeadow, Massachusetts, weighed six and a half pounds at the age of 10 weeks. Editors of poultry publications now predict that the average three-pound broiler, the size we buy in the market, will be grown in six weeks. Already chicken growers are mass-producing birds that approach the specifications of the Vantress winners of a couple years ago.

The improved chicken has met with wide consumer approval, as production figures show. The 1945 production of more than a billion pounds of broilers has now increased to more than two and a half billion pounds a year, according to the Department of Agriculture.

The work of the chicken geneticist is most important in producing superior chickens, but much credit also must go to the nutritionist.

And What a Balanced Diet!

Charles A. Denton of the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Research Center, in Beltsville, Maryland, said recently, "Modern chickens are fed a far more scientifically balanced diet than the average human ever eats." Here's a partial list of ingredients in an up-to-date chicken ration: calcium pantothenate, niacin, riboflavin, choline chloride, vitamin B_{12}, manganese sulfate, iodized salt, ground limestone, dry alfalfa meal, soybean-oil meal and yellow corn.

In the last couple of years, chickens have even been eating antibiotics in their rations. Penicillin, aureomycin and streptomycin are most commonly used. Scientists have found that antibiotics promote growth in chickens and, as in humans, lower the rate of mortality. Besides getting medication in their feed, the birds often receive vaccinations, starting the day they're born. By the time a chicken is 20 weeks old (if it doesn't go to market for broiler meat before that) it may have received as many as four vaccinations.

The best place to check the results of scientific breeding is the growing farm. The growing-farm chicken is the great-grandchild of the pedigree birds. The first two generations lived at the breeding farm. The third generation, called breeding stock, lived on farms connected with commercial hatcheries. This third generation produced eggs that were hatched in incubators to produce the fourth generation, which immediately went to the growing farm.

The growers form the largest segment of the industry. Most of them are to be found in the Delmarva (Delaware-Maryland-Virginia) peninsula, near Washington, D.C.; north Georgia; Texas; northwest Arkansas; North Carolina; Virginia's Shenandoah Valley; New England; Indiana; Mississippi; Alabama; Florida, and California. The U.S. Department of Agriculture reports that these areas produce about 70 per cent of the annual broiler output, and that the Delmarva peninsula leads all the rest.

On the growing farm there are sometimes as many as 40,000 to 50,000 chickens in one house. Time and efficient utilization of food are all-important, as the chickens have only 10 to 12 weeks to prepare for market.

In the mass-production world of the growing farm, the chickens need an expert manager, and he thinks of a thousand details as he raises one chicken flock after another. For example, the good manager makes sure that each chicken has enough floor space. Too much crowding will allow greedy birds to eat more, and the flock will grow unevenly. The birds must have feed and water available whenever they want to eat—usually about 14 hours a day. Many chicken houses have mechanical feeders and waterers. The food comes through the house on long, narrow conveyer belts, and the chickens eat as the food moves slowly by. But many managers frown on mechanical feeders, feeling that a man who feeds by hand becomes better acquainted with his charges and knows when something is wrong with them.

The chickens on a well-managed growing farm don't even have to stoop over to eat. As they grow, the food troughs or mechanical belts are raised so the birds can eat without bending. The idea is to save money: when a bird stoops over to eat, small amounts of feed are almost always scooped out of the trough onto the ground. Multiply that waste by thousands, and production costs zoom.

A Big Job for Poultry-Sitters

By using such carefully planned production techniques, the modern growing farm is able to produce a maximum number of chickens with a minimum number of employees. On the Delmarva peninsula I visited one of the nation's largest growing operations, Ches-Peake Quality Farms, affiliated with Armour & Company. The farm consists of 17 chicken houses, each 620 feet long and 48 feet wide. Each house contains 40,000 chickens—all cared for by one man.

Another meat packer, Swift & Company, has 50 of its own hatcheries scattered around the country. The Swift hatcheries buy their eggs from private breeders, then sell the hatched chicks to private growers. The growers—and all other growers who wish to—can buy their feed from Swift and also may sell their marketable chickens back to the company. The chickens are then prepared for market at one of the 22 Swift processing plants.

As the Swift operation demonstrates, generations of modern chickens are conforming to mass production from pedigree pen to dinner table. In the process, they are prepared to make any sacrifice to benefit us chicken eaters.

On one breeding farm, a geneticist showed me a rooster with a red topknot that was unusually small. "I've been breeding to reduce these combs," he said.

"But why do that?" I asked. "A rooster must be proud of his comb."

"Makes no difference," the geneticist said firmly. "People don't eat combs. No use making them pay for growing combs." ▲▲▲

How to Pick a Chicken

1. Don't buy chicken with white, blue-tinged skin. The best meat chickens have light yellow skin, indicating good nutrition—and good eating.

2. Avoid the chicken with a long, scrawny neck. If the neck is well fleshed, the rest of the bird probably will be the same.

3. Check the drumstick. Don't buy if the chicken's thigh is thin and the bone heavy.

4. The modern chicken will cook faster, because of its carefully planned fat and moisture content. But it will taste better—juicy and tender—if you ignore the time advantage and cook for the same period using low heat.

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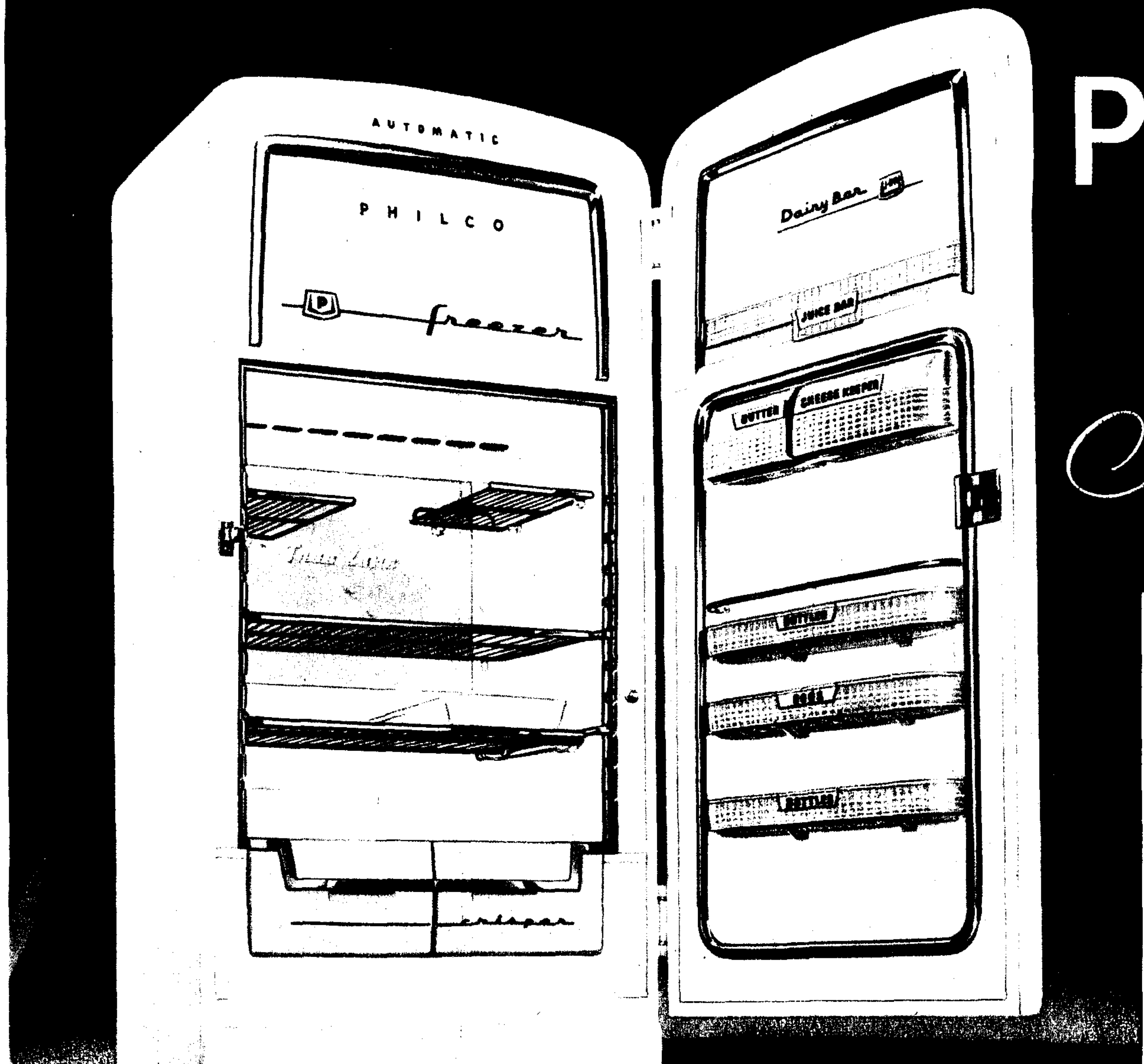

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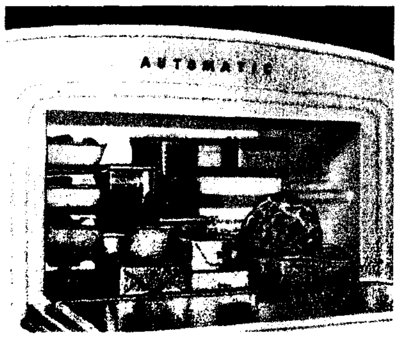

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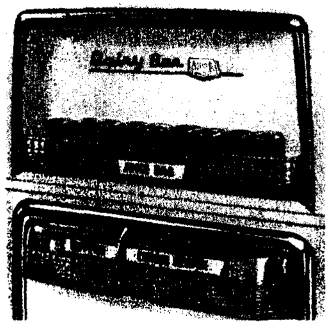

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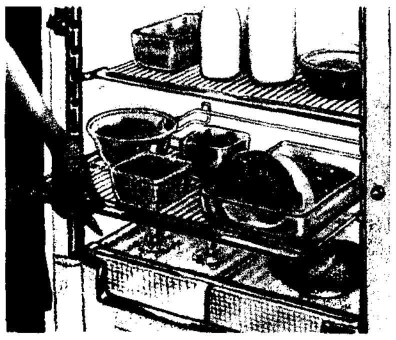

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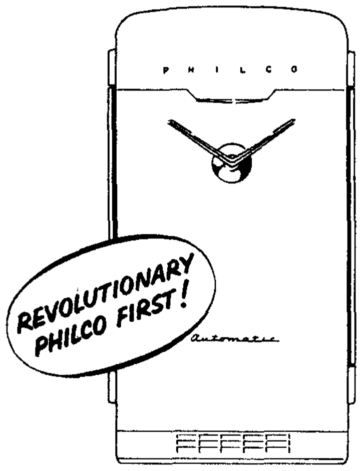

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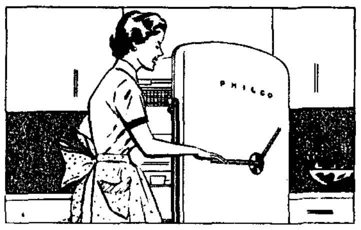

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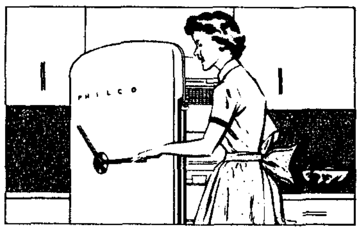

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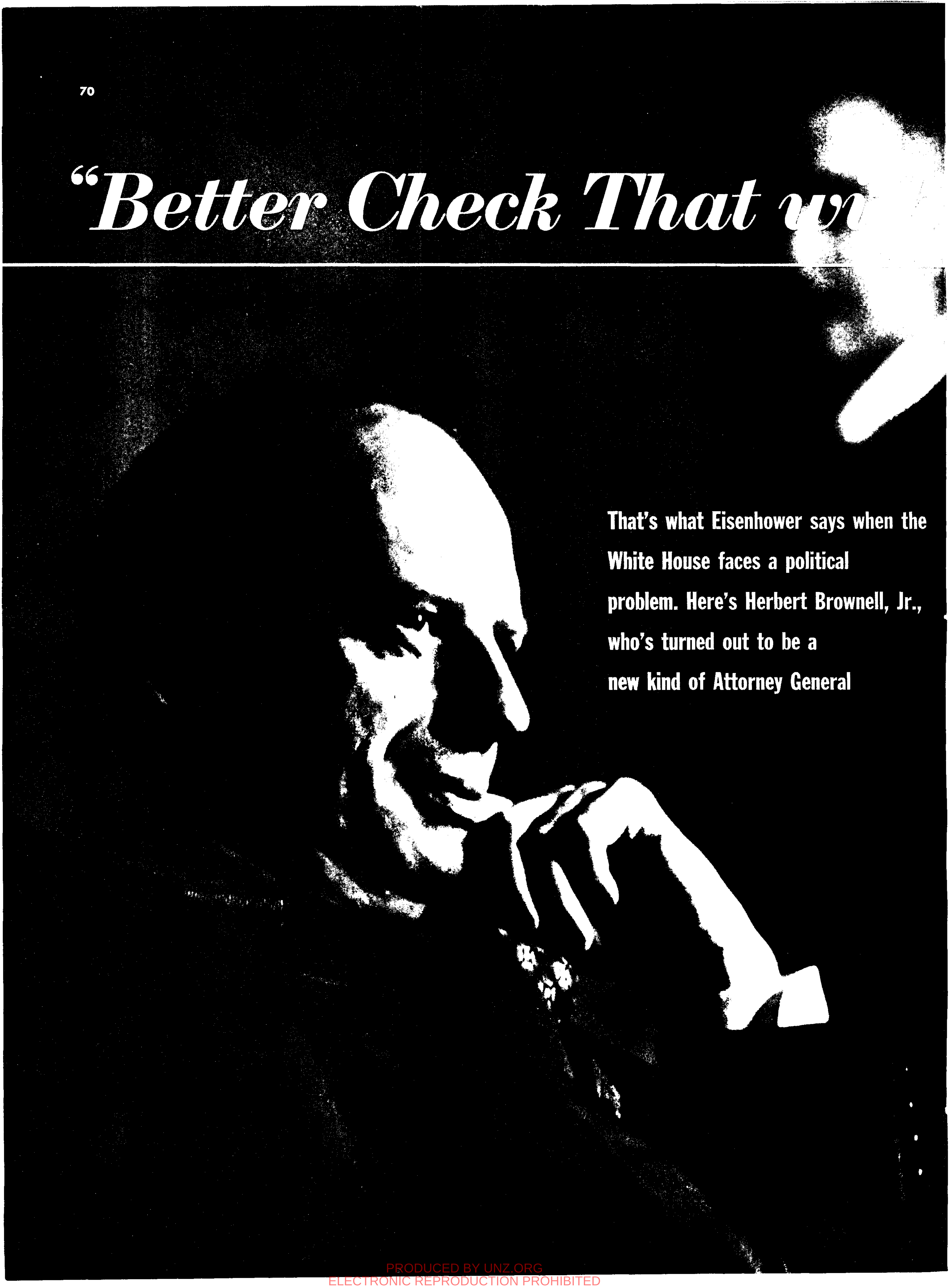


That’s what Eisenhower says when the White House faces a political problem. Here’s Herbert Brownell, Jr., who’s turned out to be a new kind of Attorney General

Herb"

Brownell ruminates on the 1954 election campaign. As G.O.P.'s master strategist, he plans to make party's drive against Reds in government and its handling of Indochina crisis the leading subjects of Republican speakers

IT IS highly improbable that any one man, even President Eisenhower, can be held accountable for the outcome of this fall's crucial elections—in which the Republican party desperately hopes to widen its control of Congress. But a surprising number of people close to the sources of decision in Washington assume that a large share of the credit, or blame, for the outcome must go to the Attorney General of the United States—Herbert Brownell, Jr.

An urbane, personable New York corporation lawyer who has practiced politics mostly as an avocation, Brownell occupies a position unique even in an age which has produced such powers-behind-the-throne as Jim Farley, Harry Hopkins and Bob Hannegan. To Democrats, he is a "bold and ruthless partisan," a "skilled infighter." Many Republicans regard him as the greatest of the kingmakers, the finest strategist their party has produced since Mark Hanna.

"Herb Brownell," said one highly placed Republican recently, "is without equal in the back room."

Leonard W. Hall, Republican National Chairman and long-time intimate of the Attorney General, put it another way: "His early training in state politics, together with his natural aptitude, makes him one of the keenest political organizers of our time."

Both men had in mind the fact that Brownell twice maneuvered Thomas E. Dewey into the Republican Presidential nomination and probably was more responsible than any other individual for the 1952 nomination of Dwight D. Eisenhower. They probably were not unmindful, either, of the fact—now generally recognized in party circles—that it was Brownell who, through his performances in the Harry Dexter White case, nailed down hard the cherished 1954 Republican campaign theme that the G.O.P. is "tough on Communists."

Brownell and Hall long ago made up their minds that the Communists-in-government issue would be a mainstay of the Republican campaign this year. In May, the Attorney General announced the creation of a new division of the Justice Department under an assistant attorney general to expand and intensify the administration's drive against spies and subversives.

Brownell described the Communist issue and the administration's Indochina policies as the "dramatic part" of the G.O.P.'s pitch toward November. "If the Indochina trouble works out without a war," he told me, "we will have a contrast between how the Democrats handled Korea—by rushing right in—and how Eisenhower has handled Indochina, with consultation of Congress. On Communism, the contrast will be between how the two administrations handled the problem.

"The Democrats, I suppose, will try to make the issue McCarthyism versus Trumanism, but that is just froth. The substance is how the Eisenhower administration took Communism seriously and co-operated with the FBI, while the Truman administration never believed there was any danger and never co-operated with the FBI."

Hall conceded, in an interview, that the name-calling row between Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and the Army this spring had "tended to make McCarthy the issue instead of Communism and made it more difficult to get the complete picture of the Eisenhower program before the people." But Brownell professed to be dismayed not at all.

To him, the Senate spectacle "had a spring-fever atmosphere"—and the charges "that some little people lied . . . are not big enough for an issue." Much more important to the voters, Brownell said, are facts about the H-bomb and Russia's possession of it, President Eisenhower's statement of December calling on citizens to report to law-enforcement officers any suspicious acts which might indicate a Russian attempt to smuggle A-bombs into the United States, and the "tremendous appropriations" the administration has asked for continental defense. Brownell believes, from reactions to his speeches, that the country generally is worried about the H-bomb and "how we can protect ourselves" against it.

Over and above such dramatic issues, both Brownell and Hall recognize that the Republican party's prospects in November will rest fundamentally on the economic health of the country on Election Day. In mid-May both felt sanguine on this score, and Brownell saw a highly effective collateral issue in the making. "If, as we think now, business has leveled off and the dip is not as bad as in 1949," he said, "I am sure we will be able to claim we handled it better than the Democrats—and that, for the first time in a long time, we got employment without war."

Brownell also saw in a spectacular administration defeat—the Senate's refusal to accept Eisenhower-backed amendments to the Taft-Hartley law—the making of another "very good issue: the unity of the Democratic party in sabotaging the Eisenhower program." The fact that conservative Democrats like Senators Harry F. Byrd of Virginia and Walter F. George of Georgia joined with such New Dealing senators as Herbert H. Lehman of New York and Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota in sending the Taft-Hartley bill back to committee, he said, proves the Democrats "are not voting their convictions," but are bent on political wreckage. "The people like Eisenhower and want him to succeed," Brownell said. "They are not going to take kindly to a partisan campaign to sabotage his program."

Preview of G.O.P. Campaign Speeches

Brownell declined to discuss specific G.O.P. campaign strategy, declaring that it was too early. But Hall made it quite clear that the Attorney General in fact already had sketched the party's basic approach to campaign issues. Republican speakers will hammer hard on these main themes: that because of Democratic opposition "we must have a Republican Congress if the Eisenhower program is to be supported"; that the administration correctly gauged the economic climate and produced jobs without war; that its "vigorous attitude" toward Communism gives assurance that there will be none of the infiltration which the G.O.P. says took place under the Democrats.

If more issues or new dramatic administration acts are needed to clinch the party's case in November, Brownell's admirers confidently expect the Attorney General will provide them. The feeling that Brownell is omniscient is not universal within the G.O.P., of course, but it is remarkable how many of the dissenters are unwilling to state their convictions publicly.

"I wouldn't say Brownell is such great shakes," said one Midwestern congressman who insisted that his name should not be used. "Don't forget he managed Tom Dewey to defeat twice. A onetime win doesn't make him infallible. I think he's over his depth now."

Dewey's defeats, however, seem to have left few doubts in the minds of Brownell's admirers. Many give him the lion's share of credit for Eisenhower's election as well as his nomination. There's ample reason to suspect that the President concurs. After Eisenhower and Brownell talked together at length for the first time two years ago, Eisenhower is said to have remarked: "There's the best mind I've ever observed in politics."

Later, in the campaigns for the nomination and the Presidency, Eisenhower's instinctive reaction to any substantial question of strategy or tactics almost always was: "Let's ask Herb." As the election approached, Eisenhower designated Brownell chairman of a committee to sift suggestions for the Cabinet and other top jobs in the new administration. When Eisenhower went to Korea in fulfill-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT H. PHILLIPS

One of Washington's best-kept secrets: Brownell's weekly political talks

ment of a campaign promise, he took along only two members of his Cabinet-to-be—Charles E. Wilson, who was to head the Defense Department, and Brownell.

When Brownell's appointment as Attorney General was announced in November, 1952, he solemnly declared he intended to devote his energies exclusively to revitalizing the Department of Justice. At his press conferences since, he has steadfastly refused to answer any political questions whatsoever. In private conversations, he insists that his political role is vastly exaggerated.

Consulted on Political Moves

Without exception, however, those in a position to know say the President rarely makes a political move without first consulting Brownell or directing members of his staff to do so.

"Here's the way it works," says a member of the White House staff. "A question comes up in which there are political implications. We bat it around at the staff conference and then the President says: 'Better check that with Herb.' Or he picks up the telephone himself and asks Herb what he thinks about it."

Not all this "checking with Herb" involves questions which normally would fall within Brownell's province as the President's chief legal adviser. Take the President's decision last March to have the Republican National Committee demand time from the radio and television networks for Vice-President Nixon, rather than Senator McCarthy, to reply to a speech made by Adlai E. Stevenson. Reliable evidence suggests the President first consulted Brownell.

The Attorney General also took part in the now controversial executive meeting of January 21st at which, according to Senator McCarthy, the Army's charges against him apparently were "conceived and instigated." At the meeting, attended by Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., and other high administration men, it was suggested that the Army make a written record of the pressures brought by McCarthy and his counsel, Roy Cohn, in behalf of Private David Schine. Later, Brownell advised the President not to permit the participants to testify about the meeting before the Senate Investigations Subcommittee. The Attorney General cited precedents dating back to the administration of George Washington on the constitutional separation of powers between the executive and legislative branches.

Brownell is more "in the know" about what goes on in the government than any other Attorney General in recent times. This state of affairs is due to more than his close personal relationship with the President and his highly developed talent for cultivating sources of "inside information." By law, the Attorney General is entitled to attend meetings of the National Security Council, which under President Eisenhower has become this government's most important single policy-making instrument. Brownell attends at least half the council's meetings and doubtless contributes to others in his frequent, unannounced conferences with the President.

He also participates with Nixon and Len Hall in a hush-hush weekly political strategy conference. The very existence of these conferences has been such a well-kept secret that Brownell plainly was surprised when I asked about them. He sought to minimize their importance.

"Ours is very much a personal relationship," he said. "Len and I served together in the [New York] Assembly and became very close friends. I got very close to Nixon during the campaign. We are three people as much interested in the success of the Eisenhower administration as any three people could be, but that is all."

"Then this isn't a supersecret, high-level administration political brain trust?"

"No," Brownell replied, "and I hope you will point it out. I haven't time for that. But don't think I leave the room every time the fifty-four campaign is mentioned. That's a main subject of conversation here, and of course I'm interested in it. If Len Hall or Nixon or the President asks me for advice, I'll of course shoot off my mouth."

He made a point that the over-all Congressional campaign will be directed by Hall. "Len has everybody's confidence," Brownell said, "and he's doing a good job."

Brownell characteristically remains in the background—planning, sifting ideas and suggestions, giving directions to those ostensibly in command. Only twice before his appointment as Attorney General did he venture into firing-line politics.

The first time was in the early 1930s, and must be regarded as Brownell's preparatory period. A boyhood Brownell hobby had been collecting campaign posters and photographs of leading politicians. During his undergraduate days at the University of Nebraska (where his father was a professor) he became a backstage power in campus politics and after graduating with honors from Yale Law School and starting law practice in New York, he naturally gravitated into service to the Republican party. He became an energetic precinct worker—a pusher of doorbells and distributor of campaign literature. In due course he became a candidate for the New York State Assembly.

Grover Whalen, New York City's long-time official greeter and one of the Attorney General's closest friends, says he met Brownell first "when he rang my doorbell, asking for votes." Similar circumstances brought together Brownell and Doris McCarter, a Texas-born girl with excellent talents of her own for making friends and influencing people. She became his wife.

The Brownells met in the parish house of a midtown Manhattan Methodist church. But, says Mrs. Brownell, "Herbert hadn't come to church. He was there canvassing votes!"

Another beginner in New York City Republican politics at the time was Tom Dewey. In 1931, Dewey managed Brownell's first campaign for the Assembly. Brownell lost, but the next time around he won. When Dewey decided to run for governor of New York, Brownell reciprocated and became Dewey's campaign manager. Dewey lost the first time, in 1938, but made the grade in 1942—and promptly set his sights on bigger things.

Both Dewey and Brownell were delegates to the 1940 Republican National Convention. There was some Dewey-for-President talk then, but the nomination went to Wendell Willkie. Brownell made a careful on-the-scene study of the fine art of corralling delegates for a Presidential aspirant, and history has demonstrated how well he learned his lesson. The next three times out he was the man behind the winner—twice Dewey and finally Eisenhower.

In accordance with custom, Presidential candidate Dewey made Herb Brownell chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1944, but Brownell did not enjoy the limelight. In 1948 and 1952, he kept strictly to "the back room"; in the latter year his presence did not become known until months after he had gone to work.

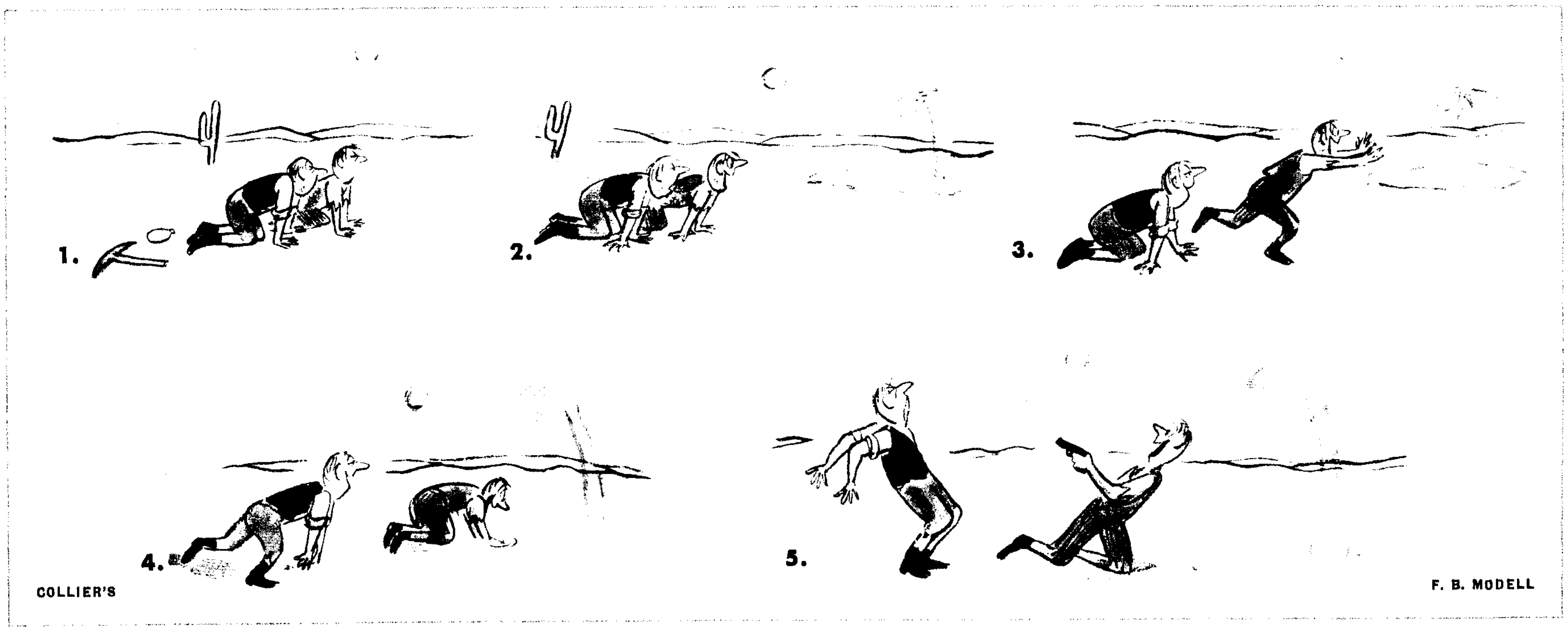
One long-time associate is convinced Brownell would have been content throughout the years to play a much lesser role in politics—if, that is, he could have kept on the inside and known what was going on. "I am sure that Herb never had any personal ambitions, politically," this man says.

Others agree that responsibility always seemed to be thrust upon Brownell. He looks more like a college professor than a high-bracket corporation lawyer or a skilled executive. He speaks softly, with disarming modesty. Yet many who have seen him perform in smoke-filled rooms say he has uncanny ability as chairman of a meeting.

When He's a Bored Listener

"If only two or three people are present," says a friend, "Herb is a fine conversationalist, but if the room is full of people he says very little. He slumps in his chair, fidgets and seems bored with the whole affair. But he's a close listener. At the right moment he'll speak up and get the argument back on the main track, or pull it together and get a decision. It was inevitable that he'd be called on for big things in 1952."

Brownell was in on the Eisenhower-for-President campaign from the very beginning—a hush-hush conference at Washington in June, 1951. Attended by him, Senator James Duff and Representative Hugh Scott, both of Pennsylvania, and former Senator Harry Darby of Kansas, the meeting touched off the initial "home-state" boom for the general in Kansas. By midautumn of 1951, Brownell was working part time, and after March, 1952, full time,



from an office on the ninth floor of the Commodore Hotel in New York.

There is a general agreement among those who ought to know that Brownell masterminded the quest for Eisenhower delegates and conceived the "fair-play" rule which broke Senator Robert A. Taft's hold over the national convention in Chicago almost as soon as it began.

"He came to the job immensely well prepared," a friend says, "and he seized brilliantly on opportunity.

"Back in the early spring of 1947, Brownell assigned his old friend, Tom Stevens (now appointments secretary to Eisenhower), to prepare an index-card file on all people likely to be delegates to the 1948 convention. The cards contained fantastically detailed information about the individuals—their family, business and political backgrounds, names and schools attended by their children, names of close friends, little anecdotes which might come in handy in conversations. Herb kept that file up to date throughout the years, and when the scramble for delegates began in 1952, he probably knew more about the people who later were to go to Chicago than any other man in America."

In Texas, a pro-Taft Old Guard faction firmly controlled the state Republican organization. Although the Eisenhower faction elected a majority of delegates to the state convention at Mineral Wells, the Taft forces refused to seat all but a few of them—recognizing instead Taft delegates from rump county conventions. Forewarned of the Taft faction's tactics, Brownell moved into a hotel room near the convention hall and from behind the scenes directed every move in the fight which culminated in a rump pro-Eisenhower convention. Others from the Eisenhower headquarters in New York masterminded similar rump conventions in Louisiana and Georgia.

Strife at G.O.P. Convention

When the national convention began in Chicago, the Taft-dominated Republican National Committee and the Credentials Committee voted successively to seat the contested Taft delegates. Eisenhower's managers appealed the rulings to the convention floor. In the past, contested delegates had been allowed to vote on all matters before the convention; if this procedure had been followed, Taft might have won because the convention was so closely divided. But the Eisenhower people proposed a "fair play" amendment to the convention rules denying contested groups the right to vote in delegate contests. Taft's managers countered with a watered-down substitute, which was rejected, 658-548. "Fair play" was then accepted. Two days later, with the contested delegations denied a vote, the convention decided, 607-531, to seat the pro-Eisenhower delegation from Georgia. Taft forces threw in the sponge, and other pro-Eisenhower delegates were seated by voice votes. Everybody there knew then that Senator Taft had been beaten.

After the nomination of Eisenhower, Brownell returned to New York and his law practice. But Eisenhower kept on saying: "Check it with Herb." By August, Brownell was back on the job. He took part in every major campaign move from then until Election Day.

Eisenhower apparently offered the Attorney Generalship to Brownell on Election Night, and Brownell admits he didn't waste any time accepting it.

In the opinion of most Republicans, Brownell's next big chore—helping Eisenhower complete his Cabinet—went off well, with one exception. The selection of Martin P. Durkin, head of the AFL plumbers union, as Secretary of Labor backfired. Durkin quit in a huff after a few months, declaring that the White House reneged on a promise to support changes he wanted to make in the Taft-Hartley law. The AFL, on whose friendship the G.O.P. had counted heavily, has not been very friendly since.

After Eisenhower's inauguration, Brownell plunged into his work at the Justice Department with customary vigor. Many of his actions were those of a determined nonpartisan devoted to rooting out sources of favoritism and corruption, which the G.O.P. apparently had convinced the country existed under the Democrats.

Bad News for Federal D.A.s

Among his moves was an order requiring United States district attorneys and their assistants to devote full time to government work, accepting no outside practice. Another was a new practice of obtaining local bar association endorsement of prospective nominees for federal judgeships before submitting the names to the White House.

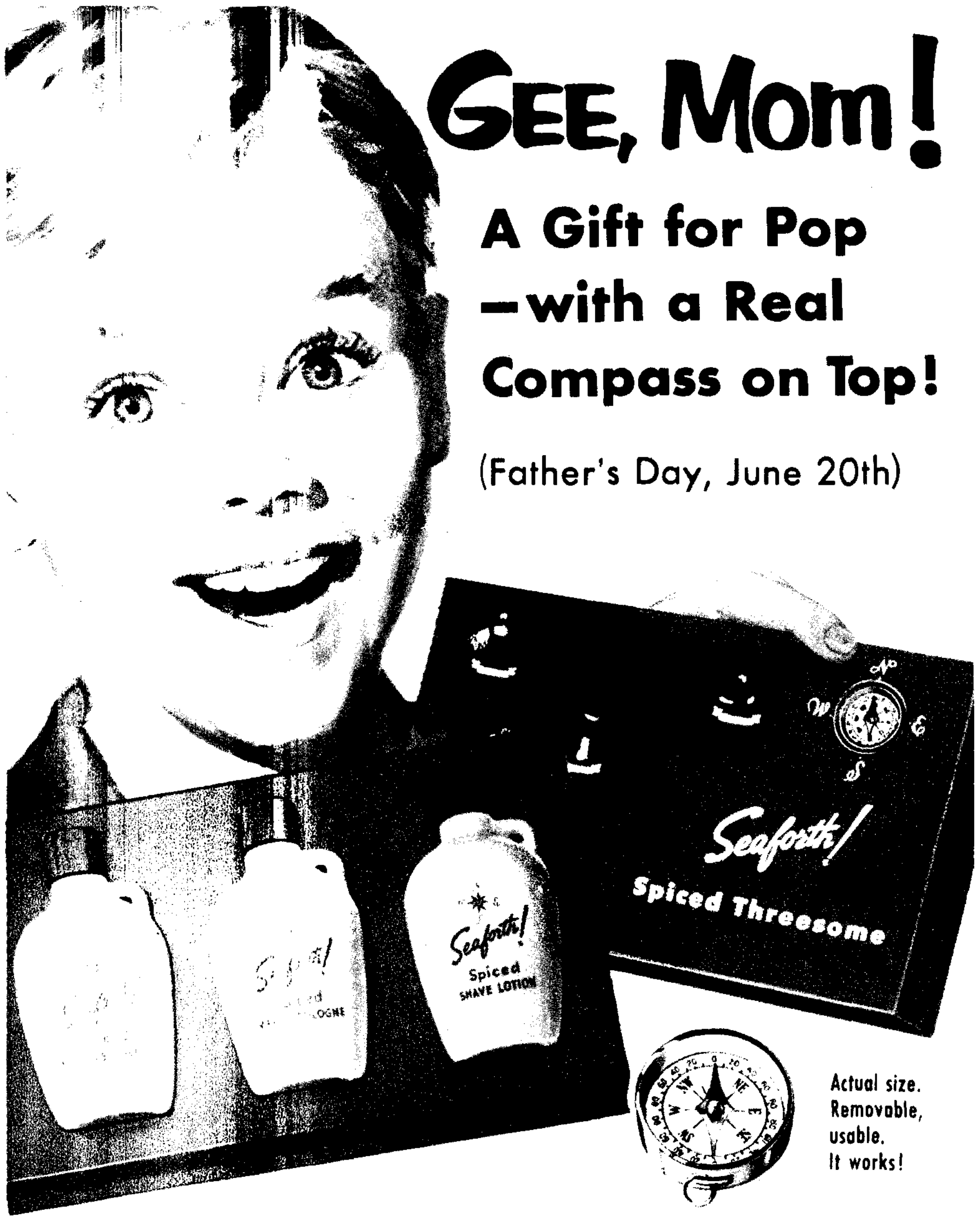
At the same time, however, Brownell engaged in a housecleaning operation which his press officer, G. Frederick Mullen, proudly declares is "better than that in any other department."

Between January 1, 1953, and the end of February, 1954, a total of 758 lawyers either resigned from Justice or were fired. Some doubtless were the "diffidents, dawdlers and deadheads" responsible, in Brownell's view, for Justice's loss of public confidence under the Democrats. (Brownell's immediate Democratic predecessor, James P. McGranery, left him a list of 50 such persons.) Yet 60 per cent—392—of the separations involved political appointees: U.S. district attorneys and assistants appointed by Presidents Truman or Roosevelt.

Whatever merit many of his actions may have, it is inevitable that political motivation will be suspected in nearly everything Brownell does. Other attorneys general have engaged in politics before and after taking office, but none in recent times has had such a record of extensive and consistent partisan activity as Brownell. None has had such intimate relationships with those who normally shape political policies, and none has taken spectacular actions in an atmosphere more charged with politics. For example:

In special elections last November, the Democrats won two seats in the House of Representatives (in Wisconsin and New Jersey) which always before had been held by Republicans. The G.O.P. also lost the New Jersey governorship. The situation was so discouraging that Len Hall candidly told reporters: "There's no doubt about it—as of today we're in trouble politically."

Three days after the New Jersey election—and four days before another



GEE, Mom!

A Gift for Pop
—with a Real
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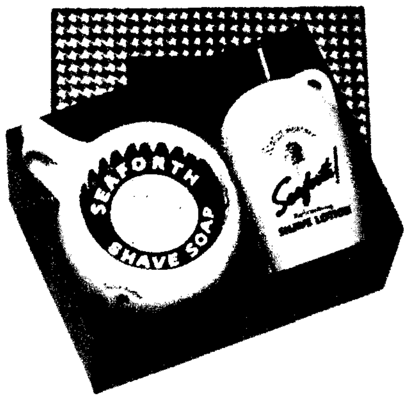
(Father's Day, June 20th)

SEAFORTH SPICED THREESOME . . . Sturdy little polished jugs of new *Spiced* Shave Lotion, Men's Talc, and Men's Cologne . . . in gift box fitted with a genuine Compass. Fun for Dad . . . and months of shaving pleasure, too! $1.50



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TRAVEL DUO. *Scotch Heather* Shave Lotion and Cologne in unbreakable Duralite. Gift-boxed, only $2.65.

What makes a Lucky
taste better?

"IT'S TOASTED" to taste better!

"*I'll tell you something,*" says actress Betsy von Furstenberg, "*for quite some time now I've smoked Luckies because they taste so much better.*" It's natural that Luckies taste better. First of all, L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And that tobacco is toasted to taste better. "*It's Toasted*"—the famous Lucky Strike process—brings Luckies' fine tobacco to its peak of flavor . . . tones up this light, mild, good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better—cleaner, fresher, smoother. That's our story pure and simple: a Lucky tastes better because it's the cigarette of fine tobacco . . . and "*It's Toasted*" to taste better. So for more smoking enjoyment, Be Happy—Go Lucky.

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

© A.T.Co. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES special Congressional Election in California, which the G.O.P. subsequently won—Brownell addressed a luncheon club in Chicago on Ethics in Government. He devoted half his speech to the question of loyalty.

It was a source of humiliation to every American, he said, that during the Truman administration Communists were "so strikingly successful in infiltrating the government." This situation, he went, on, was not due to any lack of information about who the Reds were, but to an "unwillingness . . . to face facts." By way of "illustration," he recited details from two FBI reports dealing with Harry Dexter White, a Treasury official who in 1946 was appointed by President Truman as executive director for the United States in the International Monetary Fund. He identified White, now dead, as "a Russian spy."

"Harry Dexter White," he declared, "was known to be a Communist spy by the very people who appointed him to the most sensitive and important position he ever held in government service."

The speech had the effect of a political A-bomb. Truman angrily denied wrongdoing and charged that Brownell "has made the Justice Department headquarters for political skulduggery." Democratic leaders denounced Brownell's political use of confidential FBI files. The House Committee on Un-American Activities sent a subpoena to Truman to testify. The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee scheduled hearings with Brownell and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover as its chief witnesses. Senator McCarthy demanded, and got, equal time to reply to Truman's charge that the Eisenhower administration "has fully embraced, for political advantage, McCarthyism."

No Right to Withhold Reports

Yet Brownell stanchly denies his speech was motivated by politics. He asserts that he had been shocked when the two FBI reports on White turned up among some 20,000 unfiled papers during a departmental housecleaning, and he says he felt he "had no right to withhold the information."

He insists that he was surprised when the speech was interpreted as an attack on Mr. Truman's loyalty. The interpretation never would have arisen, he declares, had not the Un-American Committee subpoenaed Truman to testify. "It suggested a well-thought-out plan to call Truman to account—to prosecute him," he says. "That was an unexpected development, but the President quickly checked it." (Eisenhower said it was "unthinkable" to question Truman's loyalty and at his insistence the subpoena, which Truman had refused to obey, was withdrawn.)

A close friend of Brownell says that shortly after the Chicago speech the Attorney General indicated to him that a major reason he spoke out about White was to call attention to the need for legislation to permit the use in federal courts of evidence obtained by wire tapping. Yet the speech contained no reference to wire tapping. Not until 11 days later, during his appearance before the Internal Security Subcommittee, did Brownell cite the record in the White case as justification for wire tapping.

"Want your lawn mowed, mister? My price is fifty cents for trying and a dollar if I finish"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

Five months later, the House of Representatives passed a bill to permit the use of wire taps in national-security cases. However, it refused to make the Attorney General the exclusive granter of wire-tapping authority (as Brownell strongly urged); it stipulated that the Attorney General must get approval from the federal courts.

That same month—April—Brownell made a nation-wide radio-television address on the subject of internal Communist subversion. It was billed as an attempt to calm the country's fears, but the broadcast contained enough digs at the Democratic record to inspire speculation that he was trying to supply new ammunition for the 1954 campaign.

Such interpretation appears not to impress Brownell. "Our job is to clean up—to see what was wrong," he says. "Of course, every move we make is going to be interpreted along political lines. The Democrats were in power for 20 years and our actions are more likely to involve Democrats than Republicans. But we convicted a Republican congressman and indicted Republicans on charges of attempting to sell jobs in Georgia. Look at the record and you'll find we've been pretty nonpartisan."

During Brownell's first 16 months as Attorney General, the Justice Department brought criminal actions against Republican officials in three cases and against a Democrat in one.

The lone Democrat was Herbert A. Bergson, a former assistant attorney general in charge of the antitrust division.

Bergson's case had its beginnings in an August 27, 1953, memorandum from Brownell to all United States attorneys. It discussed a criminal statute disqualifying former federal employees for two years from prosecuting any "claim" with which they had been directly connected while on the federal payroll.

"Manifestly it is improper . . . for a public employee who has handled a matter for the government to leave public service and subsequently represent the other side . . ." Brownell wrote. "There is no distinction in this respect between monetary claims and nonmonetary claims. . . ."

Brownell instructed the U.S. attorneys "to vigorously prosecute all violations [of the law] as above construed." Three months later a federal grand jury in Washington indicted Bergson on a charge of violating the law by trying to secure "antitrust merger clearance letters" in two cases.

Bergson branded the action "political." Judge Charles F. McLaughlin of the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia dismissed the case with a scathing criticism of Brownell's interpretation of the law. The judge found nothing to indicate the intention of Congress, in passing the law, "to cover or embrace anything other than claims against the United States for money or property."

The decision obviously was a hard blow to the administration, but Brownell appeared unperturbed. "This is one of those cases I'd rather have fought and lost than not fought at all," he said. "Such a terrible breach of ethics ought to be a breach of law."

Current at the time of Bergson's trial were reports, since described to this reporter by high administration officials as authentic, that the Republicans had embarked upon an election-year campaign of "hitting the Democrats" with a series of sensational exposés. Of these reports, Brownell says: "That's always exaggerated. We'll complete the cleanup job, and we won't be deterred because somebody yells politics."

Actions such as the Bergson and White cases have served to obscure Brownell's advocacy of a law establishing a system of public defenders for federal courts and his more controversial proposals to authorize the use of wire-tap evidence and to give him power to grant immunity from prosecution to persons willing to become government witnesses in espionage and conspiracy cases. The political tenor of many of his speeches similarly has overshadowed a number of scholarly discourses on such subjects as juvenile delinquency, the antitrust laws and the historical background of freedom of the press in America.

At the same time, Brownell's personal habits have served to make him one of the least known and understood of the Republican hierarchy and to provoke grumbling, especially among congressmen, that he is "the hardest man in Washington to see."

His greatest joy seems to be his family—his vivacious wife and their four bright, handsome children. Most of his evenings and Sundays are spent at home, and he and the children play games by the hour. (The current big interest is Scrabble.)

Those Who Come to Dinner

The Brownells attend only those gatherings at which their presence is required by his Cabinet rank. Mrs. Brownell entertains Cabinet wives and others at luncheons and teas, but at dinner they rarely have any guests except close personal friends or administration associates. The object of these dinner sessions usually is just relaxation, but they sometimes take on political overtones.

While I was interviewing Brownell in his office, his White House phone buzzed. The call apparently was from some member of the President's staff, and the Attorney General's part of the conversation went about like this:

"Yes, I know about it. No, I think we should talk about it first. Why don't you come out to the house for dinner tonight? Well . . . too bad. Make it Friday."

Mrs. Brownell says their routine is somewhat different in Washington than it was in New York. There, she says, they customarily entertained at dinner twice a week in their Italian-style home near Gramercy Park. Throughout the years from 1948 to 1952, she says, the guests were mostly politicians, from all parts of the country.

"We used to go dinner-dancing quite a bit," she says, "but there's not much time for that any more—though we still love to go to the theater."

Brownell's insistence on spending time with his family frequently vexed his associates in the 1952 campaign. "There were many times when important issues came up suddenly and we felt evening conferences were imperative," says one associate, "but Herb would flatly refuse. He'd say, 'No, I've got a date with my wife'—and there was nothing we could do to make him break it."

In 1947, Brownell and Harold E. Talbott, then finance chairman of the Dewey organization and now Secretary of the Air Force, leased a box at Yankee Stadium in New York primarily for the purpose of entertaining out-of-town politicians, who always wanted to see the Yankees play. Until then Brownell had attended games only in-frequently—but in a fairly short time he became an avid Yankee fan.

One associate remembers a highly important and lengthy campaign-strategy conference during which messengers frequently entered the room to pass notes to Brownell. He read them dead pan, then carefully put them to one side. There was quite an air of mystery about the performance—until it was discovered that Brownell had a helper stationed in front of a TV set in an adjoining room to keep him minutely informed about the progress of a game at Yankee Stadium.

There is no record that Brownell ever hurled a pop bottle at an umpire, but, as one friend puts it, "he unbends quite well" at the ball park. Talbott says, however, that Brownell's chief concern at ball games these days is to "keep his wife from jumping out of the box."

"When we first got our box at Yankee Stadium," the secretary said, "she didn't like baseball, but she gets real excited now."

After Brownell and Talbott moved to Washington, they bought a box at Griffith Stadium—where they can nearly always be seen when the Yankees are in town. Mrs. Brownell confesses that the family has found it rather difficult to work up enthusiasm for the lackluster Washington Nationals, but she hurriedly adds: "We are trying very hard."

The Brownells needn't be concerned over their lack of enthusiasm for the Nationals. Washingtonians generally find it difficult to work up steam for the ball club. But the capital does have an insatiable curiosity about everything political, and there is never-ending speculation about the Attorney General's future. There have been suggestions that he would run for governor of New York this year, if Dewey does not seek re-election, or in 1958.

Brownell says flatly that he is not available as a gubernatorial candidate this fall and that a race in 1958 is "completely out of the realm."

"I intend to stay on here for the balance of my term if the President wants me," he says, "and then go back to my law practice. I've no other thought whatsoever. I need to get back to the practice of law because my children are young and the problem of sending them to college faces me. I've got only enough money to stay here three or four years."

At the New Home in Washington

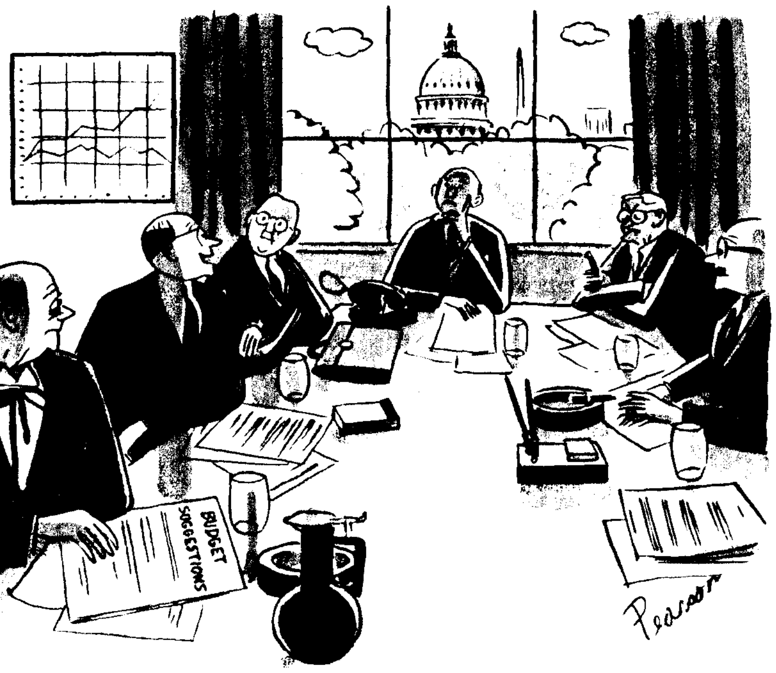
Even Brownell's close friends profess not to know how much money he made practicing law, but his income obviously was in the higher brackets. On moving to Washington, he bought a six-bedroom, four-bath house in fashionable Wesley Heights. The domestic staff includes a butler, a cook and a maid.

There's always a possibility, of course, that a man in Brownell's position may be confronted with a choice much sooner than he anticipates. After the Harry Dexter White affair last November, some things President Eisenhower had to say—both publicly and privately—led to speculation in some high quarters that the President was displeased with his Attorney General and that Brownell's days might be numbered.

Available evidence does not bear it out. Members of the White House staff insist that President Eisenhower has called upon Brownell for advice no less frequently since the White case than before. Brownell's associates at the Justice Department say they have detected no cooling in the Attorney General's relationship with the chief executive. Quite the contrary.

Brownell's April 9th follow-up on the White speech was plugged in advance by none other than Eisenhower. And in March the President sent Brownell a new photograph of himself with the following handwritten inscription:

For Herbert Brownell, Jr.
With admiration and warm regard
to a distinguished American and
public servant—from his friend
Dwight D. Eisenhower



COLLIER'S "We could sneak some tax cuts back in when the pennant race gets hot and no one will notice it" CHARLES PEARSON

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That "cushiony" feeling lasts longer with – MARFAK Lubrication

Here's how to make your driving "pillow-soft" and *cushiony.* Protect the chassis with *Marfak* lubrication. *Marfak* cuts wear, fights friction, gives you *cushiony* driving for 1,000 miles or more. *Marfak* really can "take it"—it's specially made to resist jar-out, squeeze-out, wash-out. For longer lasting *Marfak* lubrication see your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had.*

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Some Words Stop at

What language do you speak? Surprisingly often, it depends on where you live. Man

WHAT language do you speak? Would you call it "plain American"? If so, you may be surprised to learn that despite the vast influence of radio, TV, the movies, magazines, books and national advertising, many of the words and expressions you use every day might not even be understood by people elsewhere in the United States—who also speak "plain American."

If you're a housewife, do you make bacon and eggs in a frying pan—or, as many other American women do, in a *spider, creeper,* or *drip-drop?* When you clean house, do you *straighten up* or *tidy up; rid up* or *redd up* (as women do in some parts of New England, Ohio and Indiana); *make ménage* (as in New Orleans), or *muck out* (as in some Colorado mining communities)?

If Junior sneaks away from school, do your neighbors say he *skips, bags* or *lays out of* school, or that he *plays hooky* or *hooks Jack?* When he reports on how he spent his time, does he tell you he climbed trees, or that he *clim, clum, clome, cloom, clam* or *clammed* them? If he ate too many green apples, does he get sick *to, at, in, with* or *about* his stomach?

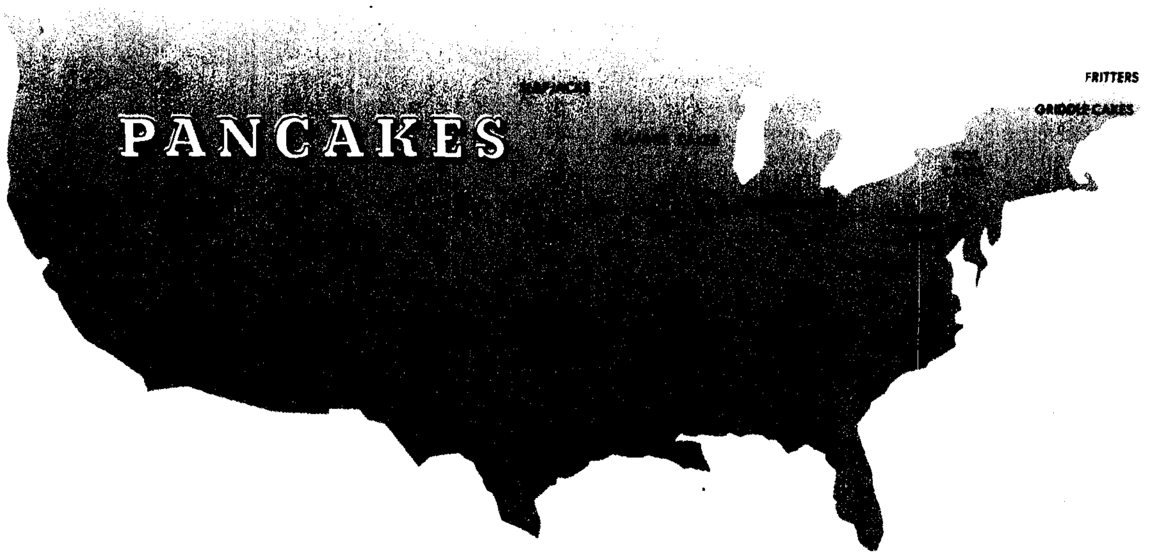
To chart the differences in vocabulary, grammar and pronunciation from one American community to another, a small band of language experts—professors and graduate students representing a number of universities—has been traveling around the country for the last 20 years, asking people what words they use for all sorts of simple, everyday objects and actions. They have compiled long lists of variants for everything from the words for the clavicles of a chicken *(wishbone, witch bone, pull bone, pully bone, lucky bone, merrythought)* to our expressions for the woman who's going to have a baby (she might be *in health, in the family way, in preggety, on the road to Boston, fragrant* or *footbroke*—the last a local Southern expression derived from an African word).

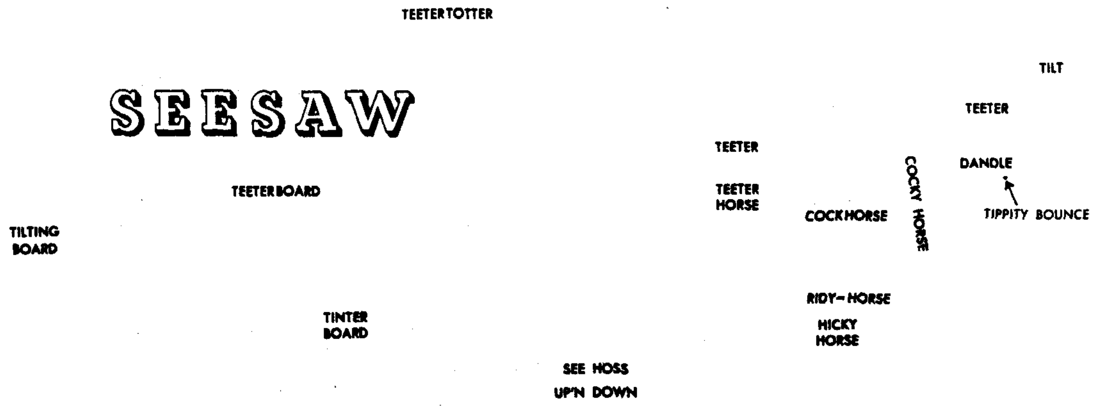
Sometimes the linguistic geographers use tape or disc recordings, but most of their minutely detailed data are collected in thousands of bulky notebooks, in a special phonetic script which can reproduce about 400 differences in vowel sounds alone. Using this script, the interviewers write down the casual conversations of men and women all over America exactly as they talk on their own front porches *(stoops, piazzas, galleries).*

The linguistic fieldworker must be part historian and part sociologist; he must also have in him the spirit of the bloodhound and more than a trace of the gossip. He will go wherever he can find an informant willing to give the six to 20 hours it takes to answer his questions, which cover from 500 to 800 items of everyday speech. The language experts have carried their notebooks into saloons, cotton fields, race tracks, mines, hospitals, schools, courthouses, shops and factories. One linguist obtained a fruitful interview while riding around in a patrol car with the chief of police of a small Southern town, then got another by sitting for hours on a sidewalk curb, chatting with his subject.

A second researcher spent one whole day quiz-

Maps—based on samplings made by linguists—show how words vary from one part of country to another. Title words (in large type) are those generally understood throughout United States; expressions in small print comprise partial lists of expressions used regionally



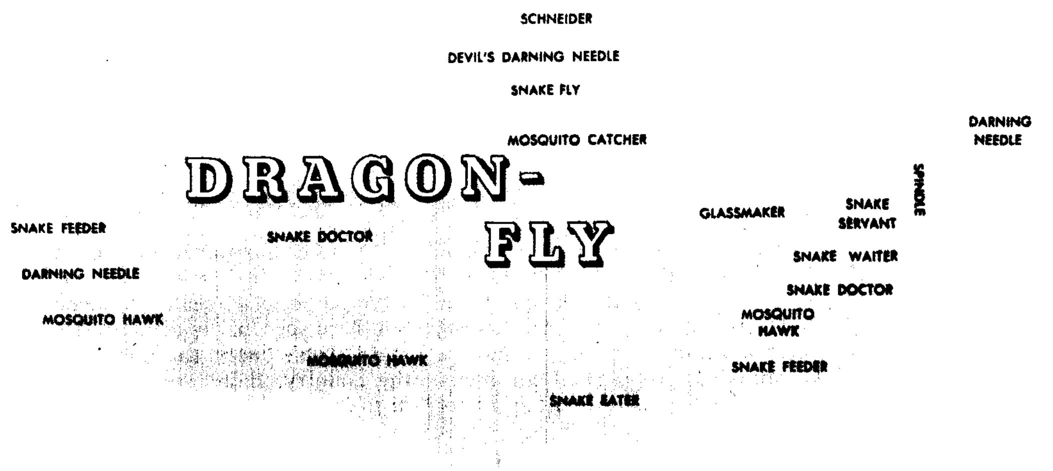


STREAM
CREEK

Marietta, Ohio

By GLEDHILL CAMERON

Maine expressions might make no sense at all in Utah—but plenty in Ohio


SCHNEIDER
DEVIL'S DARNING NEEDLE
SNAKE FLY
MOSQUITO CATCHER
DARNING NEEDLE
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SNAKE FEEDER
SNAKE DOCTOR
DARNING NEEDLE
MOSQUITO HAWK
MOSQUITO HAWK
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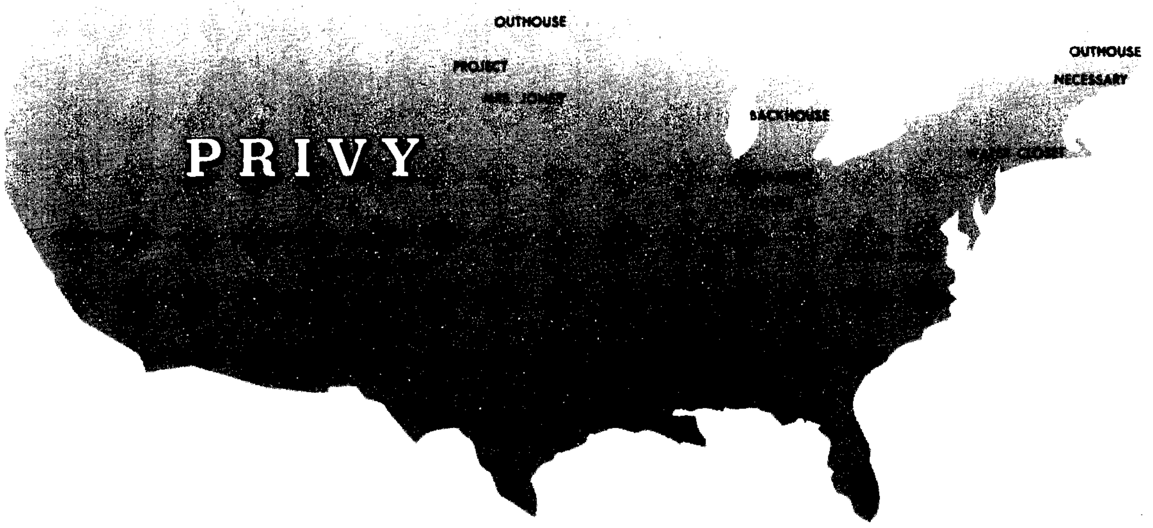
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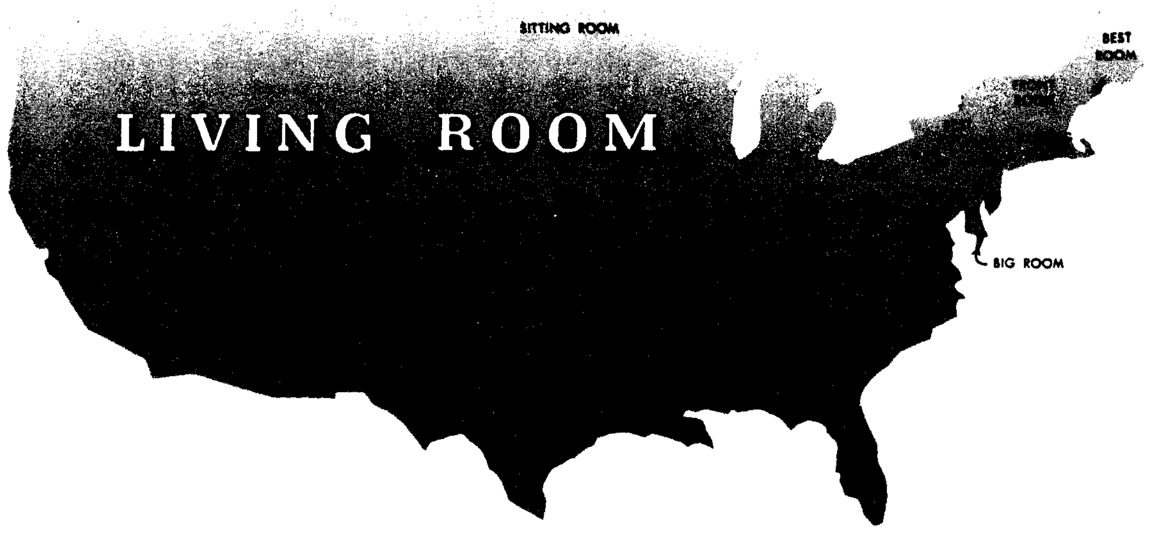
SITTING ROOM
LIVING ROOM
FRONT ROOM
BEST ROOM
BIG ROOM

AL TARTER

zing a hard-working barber, another day talking to a railroad-crossing watchman who kept a nervous lookout for the road detective (visitors, inquiring professors included, were contrary to regulations); another day perched on a tractor interviewing a farmer; and another in a hospital, where the subject was recovering from an unexpected operation which had interrupted their first interview.

The information so exhaustively collected is going into a colossal work titled Linguistic Atlas of the United States and Canada (Canada is included to cover colloquial expressions which ignore the international boundary). When the atlas is finished, an estimated 10 years from now, it will contain thousands of maps showing local and regional speech differences and the geographical boundaries, called isoglosses, that limit the areas in which the words and expressions are used. The work is being done under the direction of the University of Michigan's Dr. Hans Kurath—an internationally known linguist who has been a leader of the atlas project since its origin in 1929.

At Work on Many Linguistic Atlases

The atlas actually will consist of a series of regional sets, the first of which, Linguistic Atlas of New England, already has been published. Its six volumes (price for the set: $185) were brought out by Brown University and the American Council of Learned Societies from 1939 to 1943, at a cost of about $250,000. Additional atlases are in various stages of completion, two at the University of Michigan, and others at the Universities of Minnesota, Colorado, New Mexico and California, the University of Washington at Seattle and Louisiana State University. Preliminary studies have been made for still another at the University of Texas.

Three kinds of map are used by the researchers to plot variations. First there's the lexical map, which shows the different words Americans use to indicate the same object or action. For example, "something extra" is *lagniappe* in New Orleans, something *to boot* in Kentucky, a *brawtus* in Charleston, South Carolina, a *pilon* in New Mexico—all good American words.

The linguists use a second, phonetic map to show differences in the pronunciation of the same words. The classic example is provided by the old lady in North Carolina who said about her crop of tomatoes, "Oh, we'll eat what we *kin,* and what we *cain't* we'll *can.*"

The morphological map, the third type, indicates differences in grammar. Widespread education is rapidly wiping out grammatical variations, the linguists have found. One Georgia man summed up the changes that are occurring: "I used to say, 'I drink water' and 'I have drinked,' " he proudly told an atlas fieldworker. "Now I say, 'I drink,' 'I drank' and 'I have drank.' "

Most of the regional departures from the common language of Americans (technically, we all speak what linguists call American English) involve the homey aspects of life: family relationships, kitchens and cookery, farm work, daily chores, children's play and other activities which are relatively immune from outside influences. Some of these localisms are confined to very small geographic areas, says Dr. Kurath. If you say *hook Jack,* meaning to be absent from school without leave, you are most probably from Cape Cod. If you call cows by hollering *chay!,* you're from Williamsburg County, South Carolina. If you're an old-timer from eastern Long Island, you might call a barnyard or cowpen a *pightle* (it rhymes with "title").

New England, which had many isolated settlements in colonial times, still carries the traces of that isolation in its current colloquialisms. A deep-dish apple pie is *apple Jonathan* in Rhode Island, *apple grunt* around Plymouth and on Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, and *apple slump* in the Narragansett-Bay region. A garbage pail is an *orts pail* in Essex County, Massachusetts, and (as far as the researchers can tell) nowhere else. A spring onion is a *rareripe* only in certain sections of eastern New England.

According to some people in the great valley of Pennsylvania, a horse doesn't whinny, it *laughs*, and a setting hen may be known in the same region as a *clook*.

Judging from research to date, it's only in Indiana that a child coasting down a hill on a sled or wagon goes *bellity-bump;* and only around New London that he goes *belly-kuhchunk!* In the upper Midwest he may go downhill *boy fashion* and in Louisiana he'll go *scooting* or *head fo'most*. In other parts of the country he may go *belly flop, gut, bunt, bump, bumpus, button, bust, booster, wop, whack, womp, slide, slam, kuhchug* or *grinder*.

A Quaint Tale of Courtship

The rural areas retain some of the most colorful speech localisms. In some sparsely settled parts of Maine, for example, you might still hear of a *gorming* (stupid) man who gets *all of a biver* (excited) about a *ding-clicker* (a pretty young woman) and invites her to a *hog-wrestle* (a dance). But he wouldn't propose until he was sure she wasn't *pizen neat* (too neat) or a *drozzel tail* (slovenly person).

It's also in the more remote sections that linguistic geographers report the greatest resistance to interviews. One of the most successful of the atlas fieldworkers is Dr. Raven Ioor McDavid, Jr., of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, a South Carolinian who has conducted chatty sessions with 470 housewives, farmers, lumbermen, miners, businessmen, politicians, Civil War veterans, literary ladies and stenographers all over the country. Dr. McDavid recalls an occasion in Georgia where he couldn't get *anyone* to talk to him. He finally discovered that the small town he was visiting had recently been described by a metropolitan newspaper as a "typical hick town." The citizens were now so sensitive that almost no one was willing to talk to any stranger, whatever his apparent purpose. (The local grocer eventually consented to see McDavid—after insisting that the interview be conducted in the back of his store, at night.)

In his home state of South Carolina, McDavid—who customarily carries 15 or 16 colored pencils, mechanical pencils and fountain pens in his pocket for marking symbols—was accused of being an FBI agent by a man who shut the door on him.

Dr. Harold B. Allen of the University of Minnesota, who has conducted almost 200 interviews for the Atlas of the Upper Midwest, says he was accused of being a Communist spy once, by a hardware merchant in Bemidji, Minnesota. ("Who else," said the hardwareman reasonably, "would ask all those questions?")

The late Dr. Guy S. Lowman, Jr., who did most of the field interviews for the New England, Middle and South Atlantic regions, once came out of a house in West Virginia to find the air let out of his automobile tires. (He had been mistaken for a revenuer.) Another time he was chased out of a house by the irate son of a genteel Southern lady, who felt that the linguist had put an indelicate question to his mother: "Madam, what do you call the male kind of cow?" (Cityfolk may not realize it, but the word "bull" is never used in mixed company in some parts of the country. Among the more polite substitutes linguistic geographers have recorded are the *masculine*, rhyming with "vine" and heard only on Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, and in West Virginia, the *surley*, in eastern New Mexico and some parts of Texas, and, more generally, the *old man*, the *roarer*, the *mister*, the *master*, *male critter, toro, gentleman cow, preacher cow, beast, brute, jock, major, top cow, tuppin' ox, ranger* and the *he*.)

But fieldworkers get only too hospitable a welcome in most places. That is one of the joys, as well as one of the burdens, of a linguistic geographer's life. In the good cause of recording our American speech, they have eaten veritable mountains of homemade cakes, pies, cookies, breads and biscuits of varying degrees of specific gravity, as well as countless doughnuts (*crullers, olicooks, fat-cakes, fried cakes, riz doughnuts, fossnocks*).

McDavid recalls with satisfaction the day he shared a lunch of mule ears or meat pastys (it rhymes with "nasty") with miners in northern Michigan, and heard a classic argument as to whether the pastys, which provide the miners with a substantial midday meal, keep better carried in the shirt or in the boot.

But a home-cooked meal in Georgia in "lay-by time," when the cotton is opening up and before it's ready to pick, is best remembered as the occasion for what McDavid, who prides himself on "blending in with the foliage," describes as his greatest tribute.

"The lunch was a mess of something pretty greasy and full of red pepper," he says, "but I fell to. I noticed my informant's elderly sister, who had cooked the meal, watching me with great satisfaction. Then she said: "I could have gone and kilt a chicken, Mr. McDavid. But I figured *you* didn't want to be treated like no preacher.""

The fieldworkers admit that it is surprising that people are willing to be interviewed and to talk long, readily and freely. Except in the most general way, they aren't told exactly what the interview is about: if they knew, they might become self-conscious—and it's the unguarded response of natural, everyday conversation that the linguist hopes to capture.

Armed with lists of the kinds of words he wants the subject to use, the researcher conducts the interview in as close an approximation to casual conversation as he can. He must also be keenly alert to pronunciation and grammar. McDavid usually starts out with what he calls shotgun questions: "What do you call this room that we're in?" "What are those utensils on the stove?" "What do you call other rooms in the house?" The fieldworker never asks a subject to repeat, and answers are never directly suggested.

"For example," explains Dr. Allen, "I'll say to the person, 'I suppose you fry your eggs in a . . .' then he'll take it from there and fill in 'skillet' or 'frying pan' or whichever word comes most naturally. Often he'll look surprised that I don't know. Each person requires a *different* approach. We ask about familiar things—expressions of time, weather, farm crops and utensils, vehicles, animals, food, the family and its relations, the human body, social life and institutions, religion and so on.

"I usually start out by explaining we're making a study of the changing names for things. That pleases the old folks, who have thought all along that kids nowadays are pretty dumb not to know the difference between a 'hame' and a 'chokestrap' (parts of a harness)."

A community is selected for interviews only after a careful study of its history, population shifts and the influence of foreign groups who may have settled there. McDavid wouldn't be surprised, for example, to hear a native of Hudson, New York, say he *ran afoul of* something, instead of *ran across* or *ran onto*. The seafaring expression comes naturally in Hudson because it was settled by whalers from Nantucket, Massachusetts.

Around Marietta, Ohio, he'd be prepared to hear people use such New England terms as *pail* instead of bucket, *chipmunk* instead of ground squirrel, and *boss!* instead of *sook* when they call a cow—although the second expressions are the more common elsewhere in Ohio. A New England commercial company once sent an entire community to Marietta early in its settlement days, so that linguists today call Marietta and its environs a Yankee "speech island."

The linguistic geographer tries to talk to two distinct types of people in each community studied. The first type is an older person with family roots deep in the community, someone with limited education, and with few outside social contacts which might tend to blur or even erase certain localisms from his speech. The second type is younger, usually middle-aged, with more education and broader social contacts or travel experience. In some communities, a third type of informant—representing the "cultivated" speech of the community—is also interviewed. By sampling the speech of these three groups, the linguist can determine which local expressions are used by everyone in the community, which tend to disappear, and, if so, what replaces them as the community grows more educated or "cultured." An interesting discovery: one town's speech vulgarity may be a perfectly acceptable regionalism in another community, even among the "cultivated" inhabitants.

Linguists believe that recording the living language of America for the first time should lead to a more realistic approach to the teaching of English in schools and colleges. For, they ask, isn't it a waste of time for English teachers to try to stop New Englanders from saying "hadn't ought to" when linguistic studies show that this grammatically "wrong" expression is used by nearly everyone in New England, educated or not? Or to try to remove "ain't" from the speech of Southerners, when it is generally accepted in the colloquial speech of cultivated persons in the South?

Thus far, a major fact established by atlas investigations is that although there's a popular idea of Northern and Southern speech, divided by the Mason and Dixon's line in the Eastern part of the country, there are, in fact, three distinct speech areas in the East. The third is a clear Midland dialect area between North and South, corresponding to the Pennsylvania settlement area of early days. The North-Midland speech boundary runs in a westerly direction from below Sandy Hook in New Jersey through northern Pennsylvania; the line separating Midland from South runs in a southwesterly direction from Dover, Delaware, through Baltimore and along the Blue Ridge in Virginia. And in the Eastern states from Maine to South Carolina, linguistic geographers can plot 18 dialect divisions largely created by the original colonial settlements and the subsequent routes of migration.

This Eastern coastal area, oldest in point of settlement, still retains the nation's greatest diversity of speech from one community to another. But then, as the dialect divisions flow westward on the map—the way our population did—they begin to unravel, and strands of the three begin to overlap.

"Man takes his speech ways with him wherever he goes," Dr. Kurath explains. "The three main types of English were carried westward and blended into new regional varieties; new words were coined, old words came to be used in new senses, and words were borrowed from the Indian languages, from the German and Scandinavian languages spoken in the Midwest, and from the Spanish of the Southwest. But the main stock of English vocabulary in this country is nevertheless clearly derived from the earlier settlements on the Atlantic slope."

While the trend today is away from regional words and expressions, linguistic geographers don't anticipate complete uniformity in the speech of democratic America—where the way we talk, as well as the way we live, is based on the belief that men can be different, and still be equal.

"While some vocabulary and grammatical differences may disappear," says Dr. McDavid, "the differences in word pronunciation are likely to persist. I don't think anyone can impose a single set of patterns on Americans —for speech or for anything else."

▲▲▲

Cryptic Comment

A cryptographer, full of elation,
Explained the enjoyment he showed:
"I relish," he said, "the sensation
Of having my nose in a code."

—JOYCE CARLILE

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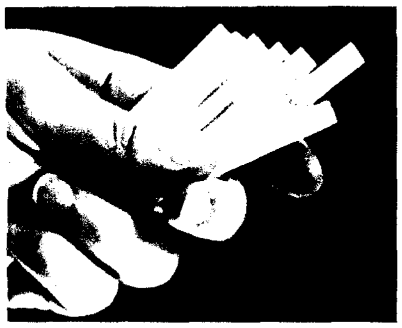

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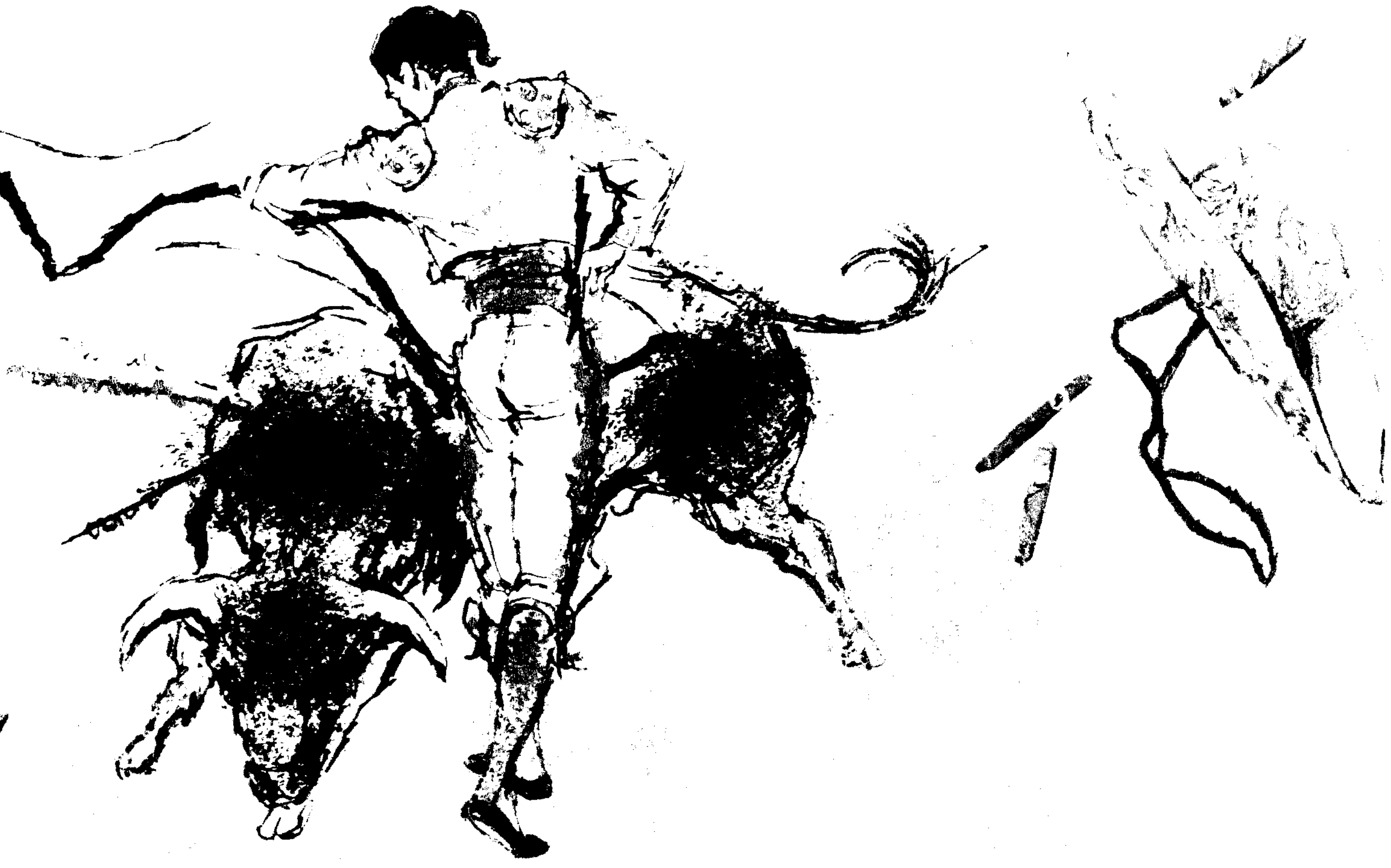
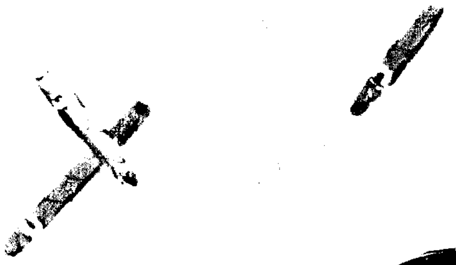
A Girl to

Forget

By VAN CORT





It was a bitter clash of wills: either Bert would become a star's husband or Helen would become merely his wife. But both were proud—and more than pride was at stake

BERT REYNOLDS was fed to the teeth with bullfighting. He had talked, eaten and slept bullfighting till it was coming out his ears; back at the studio he had sat in a projection room for days looking at nothing but bullfight pictures—and yet he had never actually seen a bull killed. He was going to see that now, but he did not care. So far as he was concerned they could kill all the bulls in Mexico and be done with it.

John Harrison, who was to direct the picture Reynolds was writing, leaned across Reynolds' wife, Helen Winsor, and said, "Pinto bulls are no good. The last one I saw—that was at Tíjuana—they had to lead it out with the steers. Don't expect anything."

Reynolds said nothing. He stared angrily down into the ring, thinking only of his steadily growing hatred for Harrison and of his disgust with himself.

The pinto circled the ring, carefully avoiding the mounted picador and his lance, and then returned to the door of the *toril* through which it had entered. It took up its stand there. The two *banderilleros* flicked their capes at its nose. The crowd hooted as the animal made a halfhearted thrust at one of the men and then stopped.

Harrison got out a flask of rum and drank from it. He did it with an affected little mannerism that somehow angered Reynolds. And then he saw that Helen was watching Harrison too. She had a way of watching people, what they did, how they spoke. She could make a man self-conscious merely by looking at him. Yet you could never tell what was going on in her mind; you could not guess even when you were telling her you loved her.

Dorothy Baker, Harrison's secretary, was staring morbidly at the bull, clinically interested in seeing it die. She was sleek and small, and she tittered nervously when she got excited. The bull, standing near the door to the *toril*, refused to move.

"So this is how it looks before the bum takes are cut out," Reynolds said. "Great sport."

"Who said it was a sport?" Harrison asked. "This is a ceremony. This is life and death presented symbolically. I want you to look at it that way. You've got to understand that watching this is the peak of vicarious thrills."

Helen moved her eyes slowly from Harrison down to the ring. Reynolds grimaced. The Baker girl giggled nervously.

Fuentes, the matador, had come across the ring now and by violent citing had lured the bull away from the *toril* gate. It was a clumsy-looking, short-coupled animal, and it was halfway across the ring before it made anything that could be called a charge. Then suddenly the *banderilleros* ran and the man on horseback stood before the bull.

While the bull was trying to make up its mind, the picador left-spurred the horse so that he could plant the lance. The operation was pitifully undramatic; the bull snorted and backed away from the point.

"That was to tire the neck muscles," Harrison explained unnecessarily.

"Unfair," Reynolds said flatly.

"Nonsense. You don't expect the man to kill the bull when its head is up."

Without looking at Harrison, Reynolds said, "I'd like to see that sometime."

Harrison looked at him and said, "The bull will get killed. but only when he gets mad enough. They have to fix him first; but he'll die in the heat of anger, when he is living the most. That's the beauty of it."

Reynolds said, "Yes, but they have to fix him first."

"Look, look!" The Baker girl was halfway out

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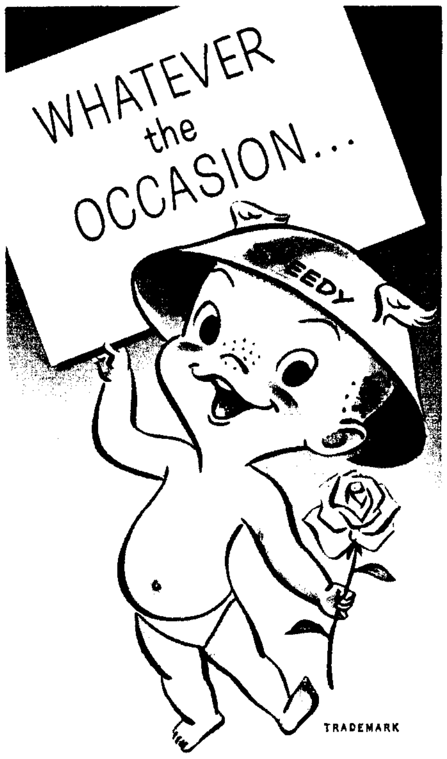

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of her seat. The bull had finally become annoyed and was charging the horse; the lance point was rammed into the neck muscle; the picador put his weight on it and the wood shaft splintered. Enraged, the bull caught the horse under the belly and lifted the animal and rider into the air. They hit the ground with a thud.

FUENTES stepped in and made the *quite,* working the bull into the middle of the ring while two attendants pulled the picador to safety behind a *burladero.*

The horse was done for and had to be dragged from the ring. "Here," Harrison said, getting out the flask again and pouring a drink for Helen. "Take this, and don't worry about the horse."

She took the metal cup and drank quickly. Reynolds said, "Enjoying yourself?" He tried to keep the sarcasm from his voice.

She was looking at the bull which had returned to its *querencia.* "I don't know. Give me a cigarette, please."

The second picador rode over toward the *toril* gate and threw his hat at the bull. The pinto, remembering the easy victory and forgetting the lance, ran forward at a sharp trot, lowering its horns; but this picador planted the pike pole far back of the withers and stopped the charge.

"Beautiful," Harrison said. "Beautiful. Now watch!"

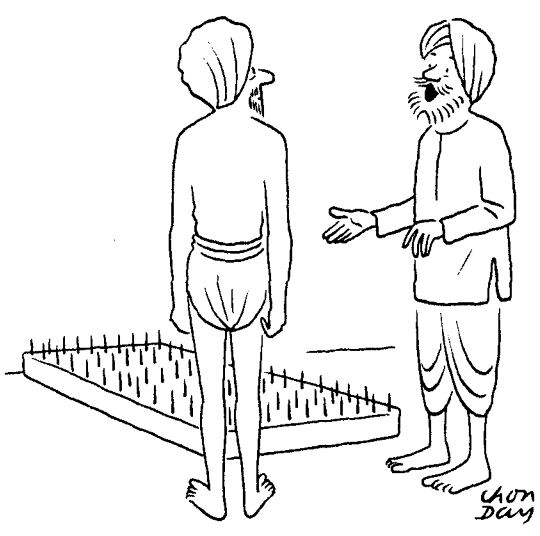
Angry, the bull turned away, and then galloped back in a new charge and took the lance again. This time the point was placed in the neck muscle, and the bull shook its head in pain and gave up.

"That's done it," Harrison said and uncapped the flask and drank with his affected flourish.

Reynolds lighted a cigarette. "What's beautiful about it? The bull hasn't got a chance."

"Oh, you miss the point entirely." Harrison's voice was insolent, as if he thought it useless to explain to Reynolds. "Have a drink; you need one," he said.

Okay, Reynolds thought as he took the flask, don't get me sore. I'm the nameless dialogue hack who happens to be married to your bright new star. The rum tasted good and did not burn. He looked at Helen and felt sick with love for her.



COLLIER'S "Go ahead, try it. See how it sinks into you" CHON DAY

The second picador was placing the lance once more, jabbing it into the thick hump of neck muscle. The bull was furious now; it backed away and attacked the horse again and again, and each time the picador jabbed it with the lance.

Suddenly the trumpet blew, the *banderilleros* distracted the bull's attention with their capes, and when the animal looked for the horse and rider again, they were gone.

"*Banderillas* now," said Harrison. "That was the best pic work I've seen in a long time. He's getting just tired enough."

"Every time the bull has a chance, it's confronted with a new angle," Reynolds said. "It seems they taunt the beast with each phase of the game—but only as long as there's no danger to the man."

Harrison did not bother to answer. The bull was now confronted by a solitary man, standing poised, as if waiting for death. With a snort, the bull lowered its head and charged.

But the man stepped aside and the bull trotted to a halt with two barbed shafts hanging from its bloodied withers. As it turned, another *banderillero* faced it, and it charged again.

"The bulls are not stupid," Harrison said. "You can never use the same bull twice. In the second *corrida* it would know all the tricks—"

A shout from the crowd interrupted him. The pinto had made a run at the second *banderillero,* who stepped aside with bloodstained pants and bowed his head to the crowd.

"You say there's no danger?" Harrison asked excitedly.

"I say the bull has no chance," Reynolds said, his breath coming a little faster. He realized then that he had hoped the man would get caught on the horn and he was surprised at himself. "Bullfighting looks very pretty on the screen, but in reality—well, we know the outcome. The bull gets killed. It's just a fancy, sadistic form of butchery."

Harrison turned, his handsome face flushed with personal resentment, but then he shrugged and gave a tolerant, half-amused smirk that angered Reynolds. "Maybe you better change your attitude, boy, if you're going to do the writing on this picture," Harrison said.

Reynolds wanted to say: Maybe you better get yourself another boy. He wanted to get up and leave, walk out, drive back to Los Angeles, pack his stuff and return to New York and his novel. He had started the novel long ago, and then he had talked it to death. If he were a man, that was what he would do.

He looked at Helen, who was concentrating self-consciously on the ring. How could he bring himself to leave her? He had tried once, and he had come crawling back. That was the worst part of love, he told himself; it made a beggar of you.

Fuentes, the matador, had just placed the last pair of *banderillas* himself and the crowd was cheering him. Helen was watching him intently, her eyes wide and her mouth slightly open.

The matador was dark and bony; he was like a dancer, hipless and broad-shouldered. He handled the bull elegantly, drawing steady *ole's* from the crowd as he went through the *verónica, pase de pecho,* and *pase de la muerte.* There was a hawklike assurance about him when he finally had the bull fixed and returned to the *burladero* for his sword. He nodded briefly to the crowd, showing his fine white teeth. At that moment Reynolds hated the lithe, virile Latin. Helen was applauding excitedly—she had always had a great capacity for admiring men other than himself.

The bull waited in the center of the arena. Fuentes tossed his black hat to Harrison, who gave it to Helen. And then the matador made a brief speech in Spanish, dedicating the bull to her. People clapped and stood up to look at their party when the name "Helen Winsor" was mentioned.

The matador turned and walked leisurely out toward the bull, carrying his wooden sword and muleta. The animal still stood there in the bright sunshine, waiting. It started to lift its head but stopped, the *banderillas* obviously hurting it; the coagulating blood made red blotches on the quivering black-and-white shoulders.

The slender, elegant man took his stance, sword on hip, raised his chin and shook the muleta. *"Eh, toro! Eh!"*

The bull lowered its head and came forward in a rush, *banderillas* clacking, and passed under the muleta.

Go ahead and run, Reynolds thought. No matter how you twist and turn, you'll end up dead. You're like some people I know; you make the same stupid mistakes over and over again, never learning. You're like me.

Fuentes had complete control of the bull; he passed it this way and that, seemingly without effort, working so close that his white shirt and trousers got smeared with blood and the sticks hit him in the face. The man and the animal made a brilliant picture in the dazzling sunlight. The bull never found the man, never learned that he was not behind the cape.

The sword handler ran out and gave Fuentes the steel *estoque* and took back the wooden sword. The bull, breathing hard and seemingly resigned, stood with its forefeet properly together, its head down. Reynolds felt that the animal wanted just one more chance at the cape. Suddenly he had a great sympathy for the animal. It was a brave bull after all. It had fought. And then Fuentes raised the sword above the muleta and rose tentatively to his toes. He shook the cape gently.

REYNOLDS heard his pulse beating in his ears; his stomach muscles tightened involuntarily.

Fuentes took a step toward the animal; the bull moved forward suddenly, bowing to the red cloth with its last strength. The matador leaned over the horns, and then, pushed by the animal's movement, stepped nimbly aside and staggered a little before regaining his balance. The bull's forelegs collapsed and it rolled over on its side. The hind legs kicked; the head moved on the sand, the muzzle gushing bright blood from a pierced lung.

Fuentes, his back to the bull, was acknowledging the shouting crowd as the attendant came running to give the

HE TIMES. WE MIGHT AS WELL
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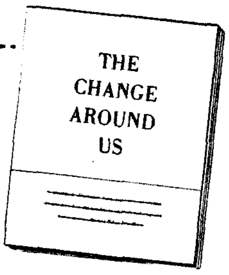
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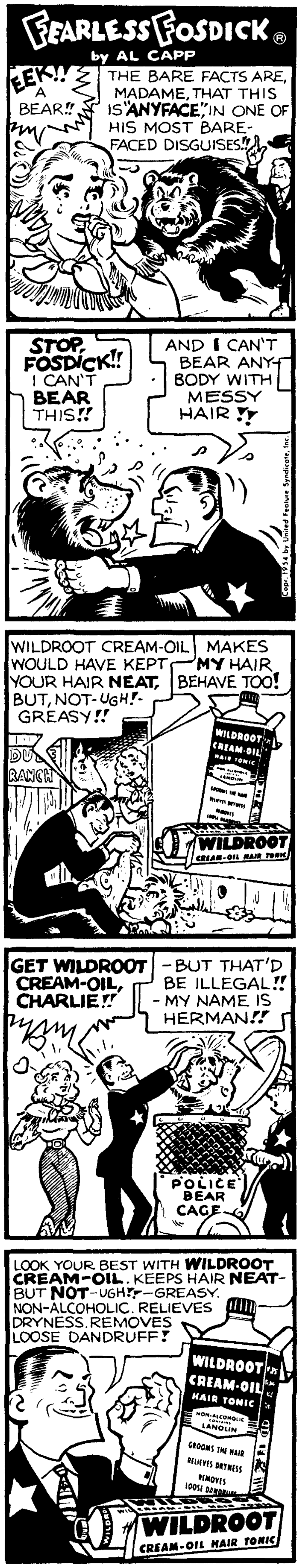
FEARLESS FOSDICK ®
by AL CAPP
EEK!! A BEAR!!
THE BARE FACTS ARE, MADAME, THAT THIS IS "ANYFACE," IN ONE OF HIS MOST BARE-FACED DISGUISES!!
STOP, FOSDICK!! I CAN'T BEAR THIS!!
AND I CAN'T BEAR ANYBODY WITH MESSY HAIR!!
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MAKES MY HAIR BEHAVE TOO!
DU RANCH
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!!
-BUT THAT'D BE ILLEGAL!! -MY NAME IS HERMAN!!
POLICE BEAR CAGE
LOOK YOUR BEST WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. KEEPS HAIR NEAT-BUT NOT-UGH!-GREASY. NON-ALCOHOLIC. RELIEVES DRYNESS. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF!
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

animal the *coup de grâce* with the *puntilla*. Reynolds felt emotion only for the huge animal out there on the sand.

He got up, feeling sick and angry. He took hold of Helen's arm. "Come on, let's get out of here."

She paid no attention to him. She sat and stared at Fuentes, who was walking around the ring while the crowd threw cigars and hats into the arena.

"It's a fraud," he said. "A butchery. Don't you want to go?"

Without looking up, she said, "He has another bull to kill."

Harrison turned to her in a way that struck Reynolds as offensively intimate. "You like it?" he asked.

She would not commit herself. "It's exciting."

Dorothy Baker dabbed at her face with a tiny handkerchief and looked at the three of them uneasily. Reynolds sat down and watched as a team of mules dragged the bull around the ring and out. By all the rules and past records his fate was as sealed as that of the bull. He thought glumly about the fact that he was a nameless writer while his wife was a rising star, away out of his salary bracket. He was an encumbrance; he was just someone Helen had once known who hadn't made the grade. He knew why they had assigned him the dialogue work on this picture. Get up this minute, he told himself, and walk out. You've lost already. . . .

THE sound of the trumpet roused him, and then the gate of the *toril* opened and a black, fast-legged bull galloped into the arena. This one did not hesitate; it ran after and attacked everything in sight. The *banderilleros* for Claveria, the second matador, worked it with their capes to see which way it hooked, and when it charged they barely escaped behind the *burladeros*. Claveria was in trouble from the moment he began passing the black bull, and once he was thrown to the ground. Fuentes, greeted by cheers, saved him with a daring *quite*.

It was a bad, unpredictable bull, but Claveria, trembling with exhaustion, finally managed to kill it awkwardly. It died hard and the *puntillero* had to jump from the horns as he stabbed it. Claveria, sweaty and with his head bowed in defeat, walked over to the *barrera*.

"It almost got him," the Baker girl said, giggling nervously.

Reynolds stared expectantly across the ring at the *toril*, waiting for the third bull. Maybe the bull did win sometimes after all.

But not this afternoon. Fuentes was a master, or at least he had the luck to draw good bulls. And then the white-clad matador was standing in the center of the ring, once more achieving a temporary triumph over death.

Reynolds felt sick and exhausted. When the mules came to take this bull away he turned to Helen and said, "Had enough?"

She would not take her eyes from Fuentes. "Well, I guess," she said.

"That's three," Harrison said. "Claveria has another to kill, and from the way he's going he'll probably need help from Fuentes, but I don't suppose you can take four bulls on your first afternoon. You were wonderful anyhow, darling. Let's go."

Gilson, the cameraman, who had been sitting on the other side of the Baker girl, said, "Why don't we see all four? Something might happen. What do you say, Miss Winsor?"

Helen stood up. "No, I think not," she said. Reynolds knew she had probably decided it was not nice for Miss Helen Winsor to see four bulls killed in one afternoon. There was no telling what the gossip columns might make of that.

Harrison went with them, leaving Gilson with the Baker girl. At the hotel they walked up to the second floor where their three rooms adjoined, Helen's in the middle. "Dinner at seven," Harrison said. "I've invited Fuentes and Rivera, the owner of the bull ring, and Patino, from the chamber of commerce. Claveria may come too. It'll probably be boring, but it'll help the picture. See you then."

"All right, John," she said in a confidential tone that Reynolds had come to hate, and went into her room.

Reynolds went on to his room. The connecting door was closed and he went over at once and opened it. Helen was taking off her shoes and she looked up at him. "If you don't mind, I want to take a bath—"

"What's stopping you?" he said and leaned against the door frame. "The big star. The big, big movie star."

She went on undressing, showing with every move that she resented his presence, and with every move fanning the dull hopeless anger in him. "Your sarcasm isn't funny," she said.

"Okay, it isn't funny," he said. Frustration in marriage is the worst kind, he thought. It was strange what a woman would do to her husband just because she had had a little success. Or had she done it because of his failure? "You know this is a lousy picture, don't you?" he asked.

"Then why are you working on it?"

"Only the dialogue. I had nothing to do with the story, and it's terrible."

"You're getting paid pretty well," she said and put on her robe.

"It's a lousy quickie nevertheless, and it's not going to do your career any good," he said.

She went into the bathroom and half shut the door. "If you don't mind, Bert," she called in her best tired voice.

The water was running softly and he could see her taking off her robe, could see a bare arm and hip. He stuck his hands in his pockets and walked over and shoved the door open with his shoulder, all very casually. She was in the tub, sitting with her back to him.

"We should have had children," Reynolds said.

She said, "Oh, not that one again."

He sighed wearily and looked up at the ceiling, leaning his head against the doorjamb. "I love you," he said.

"Why don't you go? Take a little walk. I want to lie down for a while when I've finished. I'm not sure I like what that bullfight did to me. And please close the door."

He wanted to laugh at her stilted remark about the bullfight, but said instead, "I'd hate to bother you when you're lying down."

SHE groaned softly, and he looked longingly at the smoothness of her shoulders, the damply curling hair on the nape of her neck. "What's happened to us?" he asked, knowing very well that it was Harrison who had come between them. He knew that he had been assigned to this dialogue job to make everything look proper.

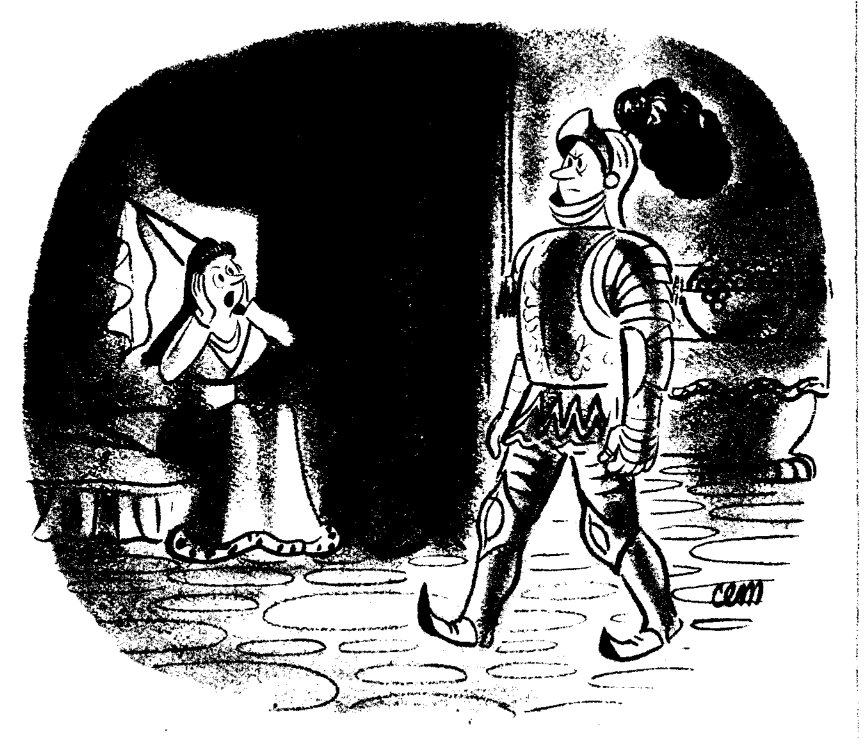
"What's got into you?" she asked, as if reading from a script. "What brought this on? Why don't you leave me alone awhile? You're acting like an idiot."

Why don't I play the part assigned me? he thought, and walked back into his own room, slamming the connecting door behind him.

He went to the window and stood looking down into the plaza. At the end of the street he could see the high, rounded wall of the bull ring; the shouts and *ole's* of the crowd came to him faintly. He did not know what to think about Helen. How could someone who had loved you suddenly turn cold and forget she had ever loved you at all? In New York the two of them had been equals, young and optimistic together and yet not expecting too much—

The faint roar from the *plaza de toros* was suddenly stilled. Then the band began to play frenziedly. Claveria must have had better luck with this bull than with the first. Reynolds closed his eyes and he saw the dead animal on the bloody sand, the man standing by it in triumph, the thousands of avid cheering *aficionados*. . . .

In the hotel dining room Nicanor Fuentes took his place at the end of the table after shaking hands with the



"If you must pace the floor, you might at least oil your joints"

COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

Americans. He wore a dark blue suit, and his long, dark face was solemn. Frederico Claveria, who had hoped to be called *El Vaquero* when he became famous, lay dead in the bull-ring infirmary. Fuentes had had to kill the last bull of the afternoon. Seated in his chair, he looked down at his hands for a moment as if praying, and then he raised his eyes. There was a suggestion of a shrug in the movement of his shoulders as he spread his napkin and began to eat.

No one was quite at ease. Harrison insisted on speaking Spanish, and since neither Helen nor the Baker girl knew the language, they were left out of his conversation. Reynolds watched Fuentes paying casual, almost amused attention to Helen. Clearly movie stars did not impress him. Once Reynolds heard him call her Mrs. Reynolds rather than Miss Winsor. He looked up and his glance met that of the matador. The man nodded slightly, lifted his glass of wine and said, *"Señor."*

Reynolds lifted his glass, said. *"Señor,"* and they drank briefly. A feeling of friendship and understanding seemed to flow to Reynolds from this man. He kept watching the *torero's* quiet, unaffected manner of conducting himself, and he found it difficult to identify him with the glittering figure who had performed the symbolic ceremony of death in the arena this afternoon. Was this quiet, poised man the one who had strutted before the crowd?

Helen had been asking endless questions about bullfighting, and Fuentes, with his tolerant smile, said now, "Bullfighting is just a profession, *señora*—"

"It's much more than that," Harrison said. "It's theater, it's glory—a ceremony . . ."

Fuentes smiled patiently and said, "It is perhaps as you say—*quién sabe?*"

WHEN it came time to discuss the details of making the picture, the matador showed no particular enthusiasm. He was interested only in the bull-ring scenes being authentic. "It would be good for you to come to a *tienta*," he said. "On Tuesday, at the *hacienda de ganado* of *Señor* Aguilar del Avilo there will be a private *corrida* and a trial of bulls and cows. I am selecting a few bulls for the *corrida* in Hermosillo. Perhaps you should come. It would be valuable for *Señor* Reynolds, who is writing the script."

In every bullfight picture, Reynolds thought tiredly, there was the inevitable *tienta*, the testing of the calves. He was a little embarrassed by Fuentes' paying so much polite attention to him, as if the matador were trying to make up for the casual neglect by the others. Reynolds wondered bitterly if even Fuentes had heard why Harrison had hired him to do the dialogue on this picture.

As soon as it was decently possible, Fuentes made his apologies and left the dining room. Reynolds watched him go, and he knew that only courtesy had made the man join them for dinner while his colleague lay dead.

Shortly afterward Helen said she was tired, and Reynolds said he would go up with her; Harrison pretended not to notice their argument. But as soon as they got to her room, Helen said, "Bert, please, I really am tired—"

"All right, all right," he said and walked into his own room. The connecting door clicked shut with an awful sound of finality. When you were a movie star you didn't even sleep in the same room with your husband. You were a frail, highly insured, tenderly cared-for property; you required your own private room, bath and bed.

Had she locked the door? Reynolds remembered suddenly how, when Helen was upset or tired, she used to cling to him. He remembered the sweet, soft fragrance of her, and he had to know if she had locked him out. He went over to the door and stood there trembling like a criminal.

He reached out slowly, and gently turned the knob. When it would turn no farther he tried the door, first gently, and then with a firm shove. It was locked.

That night he dreamed that he was standing in the center of the ring with everyone laughing at him; Harrison, strutting and bowing, came from behind the *burladero* and was greeted with cheers.

THEY arrived at the Avilo *estancia* shortly after noon. There was an elaborate and festive standing luncheon served in the patio. *Señor* del Avilo had invited all his friends for the occasion, and everyone seemed excited over Helen Winsor's presence. Reynolds stayed in the background, wandering about the vast gardens and the patios with their Moorish arches. The private bull ring, where the trials were to be held, was in itself a place of simple beauty. It was built of stone that was covered with adobe.

The guests sat in a small terracelike stand on the west side of the ring. The *vaqueros* and house personnel stood behind the stone wall that served as the *barrera*. A man sitting in a wagon near the stand strummed a guitar idly and now and then a girl would sing a phrase of the song.

The ranch manager sat behind *Señor* del Avilo, making notations in the breeding book; Helen, Harrison and the Baker girl sat with Del Avilo and his guests. There was an atmosphere of *fiesta* as everyone talked, laughed and drank wine.

Fuentes had invited Gilson, the cameraman, and Reynolds to stand in the southern *burladero* with him so that they might get a close look at the proceedings. Reynolds, who had not wanted to come to this *tienta* at all, went reluctantly. Harrison had overridden his protests, saying it was his job to study bullfighting from all angles, to get the feel of it. Reynolds had given in—he'd had to; that was part of the system he was up against. It was also part of the system that Helen should want to get rid of him. His salary was far below hers; she had gone beyond him in income, importance and fame. Compared to her he was a failure. It was an insane set of rules, but he was supposed to face and accept them. To fight the system was as futile as pounding a cement wall with a rubber mallet.

He leaned on the top of the *burladero* and stared absent-mindedly at the corral gate opposite, through which the trial bulls and cows would enter. He heard Helen's and Harrison's laughter, easy and confident, mingle with that of the others. He looked up at them; no, he didn't belong up there with them—not under the system.

Gilson was saying, "Matador, could you maybe get a bull over in front of here? I'd like some shots from here."

Fuentes smiled, stepped into the ring and took a cape from the wall. A young bull that two horsemen had just hazed into the ring saw the matador at once and headed for him with a snort. Playing the bull left and right with the cape Fuentes practically tied him to the spot, giving very little ground and keeping

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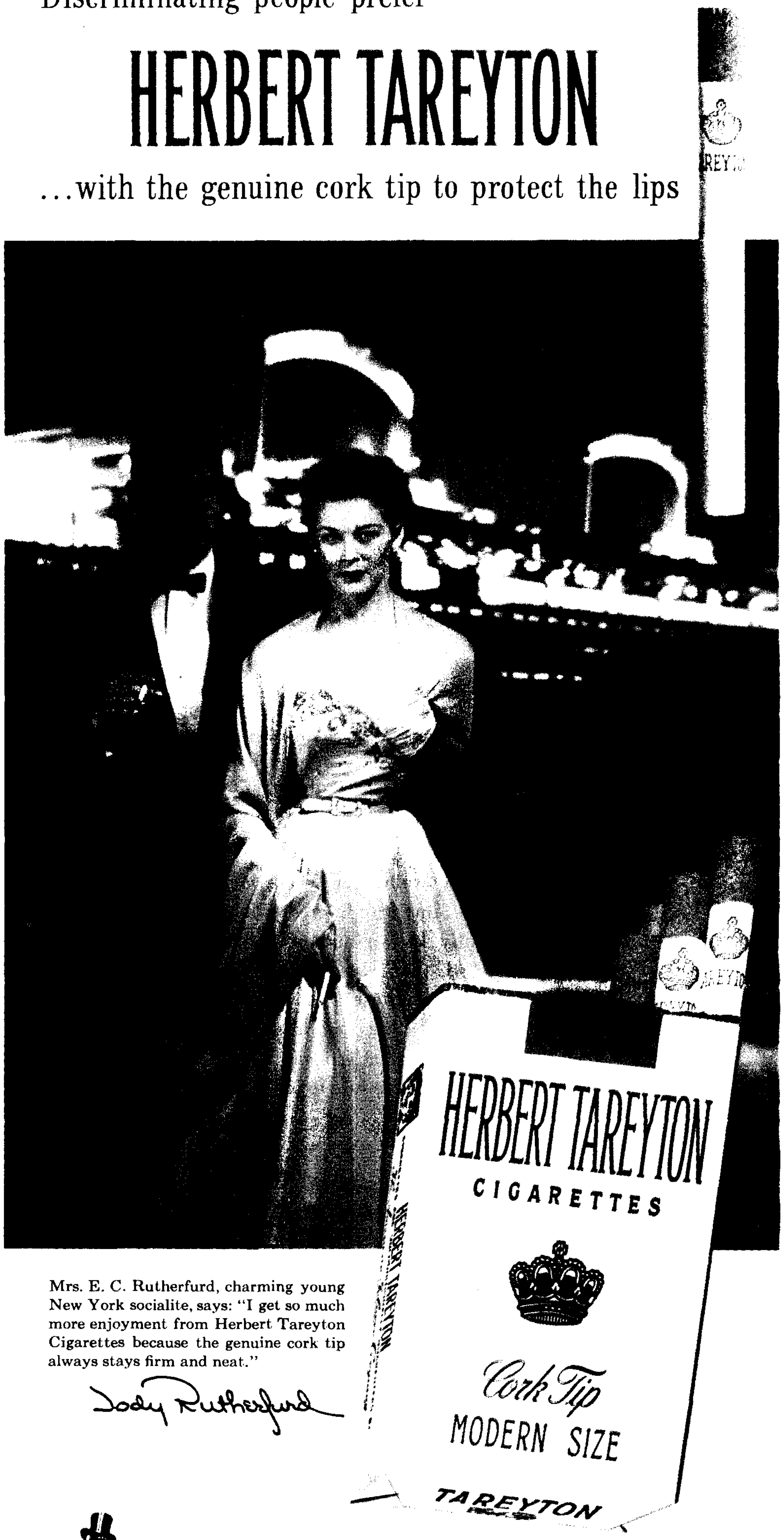

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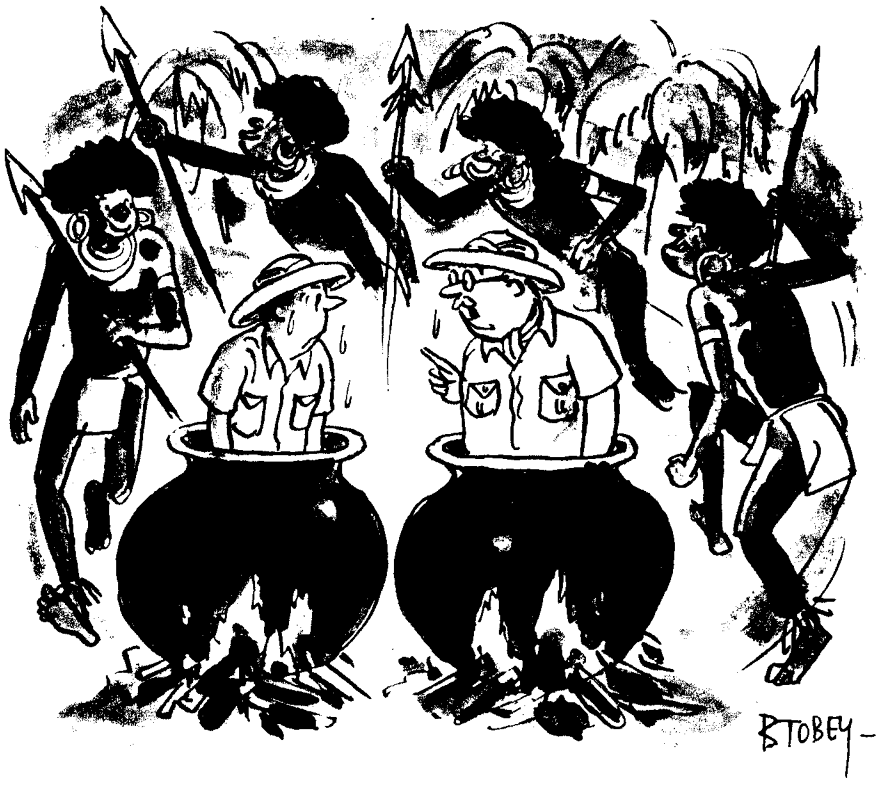

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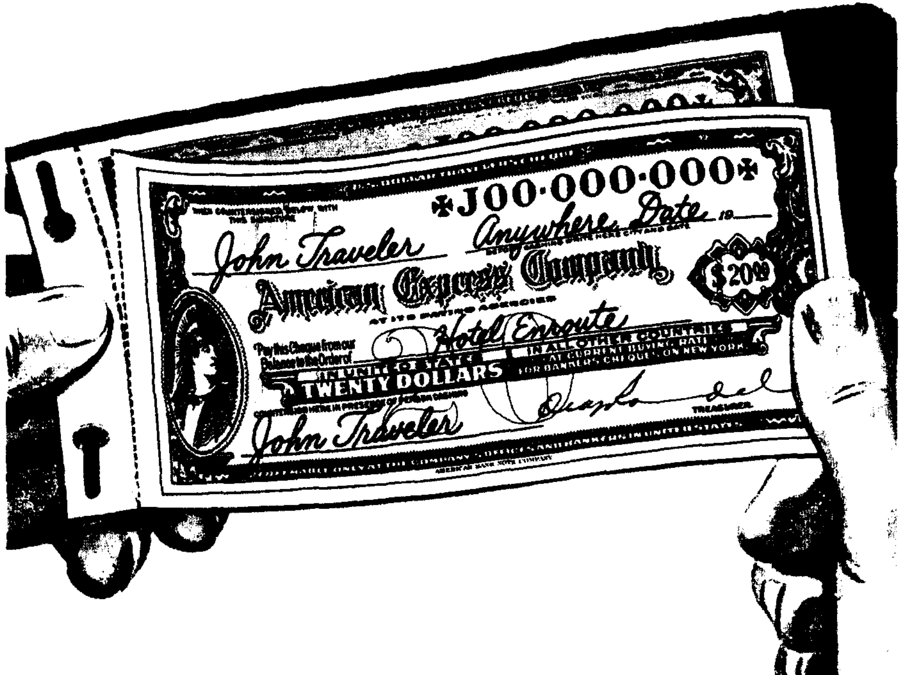

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him in front of the *burladero.* Gilson was delighted.

Reynolds scarcely noticed the activity in the ring. Back in New York, ages ago, he and Helen had planned to have children, a house, to become a solid, standard American family. She had had all the little homey attributes of a housewife then, and life had been sweet and silly—and a little bit dull. Now, with her picture success, all such dreams were gone. Or had she stored them, he wondered cynically, for someone else, for someone in a higher income bracket?

Fuentes folded the cape over his arm and walked back behind the *burladero.* The angry bull charged, slamming first one horn and then the other into the wood just below where Reynolds stood. The planks rattled, the thuds of the blows reverberated across the ring. Reynolds, preoccupied, did not stir. He had always tried to write about reality, he was reminding himself, to believe in the solid values. Now he was prostituting himself. He stared vacantly at the enraged bull.

Fuentes, at his side, said, "You have nerves of iron, *Señor.*"

Reynolds, glancing briefly at Helen, said, "A bull is a simple matter."

The *torero* smiled. "It is so, perhaps; and so is death."

The gate was opened now and the horsemen came in with lances and chased the bull out. "We can try them only once," Fuentes said. "The second time they begin to understand."

Gilson asked, "How come he doesn't hook you, matador? Why does he go after the cloth only? I don't get it."

Fuentes spread the cape. "The cape moves, the man does not. If the man moves and the cape does not . . ." he shrugged and smiled. He demonstrated a few passes. "You notice I do not move till the bull has gone past. The man must have the faith and determination to stand still—not to move—"

"Matador," Gilson said, "I wouldn't be in your shoes for a million bucks."

Fuentes smiled. "How do you say in the States? It is a living."

THE riders hazed another bull through the gate. This one was bigger, though young, and stood turning in the center of the ring, tossing its head angrily, looking for trouble. White, foamy slaver drooled from its mouth.

Fuentes stepped from behind the *burladero,* spreading the cape. "The man," he said, "remains the same; he forces the bull to make the changes . . ."

The bull had seen him now and charged toward the *burladero* with its horns lowered. Perfectly still, Fuentes swung the cape wide, drawing the bull around him. Turning, the animal lost its footing and tumbled against the *burladero* with a crash. Fuentes still stood in the same spot, shaking the cape a little and calling tauntingly, *"Eh, toro! Eh, toro!"*

The bull charged at the cape again, turning after the evasive folds of the cloth. The matador seemed to twine the beast around him with an invisible string as he performed a series of *verónicas.* Excited *ole's* and then a burst of applause came from the stand.

Suddenly the vitality of the contest between man and beast struck Reynolds like a physical blow. His hands clutched tensely at the edge of the *burladero;* he could smell the sweaty stench of the bull, hear its angry breathing and sense the power of its huge body each time it went past him. He knew he had never heard or seen so clearly as now; it seemed as if all his senses had been brought to focus on this moment.

FUENTES stepped behind the *burladero* and looked at the bull thoughtfully as it trotted across the ring. It halted, black and formidable in the center, pawing impatiently with a forefoot, searching for its adversary.

It trotted in a little circle, sniffed the air and bellowed. Its black flanks glistened with blue lights in the sun; the great neck muscles rippled. Reynolds could not take his eyes from it.

The ranch manager made a notation in his book, Fuentes looked up and exchanged a glance with him, and *Señor* del Avilo nodded appreciatively. In a moment the gates would open.

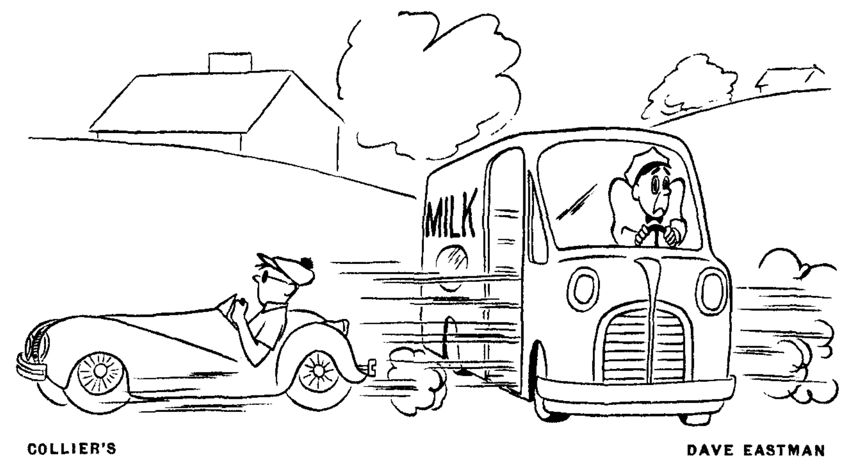
Reynolds quickly took off his hat and coat; he stepped from behind the wooden shield and grasped the cape that Fuentes had used. *"Con permiso, diestro . . ."*

The matador turned, saw the cape, and started to speak. Then he saw the look in Reynolds' eyes, the set of his jaw, and the self-possession with which he moved. As Reynolds, in slacks and shirt, walked out into the ring, the matador said softly, "Emilio, the other cape . . ."

Reynolds had always been a good imitator, a fast learner, but this was different. As he awaited the bull's charge, he knew exactly how the cape should be handled to perform the *verónicas* and the simpler passes. Above all, he knew he would not move from the spot.

He saw the bull coming toward him then, and he offered the cape and cited it. The onrushing horns, the heavy neck and the powerful black body filled him with fear and for a second he thought: Why move the cape? Why not take the charge? But his arms moved automatically, guiding the cape gracefully, forcing the beast out and away from his body. The infuriated animal rushed by him, following the billowing cape.

He had not moved more than two inches from the spot. He turned and



COLLIER'S DAVE EASTMAN

held the cape at his left side as the animal came at him in a fresh charge. Again it followed the cloth. From behind the *burladero*, someone said softly, *"Ole, hombre!"*

There was another charge and then another, the curve of the horn butting him in the thigh on the second, but he refused to move. A sound of clapping came from the stand, but he did not hear it. He was alone with the bull. He was waiting for the next charge, erect, calm, when a whistle sounded from the terrace and the riders galloped in through the gate to haze the bull out.

He was still holding the cape, thinking only of the bull, when Fuentes said, *"Bravo, señor!* I see you have fought bulls before."

Reynolds looked at him. *"Es posible."* He nodded toward the gate and said, "Another bull?"

The matador smiled, regarding him with half-closed eyes. "So you think this *tienta* is a *novillada, señor."* He glanced up at the stand where Helen Winsor, the movie star, was sitting between Harrison and *Señor* del Avilo. A sudden breeze made a small eddy in the sand at Reynolds' feet. Fuentes looked down at his own feet and said conversationally, "Women and bulls are the greatest killers—a deadly combination when you have them together."

Reynolds looked over at the gate where the horsemen had hazed up another bull. He settled the cape in his hands. "With your permission, *diestro?"* There was between them at this moment the same subtle feeling of kinship that Reynolds had felt at the dinner table.

The matador was staring at him with mingled curiosity, understanding and admiration. "I could not stop such ardor if I tried. You have tasted blood." He signaled to Del Avilo in the stands and then waved at the gateman. *"Bueno,* show us how this one runs."

"Eh! Toro! Toro!" It was Reynolds' voice that shouted, his foot stamping in the sand.

TO SOME men this moment came in a storm at sea, to some when they took part in a charge in war, or when they won their first fight. To Bert Reynolds it came when the bull charged at him at this moment: he was born again, buoyed by a strange feeling of both exultation and humility.

He passed the bull once, twice, three times, joyfully pitting his strength and cunning against it. Again and again man and beast seemed one as the bull followed the cape, hooking furiously but always missing. Reynolds held his body still, moving his arms and wrists, never releasing the power with which he controlled the animal. In his sense of power, he even had a brief moment of knowing how he would feel if he were to kill the bull with the sword, and of devoutly desiring to do so.

A gust of wind lifted the cape. He felt the horn under his thigh, ripping the cloth of his slacks, and lifting him. He felt himself raised up with a thrust of terrible power.

He landed, his shoulders crushed against the ground, and saw the huge black bulk whirl swiftly toward him. Now! he thought. Now, the horns! Now! And yet he felt no terror. He had not lost his calm.

A red cape swirled above him and covered the bull's head. He heard Fuentes' commanding, challenging voice as the *diestro* expertly made the *quite,* freeing him. He got to his feet then, immediately picking up his cape and calling to the bull. But Fuentes was luring it across the ring, and then the horsemen came through the gate, and the bull was gone.

There was a thunder of applause and shouting from the stand and from all around the wall. Fuentes bowed toward Reynolds, who stood ready and waiting with the cape. Reynolds wondered what it would be like to stand in the *plaza de toros* with all the seats filled.

Fuentes walked over to him and they shook hands. "The wind," Fuentes said. "You did well, *señor.* Would you like to kill that one? I would take you along as my *sobresaliente* in Hermosillo Sunday after next. If all goes well, and with a little practice in between, I might let you kill . . ."

Reynolds said, "A thousand thanks; but I will be leaving today."

HE WALKED to the terrace where the guests were getting ready to return to the hacienda. Del Avilo and a few others came forward perfunctorily to congratulate him. He sensed their thinly concealed resentment of the foreigner who dabbled in their national sport. Helen had not got up; Harrison stood behind her. She was slightly pale and at first he thought there was a strangeness about her, but then he realized that the strangeness was in himself. She said, and there was no mockery in her voice, "The matador."

Harrison said angrily, "What was the idea of all that? You aren't paid to play hero; you're supposed to write this picture."

Reynolds said flatly, without looking at the director, "I'm not writing this picture." He nodded to Helen, and said, "I'm leaving. You can have it all your own way."

"This is something new, isn't it?" she said. There was a worried, slightly curious look about her as if she did not know quite what to make of his sudden self-possession, was a little afraid of it.

"I'm saying good-by," he told her.

"What will you do?"

"I'll go back to New York. Start over again. I got on the wrong track out here," he said. He held out his hand to her and went on, "Well, there's no sense making this longer than necessary."

She took his hand and he saw the startled look in her eyes when he did not react to her touch. She had expected to get rid of him gradually, not to have him walk out on her. She was visibly upset.

"Make the most of your opportunities," he said. "They're supposed to knock but once or twice."

He turned and walked toward his car, parked in the yard before the main house. Now that it was over, now that he was free, he could only remember the two of them together at night. That was how it was when you finally fell out of love; you remembered that, and nothing else. And after a while that was gone too.

"Bert!" She had come running after him and when he turned, she stopped a short distance away. "Bert," she said. "Wait a moment. Bert, I don't like parting like this. Would you—would you wish me luck?"

She looked a little lost in spite of money and glamor and approaching fame, and he could feel sorry for her. She was riding some kind of tiger and she couldn't get off. "Sure," he said. "Sure. All the luck in the world." And he turned and got into his car.

—VAN CORT

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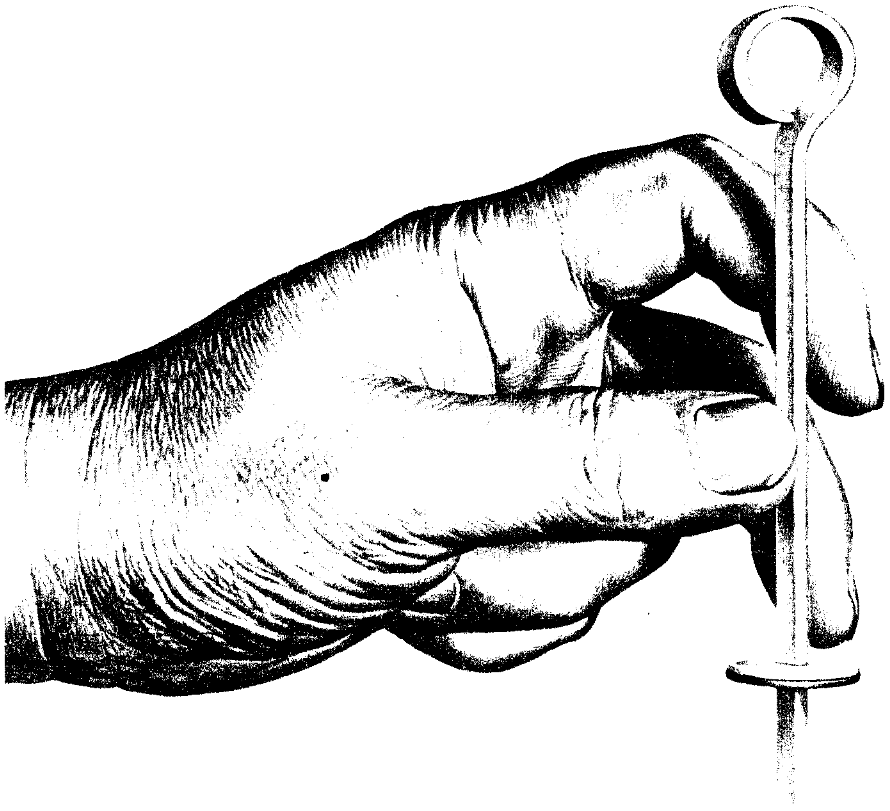

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CHARITY RACKETS CAN BE STOPPED

When You Give—Are You

[illegible] charity drives cost Americans up to [illegible] a year

PROBABLY few Americans know that the fourth largest business in the United States today is the business of charity. Fewer still, perhaps, know that over the country as a whole it is the least regulated, the least accountable and the most open to exploitation. Only manufacturing, agriculture and the wholesale-retail trade outrank philanthropy's $64,000,000,000 in assets, and collections are estimated at almost $5,000,000,000 a year. Yet the public has had less information, by far, about the raising and spending of these huge sums than about the operations of any other major enterprise in the country.

The result is that organized charity has long been a multimillion-dollar harvest for those who see in it first an excellent living for themselves—and only then, if ever, a means of serving those in need.

The problem is nation-wide. F. Emerson Andrews, in charge of philanthropic research for the Russell Sage Foundation, estimates that the American public is cheated out of $100,000,000 to $120,000,000 every year by outfits that trade on the noble precept that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

One organization, for example, puts on a national drive for the relief of children with respiratory diseases. Sitting at your desk in Seattle or Birmingham, you write out your check for $10 and think nothing more of it except as a deduction on March 15th. The chances are you never learn that out of your $10 only 11 cents went to the relief of the children, $9.89 having been swallowed up in fund raising, promotion, salaries and other such organizational items.

The Social Service Commission of Los Angeles, aroused by this sort of practice, recently imposed what amounted to a ban on telethons—those protracted television and radio programs on which pledges are solicited for some cause and announced as they come in over the telephone. What outraged the commission were cases like that of a local heart association that raised $28,374 by telethon, then spent $21,973 of it on administration and overhead.

New York State, with its concentrated wealth, presents the problem in its most aggravated form. What happens in New York is largely what happens in Iowa, Oregon and Mississippi, but the amounts involved have at last forced matters to a head and pointed the way, I think, to a nation-wide solution.

Contributions in New York State alone total close to $900,000,000 a year. Yet up to a few weeks ago no law required a charitable organization to account for how it raised funds or what it did with the money. There was no official agency from which a puzzled citizen might find out whether an appeal on his desk came from an honest, efficient, worthy organization or from one that was bungling and wasteful at best, or, at worst, downright fraudulent.

The result was that, according to the most informed estimates, New Yorkers have been fleeced annually of more than $25,000,000 by promoters of charity rackets. It can hardly be overemphasized that in this state, as elsewhere in the country, the outright chiselers represent only a small fraction of those engaged in appealing to the public's generosity. Yet their activities are peculiarly vicious, not only for the harm they do in cheating donors, but, equally serious, for the funds they divert from legitimate and worth-while charities.

My own interest in protecting the public from those who would pervert this least selfish of all human activities goes back several years. Like most busy men and women, I made my donations to charities that I knew only by name, without any investigation of their claims, until one day a promoter of a fight-cancer organization called at my law office. He had been convicted of fraud and wanted me to represent him on his appeal. I was sufficiently impressed with the legal aspects of the case to agree. But I was dismayed to find that while his "charity" took in $123,000 a year, $116,000 of it went for administrative and fund-raising expenses, leaving only $7,000 for the fight on cancer.

In all innocence I asked my client whether this gross disproportion did not affect his license to carry on. "License?" he repeated. "I don't need any license in this state."

"How about federal—or municipal?" I asked.

"Nope, I don't need any at all."

And he didn't. Nor would he have been required to have one in most other states. He had violated no specific law, and at his second trial—in which I did not represent him—he was acquitted.

The case haunted me, and I made further inquiries. I found that his was by no means an iso-

Being Taken?

By BERNARD TOMPKINS

New York State Senator

lated example, and when I was elected to the New York State Senate from Queens County in 1952, I was determined to do something about this sort of imposition on the public. As my first legislative action I proposed a resolution to create a committee of both Houses to look into the whole question of fund raising and charity administration. When the resolution passed I was accorded the rare privilege, for a freshman senator, of being made chairman of the joint committee, with Assemblyman Samuel Rabin as vice-chairman. The Tompkins-Rabin committee sent out questionnaires to approximately 900 charity organizations—and our education on the subject really began.

I will not say that I had a specific solution in mind when our bipartisan committee got down to work, but I did bring to the problem a basic approach that happily was shared by my colleagues. Our feeling, quite simply, was that if people could know exactly what was becoming of their donations, they would be fully capable of making their own intelligent choice of charities. We did not want to give some bureaucrat in a state agency the right to say, "This is a good charity, that is a bad charity; this one may have a license, but not that one."

In certain states and municipalities where licensing of this sort has been tried, difficulties and complications have arisen. For one thing, such licensing substitutes the judgment of an individual for that of the public. And, equally undesirable, people all too often regard a license as an official endorsement, a kind of recommendation by the government. One of the most wasteful organizations claimed a sort of absolution at our hearings because it had been granted a license in another state.

From the start, our inclination was, rather, toward a law that would simply compel charity organizations to make their operations an open book, and would punish only those who misrepresent. If you prefer to support an agency that claims to provide a haven for homeless dogs, rather than homeless children, that is your privilege. But your money should then be spent on a haven for homeless dogs and not merely on literature extolling the virtues of "man's best friend" or on efforts to establish a National Canine Week.

In Behalf of Underprivileged Kids

It is precisely misrepresentations of this sort that our committee found to be one of the worst features of freewheeling philanthropy, not only in New York but throughout the country. Consider the following letter that was sent out by the National Kids' Day Foundation, originating in Hollywood's movie colony:

". . . unfortunately, there are many children throughout the country who DO need help—children who are poor, ill-fed, ill-housed and neglected. These youngsters are part of the future of America and as much our responsibility as the ones in our own homes. They need material things, education, recreation, guidance . . .

"That's why the National Kids' Day Foundation was started and why, with the support of Kiwanis Clubs and other civic organizations, it works constantly to help America's underprivileged boys and girls."

Did the National Kids' Day Foundation give any of these benefits—material or immaterial—to needy children, as readers of the letter had every right to expect? We discovered that out of close to $4,000,000 contributed nationally in a five-year period, not one cent went either for direct aid or for contributions to the Kiwanis Clubs for direct aid.

Where did the money go? It went to promote a National Kids' Day in September of each year, when the foundation would ask the public to contribute to their own local service organizations. Our committee was not concerned with whether the establishing of such a day was a worth-while undertaking. What concerned us was the fact that those who contributed had reason to think their money was being spent otherwise.

Or look at the much-publicized case of the Disabled American Veterans, which raised more than a million dollars throughout the country in one year by a letter that read in part:

"My name is Bob. I am one of America's many disabled veterans. I am 22 years old. A piece of Red shrapnel caught me on Bunker Hill and confined me to a wheel chair for an indefinite period. In my hospital you will find a few hundred just like me . . .

"The Disabled American Veterans, chartered by

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

One organization took in more than $2,500,000 in contributions—and pai

a Special Act of Congress, has undertaken the great task of helping us to make the transition to productive civilian life, but the work of the DAV can only continue with your help . . . three million disabled veterans need your help now."

The generous donor who thought his contribution would go to "Bob's" rehabilitation should read the following extract from the testimony of Miles H. Draper, president of the DAV Service Foundation:

CHAIRMAN: Did the Disabled American Veterans give any aid to any veterans?

WITNESS: Nationally our organization does not give individual aid to veterans, except in counseling them or advising them in regard to their claim.

CHAIRMAN: I am talking about the $21,000,000 that was raised in these last few years. Was any part of that given for direct aid to veterans?

WITNESS: No part of that was given in direct money to any veteran.

What the DAV's aid to "Bob" boiled down to was advice concerning rights he already enjoyed under the law and, if he needed it, free representation at the Veterans Administration on his claims—a service other agencies render without fanfare and without soliciting funds in this high-pressure manner.

Heart-Rending Plea for Money

The record of our hearings is full of such instances of misleading appeals and of even more blatant misrepresentation, like that of the National Cancer Hospital. This enterprise appealed to the generous giver to help provide cancer treatment at a Detroit hospital for such as "five-year-old Johnnie Jones, a kid around the corner, whose freckles light up the neighborhood with their gaiety." The letter told how "patients are accepted with or without funds" and how they are treated. Subsequently a New York Supreme Court justice found that this outfit "does not and never has operated a hospital, and does not and never has treated a single patient." At best, it intended to *build* a hospital.

Even if these agencies, and many others like them, had been franker about their operations, there would still have been a strong taint of deception in the way they spent the dollars entrusted to them. As our investigation unfolded, we quickly learned that it is not deliberate fraud that presents the most serious problem in philanthropy, but rather the marring of good causes by fantastic waste and by misrepresentations that are just within the law.

Our committee found out, for example, that the Guide Dog Foundation for the Blind, Inc., a national organization dedicated to the training of Seeing Eye dogs and their masters, raised $153,000 in 1952. Splendid. But the fund raising itself cost $92,000 and administrative expenses ran to $13,000. Another $26,000 was set aside for future operations. That left $22,000 to spend on the current training program —or 14 cents out of each dollar contributed.

The American public gave $21,480,000 over a three-year period to the Disabled American Veterans and its fund-raising arm, the DAV Service Foundation. After paying for miniature license-plate tags, fountain pens and contest prizes, plus administrative costs, the organization had less than $4,000,000 left to spend even indirectly on any veterans. The Service Foundation records for one year showed it spent 91 cents out of every dollar collected to raise and administer the remaining nine cents.

Locally, one county council of the Marine Corps League—a national agency of high standing—raised $32,000 to provide $1,800 worth of welfare. The league suspended the local's charter when it learned the facts.

Compare these fantastic disproportions with well-conducted operations and see what an advantage you would have in knowing just how your donations were to be spent. The Greater New York Fund, metropolitan New York's closest equivalent to the community chest, last year collected $6,358,515 at a fund-raising cost of only 9 per cent. Operating nationally, CARE last year spent only $601,056 to raise $7,683,368 from the public for overseas packages—a rate of 7.6 per cent for fund raising. The major religious charities—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish—all stay well within the 15 per cent limit most bona fide groups feel is ample for promotion costs.

It is true that valid reasons may account for some of the huge difference in outlays—chief of them being that certain agencies, especially the religious groups, can count on volunteer help. Nevertheless, our committee came to the conclusion that you, the donor, should know how your dollar is spent.

To this end we drew up the first of three bills which the legislature passed last March. This measure would require all agencies that solicit funds from the general public, except religious groups, to register with the State Department of Social Welfare. From now on they will have to file annual statements giving the exact purpose of their charities, naming their personnel and professional fund raisers, and detailing how much was raised the year before and how the funds were spent.

At first glance this may not seem like the major and unprecedented step that it is. Who, it may be asked, is going to write to the State Welfare Department before making out a check for $5 in answer to an urgent appeal? Few, perhaps—but that is not the way the measure is designed to work.

The department will, in the first place, issue an annual report, which will be released to the press. More important, private agencies, which are constantly asked for information on charities, will be in a position to give it fully and accurately on the basis of the registered data.

The Better Business Bureaus of the United States and Canada have handled as many as 118,450 inquiries and complaints about charity solicitations in a single year—more than they receive in connection with any other general field of business activity. But they have been handicapped by the fact that their files contained information only from those organizations that volunteered it—that is, from those that had nothing to conceal. From now on, the bureaus and other central agencies in New York will be able to relay full information concerning every nonreligious charity that operates in the state.

When newspapers are asked to support a particular drive, they will no longer have to guide themselves solely by the question, "Who's on the board?" A request to Albany will get them all the data they need for a quick decision. Even more important, the vulnerable charities probably will police themselves rather than court unfavorable revelations.

But our legislation could not stop there, for misleading letters and swollen administrative budgets are not the only ways in which the dubious charity misrepresents itself. Fake endorsements and the reckless use of celebrated names are another favorite device.

National Kids' Day literature at one point included "A Word from Bing Crosby," in which the famous singer advised the public that "here is a grand way to help kids who aren't getting the breaks they should." Our committee received an affidavit from Mr. Crosby stating flatly that he had never given permission for such use of his name nor agreed to act as a sponsor. On the contrary, he had twice requested the Kids' Day Foundation to keep his name out of its promotion material.

Several organizations made free and unauthorized use of a whole Who's Who of New York political names, including Senators Lehman and Ives; former Mayor Impellitteri; then Manhattan Borough President Wagner, and a long list of congressmen and judges. The DAV went all out with photographs and quotations from President Eisenhower, General Omar N. Bradley and Veterans Administrator Carl R. Gray, all three of whom felt obliged to demand that the organization stop using their names.

Occasionally, we discovered, a celebrity will rent out his name to an organization for a fee, a practice hardly more laudable than its unauthorized use. A particularly flagrant instance involved a big-name sports figure who for $200 a week allowed a high-pressure promotion office to have its employees impersonate him over the telephone. "This is ——— ———," the hired staffers would say, "and I'm interested in helping the X Fund." One day the recipient of such a call put down the receiver in New York City just a few minutes before his eyes fell on the television screen. The program—from Chicago—was at that very moment featuring the same celebrity.

To curb unauthorized sponsorships and phony endorsements, we drew up the second of our three bills, making it a criminal offense to use a person's name in soliciting contributions without his permission in writing.

Victims of Sharp Practices

In all fairness to some of the marginal charities, I should report that we found them, as often as not, the victims, rather than the perpetrators, of questionable practices. Excellent causes often fall prey to sharp or unscrupulous professional fund raisers. They constituted the third broad area of our investigation.

Frequently the professional fund-raising firm also does the mailing, which is the major expense item of most charity campaigns. The more the promoter spends on mailing, the less remains for the charity, but in his dual role he does very well for himself. Testimony before our committee showed that one fund raiser who also owned a letter-mailing firm was able to continue a charity drive even when further mailings were no longer warranted by the cash returns. As a result, while one of his charity clients realized no more than 16 per cent of the money collected in its name, the 1953 net income for the promoter himself ran to something like $70,000.

Another professional charity man started with a bundle of 2,000 crisp

Curbing the Charity Crooks

Governor Dewey

Senator Tompkins

Last year, at the urging of freshman Senator Bernard Tompkins, New York City attorney, the New York State legislature passed three bills intended to put an end to the fraudulent and misleading charity fund drives which were harassing residents of the state. These new laws are now being examined by a number of other states and municipalities disturbed over the phony money-raising campaigns which cheat the American people of millions every year. In approving the New York bills, Governor Thomas E. Dewey said in a memorandum to the legislature:

"The bills will enable a contributor to obtain reliable information concerning charitable organizations which seek his support and provide legal authority with which government may deal with abuses . . . There are thousands of private charitable organizations in this country which are honestly and competently administered . . . These bills will curb the unprincipled without interfering with the great charitable and philanthropic agencies which contribute so greatly to the society in which we live."

new dollar bills. He sent them out to all parts of the country along with letters asking recipients to return them with additional dollars to save the lives of such cancer victims as the five-year-old "Johnnie Jones" already mentioned. The 2,000 bills snowballed remarkably, but out of $630,000 collected, $435,000 was swallowed up in the fund raising.

Unordered merchandise is another device that benefits middlemen far more than the charity. A large percentage of these costly items is wasted on recipients who make no contribution. And items that are returned become the property of the fund raiser, with the charity footing the bill.

Much of the Disabled American Veterans' trouble arose from this uneconomic practice, and other organizations have had similar experiences. Edward B. Mergardt, testifying on behalf of the National Better Business Bureau, told how a Chicago foundation inundated the country with unordered punchboards, wallets, greeting cards, comb and nail-file sets, and even medallions inscribed with the Lord's Prayer. The two-year campaign grossed more than $2,500,000, but it cost so much that the charity ultimately netted only $317,500, or roughly 12½ cents out of every dollar the public thought it was chipping in for a good cause.

Another professional promoter cut such a lion's share out of the funds raised by the Brooklyn Council of the Marine Corps League that its officials thought it best to keep a hidden account and later to burn the records. When I asked why that was done, the organization's paymaster explained, "It was not general knowledge to the rank and file of the organization that . . . the promoter was actually, with expenses, making about 85 per cent of the take."

Collectors Who Shake Tin Cans

Street collections come almost as high when the solicitors work on commission. These professionals, who operate in virtually all our cities, shift casually from cause to cause, merely stopping to change the label on their tin cans. As a rule they get 40 to 50 per cent of a day's receipts and the promoter who employs them rates another 30 to 40 per cent. The charity is generally left with one fifth of the gross. Some street solicitation drives are manned by volunteers, of course, but the public has no way of telling the selfless and admirable amateur from the crass and well-paid commercial. My suggestion to municipalities is that they require such solicitors to wear some sort of identification, such as an arm band or button, stating whether they are volunteer or professional workers.

By far the worst of the middlemen of charity are the operators of so-called boiler rooms. These telephone-solicitation factories either work just within the law or manage to slip around it. George Bieler, one of our witnesses from this area of the charity industry, told us how a good boiler-room man adapts his title to the person at the other end of the wire. At various times Bieler was alleged to have been a judge, a doctor, a colonel, and even a bishop.

A policeman who had been assigned to work in a boiler room in order to get the lay of the land a couple of years ago reported that he was told to represent himself as an attorney except when he was addressing a lawyer. In that case he was to become a doctor. One of his fellow solicitors identified himself as "Borough President Wagner's secretary," and when that did not get a pledged contribution, he put on a colleague, who naturally was the "borough president" himself.

An assistant district attorney who investigated the racket estimates that "the alleged charity, if there was one, would benefit to the extent of about 15 per cent after all expenses of promotion."

Fund Raisers Must Register

To direct the public eye to these promoters—and especially to the outright parasites—we brought in the third of our trio of bills. It requires both professional fund raisers and solicitors, except those directly employed by the charitable organizations themselves, to register with the State Department of Welfare, just as the charities themselves will have to do. They must file bond, moreover, against any damage arising out of misconduct in the course of their fund raising. And written contracts between charities and their promoters must be kept available for inspection. The purpose, of course, is to protect the charities themselves from unscrupulous promoters.

In all three of these measures the emphasis is on disclosure rather than regulation, but that does not mean that New York's new law lacks teeth. Whenever the state's attorney general has reason to believe that a charity, a promoter or a solicitor is employed in a phony operation, he may apply to the courts for an injunction to stop all further soliciting, or even to have the registration canceled. In extreme cases the offenders may be prohibited from ever again engaging in fund-raising activities in the state. The courts, of course, will determine whether misrepresentation exists and in what degree.

Will this legislation eliminate all the chiselers and shady operators who for so long have preyed on the charitable? I am not that optimistic. There are still loopholes to be closed, unexplored areas to be investigated.

Unquestionably the most delicate aspect of the problem lies in the field of religious philanthropy, which is not covered by the law.

There were compelling reasons for this major exception. Everybody concedes that it would be extremely desirable to eliminate bogus appeals made in the name of religion, probably the most offensive of all forms of fraud. But there is a grave question as to how far the government may, or should, venture into activity that might threaten the traditional separation between church and state. Some religious groups feel very strongly on the issue.

On the other hand, we know that fakers have used religion as a cloak to conceal their fraudulent operations.

We heard testimony that one self-ordained bishop rented out nuns' garb at $2.50 per day, along with a fancy certificate attesting the wearer's "religious" connection. The man lived on the rentals, and anything the "nuns" collected over his daily fee they were free to keep for themselves. The women later were tried and convicted of falsely soliciting money.

There is no easy solution on this front. Any small group or individual (like the self-ordained bishop) can launch a "religion," genuine or not, and start collecting contributions. Yet under the Constitution it is almost impossible to brand any cult or sect as bogus, no matter how strange or absurd it may seem to the rest of us. And certainly we don't want to put the attorney general in the position of having to decide whether or not a particular religion is legitimate.

Significantly, our joint committee did not dissolve with the session of the legislature. We intend to go on working. Besides giving further study to the question of fake religious charities, we hope to develop legislation to cope with other thorny aspects of the problem. There may be ways, for example, to put a stop to the practice of sending unordered merchandise and to put a curb on the extremely elusive racketeers who operate by telephone. Organizations that divert their funds to propaganda rather than welfare present another field for investigation. And certain tax-dodging devices in connection with foundations also bear examination.

Whatever the outcome of these further studies, reactions to our activity so far indicate that we have already hit pay dirt. The DAV Service Foundation and other organizations have stopped raising funds through unordered merchandise, and a reorganization of National Kids' Day was ordered by California's attorney general. The Guide Dog Foundation has canceled its contract with its expensive promoter.

Moscow Interprets the News

Requests have come to us from no fewer than 22 states for copies of our report and of the bills we enacted. Inquiries from municipal officials and social welfare agencies have been piling up on my desk. Newspapers in all parts of the country—and even in Europe—have run stories and editorials on our hearings. (The Moscow radio gave its own twist to the story, citing the disclosures as proof that Americans were being exploited.) Resolutions have been introduced in both Houses of Congress calling for investigations on a national scale and proposing to deny the mails to charity organizations engaging in improper practices.

Legitimate and efficient organizations, far from opposing the public airing of their records, have every reason to welcome it—and most of them have publicly done so. Such publicity is the best advertisement they could possibly have. By the same token, the fake and inefficient ones should wither away as the public learns their true worth.

We don't imagine that the problem has been completely licked, but the nation-wide interest and approval suggest that we have made a fair start. We mean to keep at it until we have assured protection to the public—and to the great majority of decent and worthy philanthropies as well—from those who, in the words of one of our witnesses, "have charity on their lips and larceny in their hearts." ▲▲▲

Senator Tompkins is dividing his payment for this article among a number of charitable organizations

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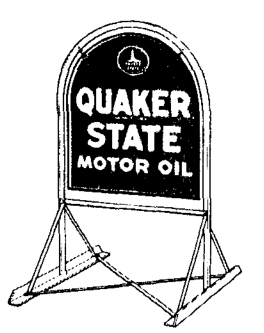

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A Time to Love and a Time to Die

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

THE LAST OF FOUR PARTS

He could bear to leave her only by thinking of coming back to her; only this hope could help him stay alive

"I'll buy some golden shoes with high heels," she said. "And I'll run to meet you in them when you come back"

The Story: Private ERNST GRAEBER's furlough was almost up. Soon he would have to leave ELISABETH, his bride of two weeks, and return to the Russian front—to a war that he, as a German soldier, did not believe in. But Graeber's love for Elisabeth had opened a whole new world for him and had given him strength in the face of despair; their room at FRAU WITTE's tiny inn, which had miraculously escaped bombing, was an island of peace in the war-torn city. Yet Graeber could not overcome his deep sense of guilt for all the war crimes in which he had taken part. Though never a Nazi himself, he felt as if the Nazi slime had rubbed off on him. He had seen victims of the relentless air raids: human torches who ran shrieking through the streets, their flesh afire from incendiaries. He had seen dead children, lying in piles while their mothers wept. He remembered HIRSCHLAND, one of his friends at the front, who suffered constant abuse and terror because he was part Jewish. When Graeber visited Hirschland's mother, he learned that Hirschland had been reported killed, and that the mother was now fearfully hiding another child, also part Jewish, from the authorities. But what sickened Graeber most were the boastful tales of torture and mass murder committed in the name of the Third Reich; these reminded him of stories told by STEINBRENNER, the S.S. man in his unit at the front. Despite all this, Graeber knew he had to go back, to fight for the cause he despised. He found solace in the knowledge that his parents, though missing, had been evacuated and were alive, and in the hope that he could come back to Elisabeth. He savored the memories of their brief life together—the little gold cap she wore to please him, the night they had camped out amid bomb wreckage. And particularly he remembered the day in the woods when he had held her in his arms and had seen on the ground, close to his face, a reddish flower with delicate leaves that had seemed to grow larger and larger until it blotted out the horizon. Such memories would help him, when the time came to leave.

IT WAS the last afternoon. They were sitting in the garden. "I hope I'm going to have a child," Elisabeth said suddenly.

Graeber stared at her. "A child? In these times?" He bent forward. "Do you know you're going to have one?"

"There is hardly time to know—but I hope so."

"You don't know it yet?"

She looked at him in silence.

He shook his head. "I believe I'm supposed to say or do something now and kiss you and be surprised and tender, Elisabeth. I can't do it. It's too sudden for me. I hadn't thought about a child until now."

"You have no need to, either. It doesn't really concern you at all."

"A child! It would come just in time for a new war—as we did for this one. Think of all the misery it would be born to." Graeber thought of the Hitler Youth and of the children who had denounced their parents. "There's so much that has been poisoned all around us that the ground will still be full of it for years. How can one want a child in such circumstances?"

"For that very reason," Elisabeth said. "To educate it against that. What's to happen if the people who are against everything now don't want to have children? Are only the barbarians to have them? Then who's to put the world to rights again?"

"Is that why you want to have one?"

"No. That just occurred to me this instant."

Graeber was silent. She was right. "You're too quick for me," he said. "I have not got used to being married and now all of a sudden I have to decide whether or not I want a child."

Elisabeth laughed. "You haven't noticed the simplest part of it—that it isn't just a child I want, but your child. And now I'm going to discuss dinner with Frau Witte. It's to be a canned masterpiece."

The day was over. Now it was evening and in an hour he had to be off.

He had gone to the post office once more, but no further word had come from his parents. He had arranged everything that could be arranged. Frau Witte had already agreed to let Elisabeth go on living

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in her house. Graeber had examined its cellar; it was not deep enough to be safe but it was well built. He had gone to look at the public cellar in the Leibnitzstrasse as well; it was as good as most of the others in the city. Calmly he leaned back in his chair. He could hear the clattering of pots in the kitchen. It had been a long furlough. Three years, not three weeks.

He heard Elisabeth's voice. He thought over what she had said about a child. It was suddenly as though a wall had been broken through. An opening was there and behind it, wavering and indistinct, was a bit of the future. He looked into the twilight that hung between the lilac bushes. How strange it was to feel that that life—which he had hitherto regarded almost as booty, hastily seized—might go on, that it might sometime become an assured possession to be handed on to an alien, unborn existence in a future that had no end and was full of a tenderness he had never known. And how greatly something in him wanted it and did not want it and yet wanted it, this poor and comforting illusion of immortality!

He got up. Devil take all children, he thought. I want to live—oh, God, I want to live and Elisabeth with me, that's enough!

AFTER they had eaten, Graeber said, "The train leaves at six o'clock. I have taken care of all my things. Now I must leave. Don't come with me to the station. I want to leave from here, taking you with me in my mind the way you exist here. Not the crowds and the embarrassment of the station. Do you understand that?"

"Yes."

"Then that's the way we'll do it. And now take this money; I have it left over. Out there I won't need it."

"I don't need any money, Ernst. I earn enough for myself."

"Take it and buy yourself a dress. A senseless, impractical, beautiful dress to go with your little gold cap."

"I'll use it to send packages to you."

"We have more to eat out there than you have here. I learned something when you bought that hat. Promise me that you will buy a dress. Is there enough money for that?"

"There's enough. It will even do for a pair of shoes as well."

"That's wonderful. Buy yourself a pair of unnecessary, pretty shoes to go with it. Golden shoes."

"Yes," Elisabeth said. "Golden shoes with high heels and light as a feather. I'll run to meet you in them when you come back!"

When he left her, he did not look back. He walked neither too slow nor too fast. The knapsack was heavy and the street was very long. When he turned the corner he turned many corners. For a moment the perfume of Elisabeth's hair was still about him; then it was drowned out by the smell of old fires, by the sultriness of the late afternoon and by the rotten-sweet smell of decomposition that rose out of the ruins in the warm air.

The train was ready and waiting. A number of cars bore the sign: *For Military Personnel Only.* A guard was inspecting papers. Graeber got in and found a seat beside the window. After a while three more men entered: a noncom, a lance corporal with a scar, and an artillery private.

The artilleryman opened the window and leaned out. Outside stood a woman with a child. Graeber looked at the child and then looked at the woman. She had a wrinkled neck, thick eyelids, and she wore a faded summer dress. Everything seemed to him clearer than usual—the light and everything he saw. "Well then, Heinrich," the woman said.

"Yes, take care of yourself, Marie. Greetings to all."

"Yes." They looked at each other in silence. A few men with musical instruments stationed themselves in the middle of the platform. "How noble!" the lance corporal said. "The young cannon fodder goes off to a musical accompaniment."

There was the sound of marching feet and commands. A group of recruits came by. Almost all of them were very young. There was only a scattering of husky, older men; they came no doubt from the S.A. or the S.S.

The recruits formed up. Noncoms bawled at them. Then there was silence. Someone began a speech.

"Shut the window," the lance corporal said to the man whose wife was outside.

The man made no reply. The orator's voice rattled on as though it came from tin vocal chords. Graeber leaned back and shut his eyes. Heinrich continued to stand at the window. Embarrassed, speechless and sad, he stared at Marie. Marie stared back in just the same way. It's good that Elisabeth is not here, Graeber thought.

The voice finally ceased. The four musicians played *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles* and the Horst Wessel song. No one in the compartment moved. The recruits got into their car. Heinrich was still standing at the window. "Greetings to Aunt Bertha too," he said to Marie.

"Yes."

They were silent again. "Why don't we leave?" someone asked. "It's after six already."

They had to wait for a half hour more. "Now go along, Marie," Heinrich said from time to time.

"I can wait."

"The child must have his supper."

"He has the whole evening to eat it."

They were silent again for a time. "Greetings to Josef too," Heinrich said finally.

"Yes, all right. I'll tell him."

Slowly the train began to move. "Well then, greetings to all, Marie."

"To you too, Heinrich."

The train moved faster. Marie was running beside the car. "Take good care of the little one, Marie."

"Yes, yes, Heinrich. And you take care of yourself."

"Of course, of course."

Graeber saw the woebegone face of the woman running alongside the window. She ran as though it were a matter of life and death to be able to stare at Heinrich for ten seconds more. And then suddenly he saw Elisabeth. She was standing behind the station shed. She could not have been seen from the train while it was standing. He leaped up and seized Heinrich by the collar. "Let me at the window!"

SUDDENLY everything was forgotten. He no longer understood why he had come to the station alone. He no longer understood anything. He had to see her. He had to shout. He had failed to say the most important thing.

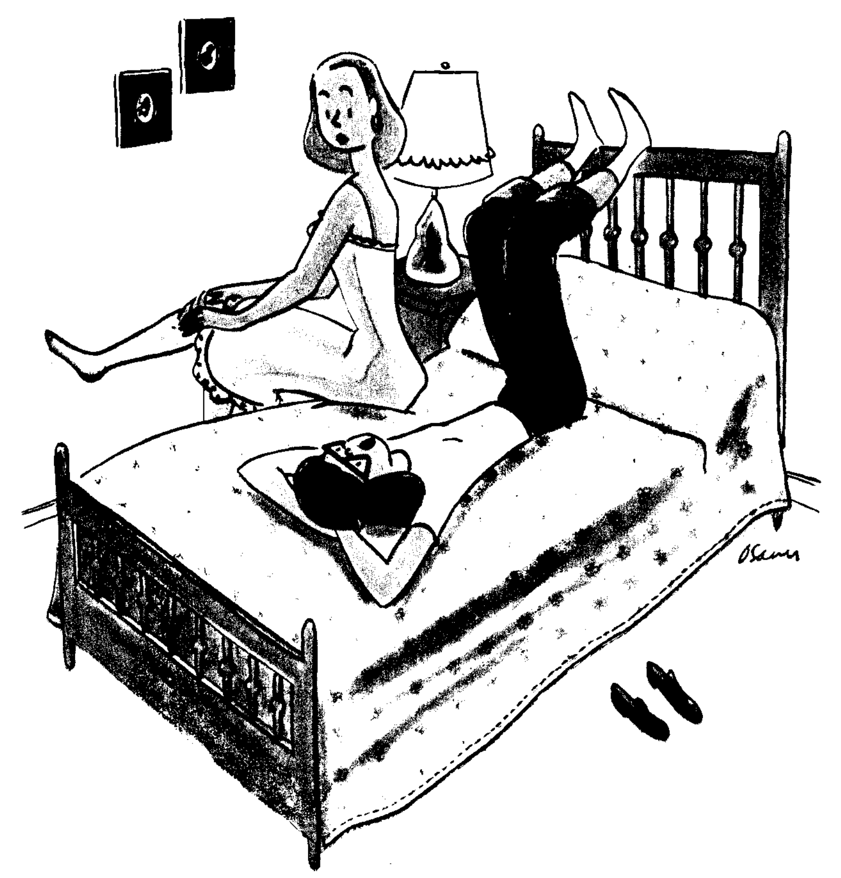
He jerked at the back of Heinrich's neck. Heinrich was hanging far out; he had braced his elbows on the outside of the window frame. "Greetings to Lisa too," he shouted above the rattling.

Graeber said, "Get away from the window! My wife's out there!"

He threw one arm around Heinrich's shoulders and pulled. Heinrich kicked out backward. "And take good care of everything," he shouted.

Graeber kicked Heinrich in the knee and pulled at his shoulder. Heinrich did not let go. The train swung around a curve. Over Heinrich's head Graeber saw Elisabeth. She was already far

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "You don't realize what a handicap it is, going through life looking intelligent" KATE OSANN away and very small standing alone in front of the shed. Graeber waved once. Perhaps she could still see the hand; but she could not see who was waving. A cluster of houses came by and the station was no longer there.

Heinrich slowly detached himself from the window. "You—" Graeber began furiously and stopped. Big tears were running down Heinrich's face. Graeber let his hands fall.

THREE days later he found the regiment and reported at the company office. There was no sign of the sergeant major. Only a clerk was sitting there idle. The village lay ninety kilometers farther toward the west than the last position Graeber had seen. "How are things here?" he asked.

"Plenty has happened. You can see for yourself where we are."

"What's become of the men?"

"One platoon is digging trenches. Another is burying the dead. They'll be back at noon."

"Have there been many changes?"

"You'll see. I don't know who was still here when you left. We've had a lot of replacements. Children. They die like flies in winter. Not the slightest idea what war's about."

On the main street of the village he saw Rahe, the company commander. Graeber reported to him. "You were in luck," Rahe said. "Just after you left all leaves were canceled." He looked at Graeber with his bright eyes. "Was it worth while?"

"Yes," Graeber replied.

"That's good. We're in a pretty dirty spot here. This is only a temporary position. You came up through the reserve positions that have just been reinforced—probably we'll fall back on them. Did you see them?"

"No, Lieutenant," Graeber said. "Probably it was night when we came through."

"That's it, no doubt." Rahe looked searchingly at Graeber again, as though he wanted to ask something more. Then he said, "Your platoon leader was killed. Lieutenant Mueller. Now you have Lieutenant Maass."

"Yes, sir."

Rahe poked with his walking stick in the wet clay. "As long as the mud hangs on this way it's hard to move up artillery and tanks. All right, Graeber. Glad you're back. We need old hands to train the young replacements. And you're a noncom now." He poked in the mud again. "How was it back there?"

"Just about the way it is here. Every couple of days there was at least one heavy air attack."

Rahe looked at him. He seemed to be waiting for Graeber to say something more. But Graeber was silent. . .

The others came back at noon. "The furlough boy," Immermann said. "Man alive, what made you come back? Why didn't you desert?"

"Where to?" Graeber asked.

Immermann scratched his head. "Switzerland."

"I didn't think of that. Despite the fact that special luxury trains for deserters leave daily for Switzerland. They have red crosses painted on the roofs so they won't be bombed. And all along the Swiss border stand arches with the inscription: Welcome!"

Immermann grinned. "I know why you came back. Because you were made a noncom. No German deserts when he has rank. Make a German revolutionary a lance corporal and he immediately ceases to be a revolutionary. The Party has made good use of that. It has promoted all Germans to lance corporals. Do you know how? By making them Aryans. Before that they were only human beings. Now every porter and fishwife has become a *Herrenmensch*, and can spit on Einstein and Freud. Who could resist?"

"The people in the concentration camps. And a lot of others."

"Have you seen any of them?"

"Yes," Graeber said. "But I'd rather you told me what's going on here. Since when have you dared to talk like this?"

"I've always dared. You've just forgotten that back in the whispering homeland. Besides, we're in retreat. We are almost in flight. With every hundred kilometers we retire, the tone gets a bit freer."

Immermann began to clean the dirt off his uniform. "Schneider is dead," he said. "Meinecke and Schroeder are in the hospital. Muecke got shot in the stomach. They say he kicked off in Warsaw. Let's see—who else?"

After a Handball Game

For a fellow pushing forty
I'd be feeling mighty fine
If I did not try to push it
Back to thirty-nine.

—LEONARD K. SCHIFF

"And Hirschland," Graeber said.

"Hirschland? What do you mean?"

"But he's dead too."

"Nonsense. Hirschland's sitting right over there."

Graeber looked over. "So he is! But his mother got a report that he'd been killed. I've got to talk to him."

HE WALKED over. Hirschland was sitting by himself. Graeber said, "I went to see your mother."

"Did you really? You didn't forget? How is she? Did you tell her that I was fine?"

"Hirschland, your mother thinks you are dead. She got a report from the company."

"That's impossible."

"She told me so herself."

Hirschland stared at Graeber. "But I write to her almost every day."

"She thinks they're letters you wrote before. Have you any notion of what could have happened? After all, there aren't two Hirschlands."

"No. Someone must have done it intentionally."

"No one would do a thing like that."

"No? Not even Steinbrenner?"

"Is he still alive?"

"Of course. He was assigned to the office for two days after the sergeant major was killed. The clerk was sick at the time."

"But that would be falsifying a document. And Lieutenant Rahe is supposed to sign those letters."

"My mother doesn't know that. One signature is like another so far as she is concerned."

The thing suddenly appeared more probable to Graeber than it had at first. "What a swinish trick!" he growled. "Just why would Steinbrenner want to do it?"

"For fun. To educate us. After all, I have Jewish blood. What did my mother say?"

"She was calm. You must write her right away."

"It will be a long time before she gets the letter," Hirschland said.

Graeber saw that Hirschland's lips were trembling. "We'll go to the office," he announced. "We'll have the correction made from there. They'll have to send a telegram. Otherwise, we'll go to Rahe."

"We can't do that."

"Why not? We can do even more. We can trap Steinbrenner."

"Not I. I can't do that. We can't prove anything. And even if—no, I can't do it. Can't you understand?"

"Yes, Hirschland," Graeber replied grimly. "But that won't last forever."

AFTER supper he met Steinbrenner. Steinbrenner was brown and quite cheerful. He looked like a sunburned Gothic angel.

"How's morale at home?" he asked.

Graeber put down his mess kit. "When we came to the border," he said, "we were called together by an S.S. captain and told that no one of us was to say a word about the situation at home under pain of the severest penalty."

Steinbrenner laughed. "I'm in the S.S. myself. You can safely tell me."

"Then I'd be a fool. 'Severest penalty' means being shot as a *saboteur* of military commands."

Steinbrenner stopped laughing. "You say that as though you knew about a catastrophe."

"I say nothing at all. I am simply repeating what the S.S. captain told us."

Steinbrenner regarded Graeber calculatingly. "You got married, eh?"

"How do you know that?"

"I know everything."

"You found it out in the office. You're in there a good deal, aren't you?"

"I'm there as much as I need to be. When I get my leave I'm going to get married too. To the daughter of the S.S. commandant in my home town."

"I might have guessed."

Steinbrenner disregarded the irony. "The combination of blood lines is first rate," he announced, completely absorbed in his subject. "Nordic-Fries on my side, Rhenish-Saxon on hers. We'll get every parenthood assistance and racial stipend. The children will naturally have preferred attention and upbringing—everything that the Party has to give. We will have a child each year. After five years my wife will qualify for an important post in the Reich's Society of Women as a model mother, and if, in the meantime, we have twins or triplets the Fuehrer himself will be the godfather. For the fifth child he will be, in any case. Then my career will be absolutely assured. Picture that."

"I am picturing it."

"Selective breeding of the race! We've not only got to root out the Jews, we've got to replace them with pure-blooded Germans. A new race of leaders."

"Have you rooted out many Jews?"

Steinbrenner beamed. "If you could see my conduct records you wouldn't have to ask. Those were the times!" He bent over confidentially toward Graeber. "I've put in for a transfer to an S.S. division. There's more going on there. No boring courts-martial for lousy Russians. They get rid of them by batches. Not long ago three hundred Polish and Russian traitors in one afternoon. Six men got the Distinguished Service Cross for it. A man can get ahead there!"

Graeber stared out into the red Russian evening. Steinbrenner was the perfect product of National Socialist doctrine. He was perfectly healthy, in

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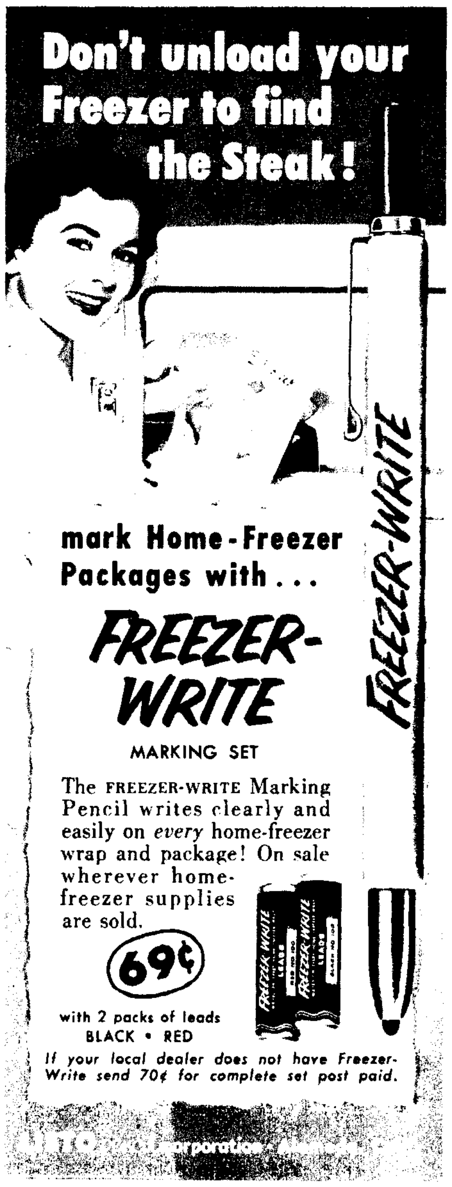

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perfect training, perfectly devoid of any thoughts of his own and perfectly inhuman. "You sent the announcement of Hirschland's death to his mother, didn't you?" Graeber asked.

"Who says so?"

"I know it."

Steinbrenner laughed. His pretty face beamed with youthful satisfaction. "Just imagine the expression on that Sarah's face. And nothing can happen to me. They'll take care not to say anything. And then, in all that mess, it was simply a mistake!"

Graeber regarded him as though he were a poisonous insect. "You have nerve," he said. "Do you know that anyone who does a thing like that always dies himself soon after?"

Steinbrenner laughed aloud. "Drivel! That's an old wives' tale."

"You've called for your own death. That's a fact."

"Oh, listen," Steinbrenner said in an altered voice. "You don't mean you believe that yourself?"

"I do believe it. I wouldn't like to be in your boots."

"You're crazy." Steinbrenner stood up. He was not laughing any more.

"I've known three people who played similar tricks. All three were killed shortly after. Another one was lucky. He only got wounded in a way that made him impotent. Perhaps you'll get off as cheaply as that. Then of course there won't be any twins or triplets. But of course someone else could always take care of that for you."

Steinbrenner stared at Graeber for a minute longer. Then he walked off. Graeber stood listening. The front was grumbling. Suddenly it seemed to him as though he had never been away.

HE HAD sentry duty from midnight until two o'clock, and his route lay around the village. The ruins stood out black against the fireworks of the front. The sky shook and brightened and darkened alternately with the muzzle flashes of the artillery. His boots groaned in the mud like damned souls.

Pain came upon him swiftly and surprisingly and without his having foreseen it. He had not been thinking of anything. He had been stupefied as on the days of his journey. Now suddenly it cut through him as though he were being torn to ribbons.

He stood still and waited. He made no move. He was waiting for it to gain a name and with the name to become localized and accessible to reason and comfort, or at least to acceptance.

It did not come. Nothing was there but the clear pain of loss. It was a loss forever. Nowhere was there a bridge. He had had it and it was lost.

He whispered a name and tried to remember. Surrounded by mist, Elisabeth's haggard face appeared. It was the way it had been when he had last seen it. All the other faces she had had blurred together and disappeared; this one alone became clearer. He tried to picture Frau Witte's garden and house. He succeeded, but it was as though he were striking the keys of a piano and no sound came forth. What has happened? he thought. Perhaps she is unconscious. Perhaps, just now, the house has fallen in. Perhaps she is dead.

He realized that he was sweating. She must live, he thought. It doesn't matter what becomes of me, but she must live, he thought. He knew that he was lying. He wanted to go on living with her and not to make a bargain with fate; but in the moment it was as close to the truth as he could think. Sometimes you could not get along without a secret pact. Take me, not her, please, he thought, and he hoped that fate could be tricked into not taking either one. . . .

They no longer knew one another. They could not even recognize the uniforms. Often it was only by the helmets and the voices that they knew they belonged together. The trenches had long since caved in. An irregular line of shell holes was the front. It changed constantly. There was no longer anything there but rain and uproar and night and the light of the explosions and the flying mud.

Searchlights worried the torn clouds like white dogs. Antiaircraft fire chattered through the uproar of the quivering horizon. Blazing airplanes came shooting down and the golden hail of tracer bullets flew after them in a sheaf that disappeared into infinity. Then the drum fire began again.

BUTCH

"I *am* helping. I work fast durin' th' commercials . . ."

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

It was the twelfth day. For the first three the line had held. The hedgehog bunkers had withstood the artillery fire without too much damage. Then the outer blockhouses had been lost and the line penetrated by tanks, but a few kilometers farther back the tank defenses had contained the breakthrough. Disciplinary battalions had been sent out to lay log roads and restore the telephone connections. They had been forced to work almost without cover. In the two hours before they were withdrawn more than half their number had been lost. Clouds of bombers had swooped low and unescorted out of the gray sky and had attacked the hedgehog bunkers. On the sixth day half the bunkers were knocked out; they were no longer good for anything except cover. On the seventh night the Russians attacked and were repulsed.

The company's position was now based solely on two ruined blockhouses behind which were placed a few machine guns and mine throwers. The rest of the men crouched in shell holes and behind fragments of ruined walls. Rahe held one of the blockhouses, Maass the other.

They held them for three days. Then came a surprise attack without artillery preparation. The Russians suddenly bobbed up fifty yards in front of the line. Some of the hand grenades did not explode. The Russians broke through.

In the flickering of the explosions Graeber saw in front of him a helmet with white eyes beneath it, a mouth gaping open—and behind, like the gnarled, living limb of a tree, an arm drawn back to throw. He shot at it, seized a hand grenade out of the fumbling hands of a recruit beside him and threw. It exploded. "Unscrew the caps, idiot!" he shouted at the recruit. "Give it here. Don't try to pull them off."

The next hand grenade did not explode. Sabotage, Graeber thought suddenly. Sabotage that is now directed against us. He threw the next grenade and bent down and saw the Russians coming; he burrowed into the mud and felt the pressure of the explosion and a blow like a whiplash and mud that struck him and he reached back shouting, "Come on! Quick! Give it to me!" and only when his hand remained empty did he turn his head and see that there was no longer any recruit there, and that the mud on his hand was shredded flesh. He worked his way down, searching, found a string of grenades and pulled the last two off, saw shadows clambering over the edge of the shell hole, running on, stopping—

Caught, he thought. Caught. Overrun. He crept cautiously to the edge of the shell hole. The mud protected him as long as he lay still.

He saw the machine gun in the blockhouse to the right firing. Then the one on the left fired too. So long as they were in action he was not lost. They had this section under cross fire and there were no more Russians coming over. Apparently only a few had broken through. I must get behind the blockhouse, he thought.

He slid over the edge into the next hole, slipped down the side and got his mouth full of water. After a while he clambered on. In the next shell hole two dead men were lying in the water. He waited. Then he heard a hand grenade and saw an explosion near the bunker to the left. The Russians had broken through over there and were attacking from two sides. The machine gun flickered. After some time the detonations of the hand grenades ceased, but the blockhouse went on firing.

A heavy rain began to fall. The firing of the machine guns flickered out. Then the artillery began again. A direct hit was scored on the blockhouse to the right. It seemed to fly into the air.

MORNING came wet and late. Graeber succeeded in slipping through before the first light. Behind one of the disabled tanks he came upon Sauer and two recruits. Sauer's nose was bleeding. A grenade had exploded very close to him. The belly of one of the recruits was torn open. No one had anything to bind him up with. Besides, it was useless; the sooner he died the better. The second recruit had a broken leg. In the burned-out tank, which had burst open, the black skeletons of the crew were visible.

A liaison officer got through to them from the bunker on the left. "Assemble beside the bunker," he croaked. "Are there others in the shell holes?"

"No idea. Are there any corpsmen?"

"All dead or wounded."

The men crawled on.

"We'll get you a medic," Graeber said to the recruit whose belly was torn open. "Or we'll bring you bandages."

The recruit made no reply. He lay pale-lipped in the clay, looking very small. "We can't drag you on a piece of canvas," Graeber said to the man with the broken leg, "not in this muck. Rest your weight on us and try to hop on your good leg."

They took him between them and stumbled from hole to hole. It took a long time. The recruit groaned when they threw themselves down. His leg twisted around. He could go no farther. They left him behind a fragment of wall near the bunker and put a helmet on the wall so that the medics could find him.

They saw several dead Russians. Then came their own dead. Lieutenant Rahe was wounded. He had an improvised bandage on his left arm. Three severely wounded men lay under a piece of canvas in the rain. There were no more bandages. An hour later a Junkers plane flew by and dropped a few packages. They fell too far forward, into the hands of the Russians.

Seven more men joined them. This remnant collected in the bunker to the right. Lieutenant Maass was dead. Sergeant Major Reinecke took over the command. There was not much ammunition left. The mine throwers had been put out of action. But two heavy and two light machine guns were still in operation.

Ten men from the disciplinary company got through. They brought up ammunition and canned rations and took the wounded away. Two of them were blown up a hundred yards back. The artillery fire prevented almost all liaison during the morning.

At noon it stopped raining. The sun came out. It grew hot at once. A crust formed on the mud. "They'll attack with light tanks," Rahe said. "Damn it, where are the antitank guns? We've got to have some or we're done for."

The firing continued. During the

afternoon came another Junkers supply plane. It was escorted by Messerschmitts. The Stormoviks appeared and attacked. Two were shot down. Then two Messerschmitts came down. The Junkers did not get through. It dropped its bales farther back.

Next day the dead began to smell. Graeber was sitting in the bunker. There were still twenty-two men. Reinecke had assembled about the same number on the other side. The rest were dead or wounded. There had been a hundred and twenty.

He ate, and cleaned his weapons. He thought about nothing. He was now simply a machine. He no longer knew anything of an earlier time. There had never been a furlough. There was no longer an Elisabeth. He simply sat there, making preparation, and slept and woke, ready to defend himself. . . .

The Russian tanks came on the following morning. Infantry accompanied them and followed them. The company let the tanks pass and caught the infantry in a cross fire. The hot barrels of the machine guns burned their hands. Two tanks turned, rolled toward them and fired. It was easy for them; their armor was too heavy for the machine guns. The men aimed at the slits; but hitting them was a matter of luck. The tanks maneuvered out of the fire and went on shooting. The bunker shook. Concrete screamed and splintered.

"Hand grenades!" shouted Wernecke. He gathered a bundle of them together, hung them over his shoulder and crawled to the exit. After the next salvo he crawled out into the cover behind the bunker.

"Two machine guns fire at the tanks," Rahe ordered.

They tried to give Wernecke cover as he started to crawl in a circle up to the tanks in an effort to blow off their treads with the combined power of all his grenades. It was almost hopeless. Russian machine-gun fire had set in.

AFTER a while one of the tanks stopped firing. No one had heard the explosion. "We got him!" Immermann roared.

The light machine guns concentrated on the second tank which turned away and disappeared. "Six broke through," Rahe shouted. "They will come back. All machine guns crossfire. We must stop the infantry."

"Where is Wernecke?" Immermann asked after a time.

Wernecke did not come back.

They held throughout the afternoon. The bunkers were being slowly pulverized; but both continued to fire. There was very little ammunition left. The dead outside swelled up. Whoever could, slept. They no longer knew whether they had already been cut off or still had communications.

In the evening the firing became heavier. At three o'clock in the morning the bunker was nothing more than a mass of twisted steel and concrete. They had to withdraw.

The Russians attacked again. The company now had only two machine guns. From a shell hole they defended themselves with them. Then they fell back again. The Russians thought them stronger than they were and this saved them. During the second halt Sauer fell. He got a bullet in the head and died at once. A little farther on Hirschland fell as he was running in a crouch. He twisted over slowly and lay still. Graeber dragged him into a shell hole. He had gotten several bullets in the back. Examining him, Graeber found his blood-soaked wallet and put it in his pocket. There was now no longer any need to write his mother.

They reached the second line. Later orders came to retire farther. The company was being disengaged. The second line became the front.

They assembled a few kilometers farther back. The platoon under Reinecke was already there. There were only thirty men of the company left. Next day it had been restored to one hundred and twenty.

A PALE, evening red colored the sky behind the village. In the neglected fields flowers and weeds had sprung up during the last few days. The front was rumbling. Suddenly everything was very strange and very familiar. It was one of those moments when all connections seem broken. Graeber knew the feeling; he had often had it when he woke up at night not knowing where he was. It never lasted long. You always found your way back directly; but occasionally a strong terror persisted that sometime you would not find your way back.

Graeber felt no fear; he simply shrank into himself. He stuck his hands in his pockets and looked around. He saw the old picture: ruins, fields that had not been plowed, a Russian sunset and opposite it the pale, beginning heat lightning of the front. It was there as always, and with it came the hopeless chill that went through the heart.

He felt Elisabeth's letters in his pocket. Warmth was in them, tenderness and the sweet deception of love. However, they were no lamp to light a well-ordered house; they were like will-o'-the-wisps over a swamp; and the more one tried to follow them the more treacherous the swamp seemed to become. Back there at home he had not known. He had followed the light without question and had wanted to believe that it was enough to follow it. It was not enough. It lighted the path for a time, but it did not go on forever.

He had fought against this realization as long as he could. It had not been easy—he had tried all the evasions. But the thing that should have held him and supported him had isolated him. It did not extend beyond itself and that was too little. It was swallowed up, it was a small, private happiness that could not support itself in the limitless morass of general misery and despair. He took out Elisabeth's letters and read them, and the red afterglow of sunset lay on the pages. He knew them by heart; he read them once more, and again they made him more lonesome than before. It had been too short and the other was too long. He had left it back there and it had not come here with him—only sorrow and pain.

He put the letters back in his pocket. He put them with the letters from his parents which he had found waiting for him at the company office. There was no point in brooding. One step after another was enough. One ought not to try to solve the riddles of existence when one was in danger. Elisabeth, he thought. Why do I think of her as of something lost? I have her letters here. She is alive. . . .

"Guerrillas," Steinbrenner said. He licked his lips and looked at the Russians. They were standing in the village square. There were three men and two women. One of the women was young. All five had been brought in early that morning.

"They don't look like guerrillas," Graeber said. "They're poor farmers."

Steinbrenner laughed. "If that was

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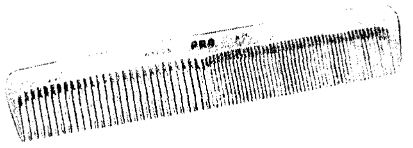

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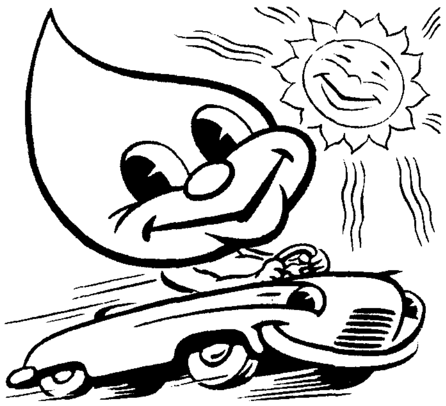

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the test there would be no criminals."

That's true, Graeber thought. You yourself are the best proof. He saw Rahe coming. "What are we going to do with them?"

"They were captured here," Reinecke said. "We have to lock them up and wait for orders to come through."

"God knows we have enough trouble on our hands. Why don't we send them to the regiment?"

He did not expect an answer. The regiment had no fixed position. Someone would be sent to give these people a hearing and then to direct what was to be done with them.

"Outside the village there's what used to be a manor house," Steinbrenner announced. "It has a cellar with an iron door and a lock."

Rahe surveyed him critically. He knew what Steinbrenner was thinking. In his charge the Russians would make the usual attempt to escape and that would be the end of them. Outside the village it could be easily arranged.

Rahe looked around. Steinbrenner stood at attention. His eyes shone. "Graeber," Rahe said, "take charge of these people. Steinbrenner can show you where the cellar is. Examine it to see that it's safe. After that, report to me and leave a guard there. Take men from your own squad."

One of the prisoners limped. The older woman had varicose veins. The younger was barefoot. Steinbrenner followed the group. Outside the village he gave one of the men a shove. "Hey there! You! Run!"

The man turned around. Steinbrenner motioned to him. "Run! Run!"

The older man said something in Russian. The man did not run. Steinbrenner kicked him. "Run, you!"

"Stop that," Graeber said. "You heard what Rahe ordered."

"We can let the men run here," Steinbrenner whispered. "Ten strides and then we shoot. We'll lock the women up. When it's dark we'll get the young one out."

"Leave them alone. And disappear. I'm in command here."

STEINBRENNER looked at the young woman. "They'll be shot anyway," he remarked, "either by us or by the Security Service. We can have some fun with the young one."

"Shut your mouth," Graeber said, "and don't try anything. Rahe ordered you to show us the cellar. That's all."

They walked along the avenue that led up to the white house. "Here it is," Steinbrenner said morosely, pointing to a small building that was in a good state of repair. It was built of stone and was strong and the iron-barred door could be secured from the outside with a padlock.

Graeber examined the building. It seemed to have been a kind of stall or shed. The floor was of cement. The prisoners could not get out without tools; and they had already been searched to make sure they had none.

He opened the door and let them in. The two recruits stood with guns ready. Graeber shut the door and tested the lock. It held.

"Like monkeys in a cage," Steinbrenner grinned. "Banana! Banana!"

"You stay here," Graeber said to the recruits. "It's your responsibility to see that nothing happens. You'll be relieved later on. Do any of you speak German?" he asked the Russians. No one answered. "Later on we'll see if we can find some straw for you. Come," Graeber said to Steinbrenner.

He reported to Rahe and announced that the jail was safe. "Pick a couple of men and take charge of the guard," Rahe said. "In a few days, when the situation has quieted down, we'll get rid of these people."

Rahe plucked at his bandage and moved his fingers. He did not look at Graeber. "Steinbrenner volunteered. I'd prefer you to do it."

"Yes, sir," Graeber repeated.

"Do you need more than two men?"

"No. The stall is safe. I can attend to it alone. I'll sleep out there tonight. No one can get out."

"Good. I prefer that to detailing recruits. It's better for them to learn a little battle technique as fast as they can. They'll need it. The reports—" Rahe broke off. He looked ill. "You know yourself what's up. Well, go along. It won't be more than two or three days longer."

Graeber got his knapsack and went to the field kitchen. There he got his dipperful of bean soup, his bread and his ration of sausage for the evening meal; that way he would not have to return to the village again. He wanted to be alone.

It was a strange afternoon. The recruits had left after getting the straw. The front was rumbling but nevertheless the day seemed still. In front of the stall there extended a lawn that had run wild; it had been stamped down and there were shell holes in it, but nevertheless the green showed and a few flower bushes were growing at the edge of what once had been a walk.

Graeber walked along the avenue of birch trees to the pond. Amid the dirt and water weeds crouched a statue of a pipe-playing Pan. One of its horns was missing but aside from that it had survived the Revolution, Communism and the war. It came from a legendary time, the time before the first war. It was a time before Graeber was alive. He had been born during the postwar years, and had awakened during a new war. He wandered around the pond and then back to the prisoners.

The old woman was asleep. The young one was crouched in a corner. Two of the men were standing staring out into the afternoon. The third sat beside the old woman. The men looked at Graeber. The girl looked straight ahead. The oldest of the Russians stared at Graeber. Graeber turned away and lay down on the grass.

Clouds wandered across the sky. Birds twittered in the birch trees. A blue butterfly floated over the shell holes from blossom to blossom in the hot sunny air. The rumbling from the front increased. Graeber fell asleep.

IN THE evening a recruit brought food for the prisoners. It was the midday bean soup thinned with water. He had also brought Graeber his ration of cigarettes. There were more than usual. That was a bad sign. Better food and more cigarettes were issued only when bad days lay ahead.

The recruit looked at the Russians as though they were animals in a zoo.

"Those are human beings," Graeber told him.

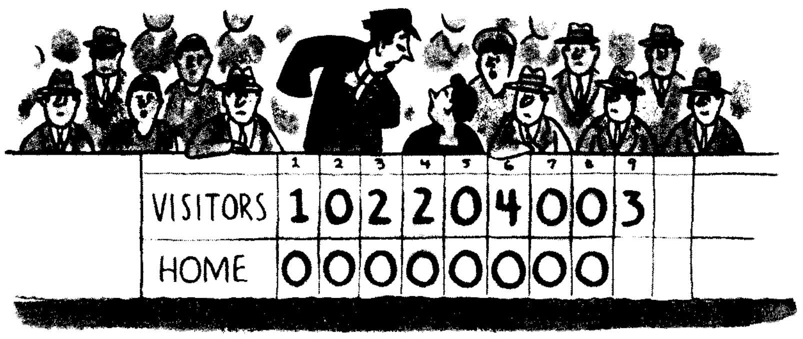
"Yes, Russians."

"All right, Russians. Take your gun. We'll let the women out one after the other."

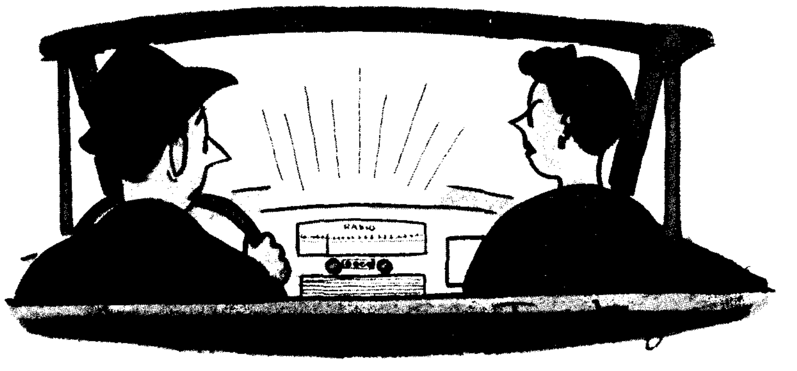
Graeber said through the bars: "Everyone into that corner. The old woman is to step up here. Later the others will have their turn to come out."

The oldest Russian said something to the others. They obeyed. The recruit held his gun at the ready. The old woman came forward. Graeber opened the door, let her out and locked it again. She began to cry. She expected to be shot. "Tell her that nothing is going to happen to her. She is just to look after her needs," Graeber said to the old Russian.

He spoke to her. She stopped crying. Graeber led her to a corner of the house where two walls were still standing. He waited till she came out again and then led the young woman out. She walked quickly and lightly in front of him. With the men it was simpler. He led them around behind the stall



"Let's beat the crowd out; game's good as over . . ."



". . . and there comes the twelfth run across the plate! What a rally! Two men on, two out, and your ball game is all tied up! Folks . . ."

COLLIER'S TED KEY

and kept them in sight. Why don't I let them run away? he thought. Then he saw the earnest recruit with his gun ready to fire. He led the last man back and locked the door.

"That was exciting," the recruit said.

"Really?" Graeber put his gun aside. "You can go now."

He waited till the recruit had disappeared. Then he got out his cigarettes and gave the old man one for each of them. He lit a match and handed it through the bars. All of them smoked. The cigarettes glowed in the half-darkness and lit up their faces. Graeber looked at the young woman and suddenly felt an unbearable yearning for Elisabeth.

"You—good," said the old Russian, following his glance.

His face was close to the iron bars. "War is lost—for Germans—you good man. Why not—let us go—and come away with us? Hide—good place—live. Live—" he repeated urgently.

Graeber shook his head. That's no solution, he thought, not that. But where is another? He turned away. It sounded so simple in the soft last light of evening. If I let them out, he thought, then I will have done something, at least something. To have saved a few innocent human beings. But I can't go with them. Not there. Not into the same sort of thing I'm trying to escape. He wandered about and came to the fountain again. The birches were now black against the sky. He went back. One cigarette was still glowing in the darkness of the stall. The face of the old Russian shimmered palely behind the bars. "Live," he said.

Graeber took the rest of his cigarettes and pushed them into the big hand. Then he got out a few matches and gave them to the man. "Here—smoke these for the night—"

"Live—you—young—" It was a soft, deep voice. It pronounced the word "live" as though it were stroking it. Tenderly, demandingly, enticingly and falsely. "Life—freedom—"

Freedom, Graeber thought. He began his rounds again. He listened to the front. The uproar was heavier. The first stars appeared. He felt himself dreadfully alone. The stall suddenly was no longer a prison that he was guarding; it was a cave that contained a soft, urgent voice, something that tugged and enticed and confused and was dangerous and threatened to transform him from a guard into a prisoner.

The front grew more restless. Graeber listened. The uproar increased. If they should break through, he thought. If the decision were taken from him!

AFTER midnight he knew a heavy battle was raging at the front. Big artillery shells were exploding far behind the lines. The attacking forces were not far from the village. Thunder rolled from horizon to horizon. He felt it in all his bones. He felt that it would soon reach him. And yet it seemed in a strange fashion to circle around him in a whirlwind of thunder and lightning, around the small dark building where the Russians crouched, as though amid all the destruction and death they had suddenly become the central point and of enormous importance, and as though everything depended on what happened to them.

He walked up and down. He approached the stall and went away; he felt the key in his pocket. He writhed in torment and confusion on his straw. And it was close to morning when he fell into a heavy, restless sleep.

The sky was gray when he started up. At the front, hell had broken loose. The artillery fire already lay above and beyond the village. He glanced toward the stall. The iron gate was in order. Behind it the Russians were moving. Then he saw Steinbrenner running up.

"Retreat!" Steinbrenner shouted. "The Russians have broken through. Assemble in the village. Quick! Take your stuff with you." He had come up to him now. "We'll polish off the fellows in there right away."

"Where is the order?" Graeber felt his heart beating violently.

"Order? Man, when you see how things are in the village you won't ask for orders. Leave it to me. We can take care of the Russians through the door. Hand grenades would do. But shooting is better."

STEINBRENNER'S eyes blazed very blue. His skin was drawn tight over the bridge of his nose. "No," Graeber said, "you have no orders."

Steinbrenner laughed. "I know my duty. I'll assume responsibility. Get going. I'll follow you."

"No," Graeber said firmly.

"No?" Steinbrenner glanced up. "No?" he repeated slowly. "Do you happen to know—"

"Yes, I know."

Steinbrenner's face changed. He reached for his revolver. Graeber lifted his gun and fired. Steinbrenner reeled and pitched forward. He gave a sigh like a child. The revolver fell from his hand.

Graeber stared at the body. A shell screamed over the garden. He walked to the stall, took the key out of his pocket, unlocked the door and opened it. "Go," he said.

The Russians looked at him. They did not believe him. He threw down his rifle. "Go, go!" he said impatiently, showing his empty hands.

Cautiously the younger man pushed his foot outside. Graeber turned away. He walked back to the place where Steinbrenner lay. "Murderer," he said, not knowing whom he meant. He stared at Steinbrenner. He felt nothing. "Murderer," he said once more, and meant Steinbrenner and himself and countless others.

Then suddenly his ideas began to come tumbling over one another. A stone seemed to have been rolled away. Something was decided forever. He no longer felt any substance. He had no weight. His head swam. He walked cautiously along the avenue of birches. Something of vast importance had to be done, but he could not hold onto it, not yet. Everything was still too far away and too new and so clear it hurt.

He saw the Russians. They were running bent over in a group with the women in front. He lifted his hand and called involuntarily. One of them glanced back and caught sight of him. All at once the man had a rifle in his hand. He lifted it and took aim. Graeber saw the black hole of the muzzle. It grew. He wanted to call out, in a loud voice, there was so much to say quickly and clearly—

He did not feel the shot. He only saw grass suddenly in front of him, a plant, close in front of his eyes, with a cluster of reddish stalks and delicate, narrow leaves. It grew larger—and this had happened once before—it wavered and then stood alone in front of the narrowed horizon of his sinking head, soundless, self-evident, with the solace of the tidiness of tiny things, with all peace; it grew larger until it blotted out the sky and his eyes closed.

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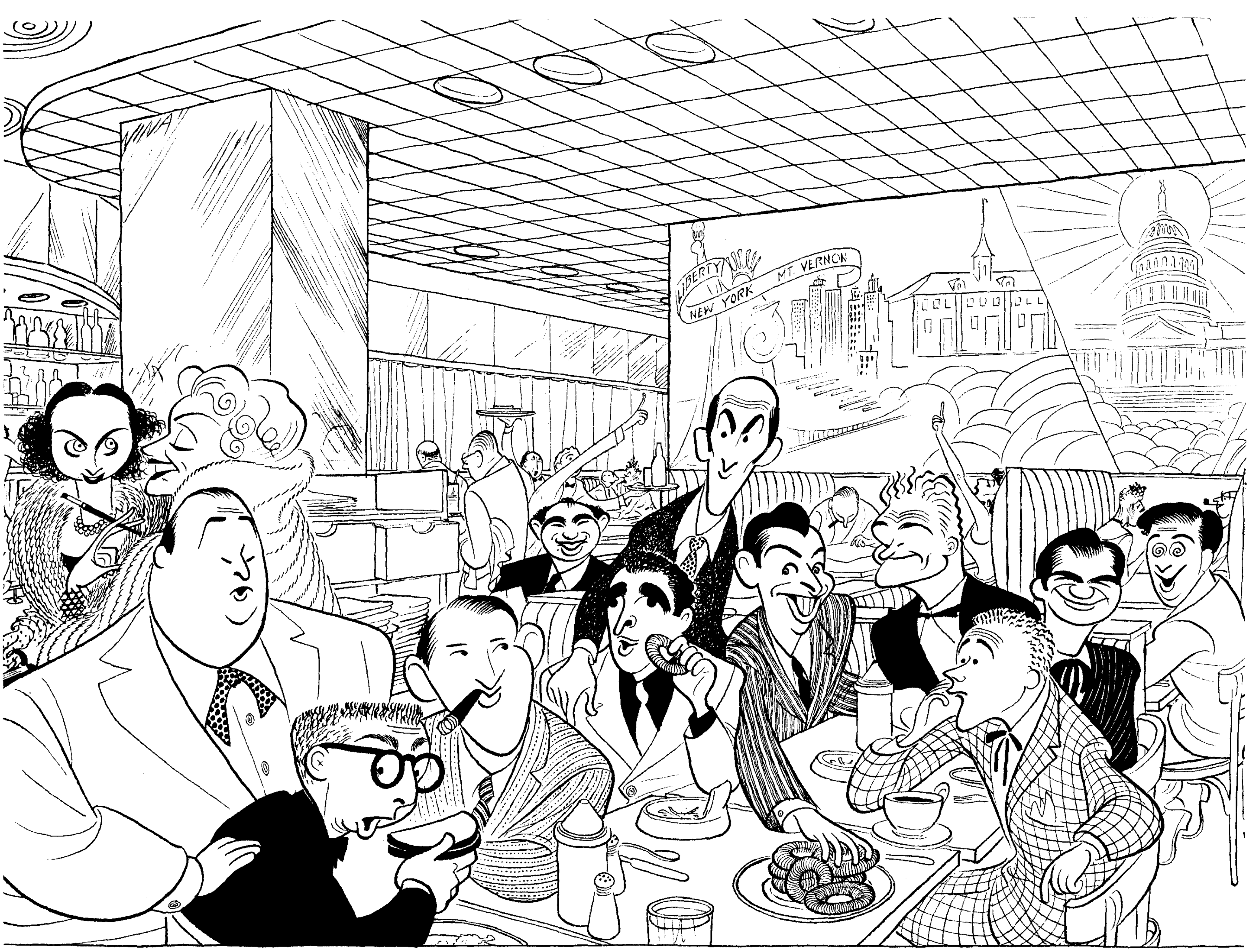


DOROTHY KILGALLEN MARLENE DIETRICH JULIE OSHINS BEN BLUE
JACK LEONARD HENNY YOUNGMAN PHIL FOSTER MILTON BERLE RED SKELTON JOEY ADAMS MOREY AMSTERDAM
ARNOLD STANG RED BUTTONS

The Comedians' YOCK

Top comics put on a continuous gag fest at Lindy's—and t

HANS KNOPF

Proprietor Leo Lindemann (seated), manager Hyman Heller (center) and assistant manager Albert Abend (r.) check delicacies with chefs

LINDY'S Restaurant on Broadway is famed for its sturgeon, its cheesecake and other delicacies. Yet without the comedians—famous and otherwise—who virtually live there, it would be just another good New York eating place. Lindy himself—Leo Lindemann—readily acknowledges this curious state of affairs. One evening he looked out over the crowd jamming the restaurant and observed: "There's nobody here tonight except people with money."

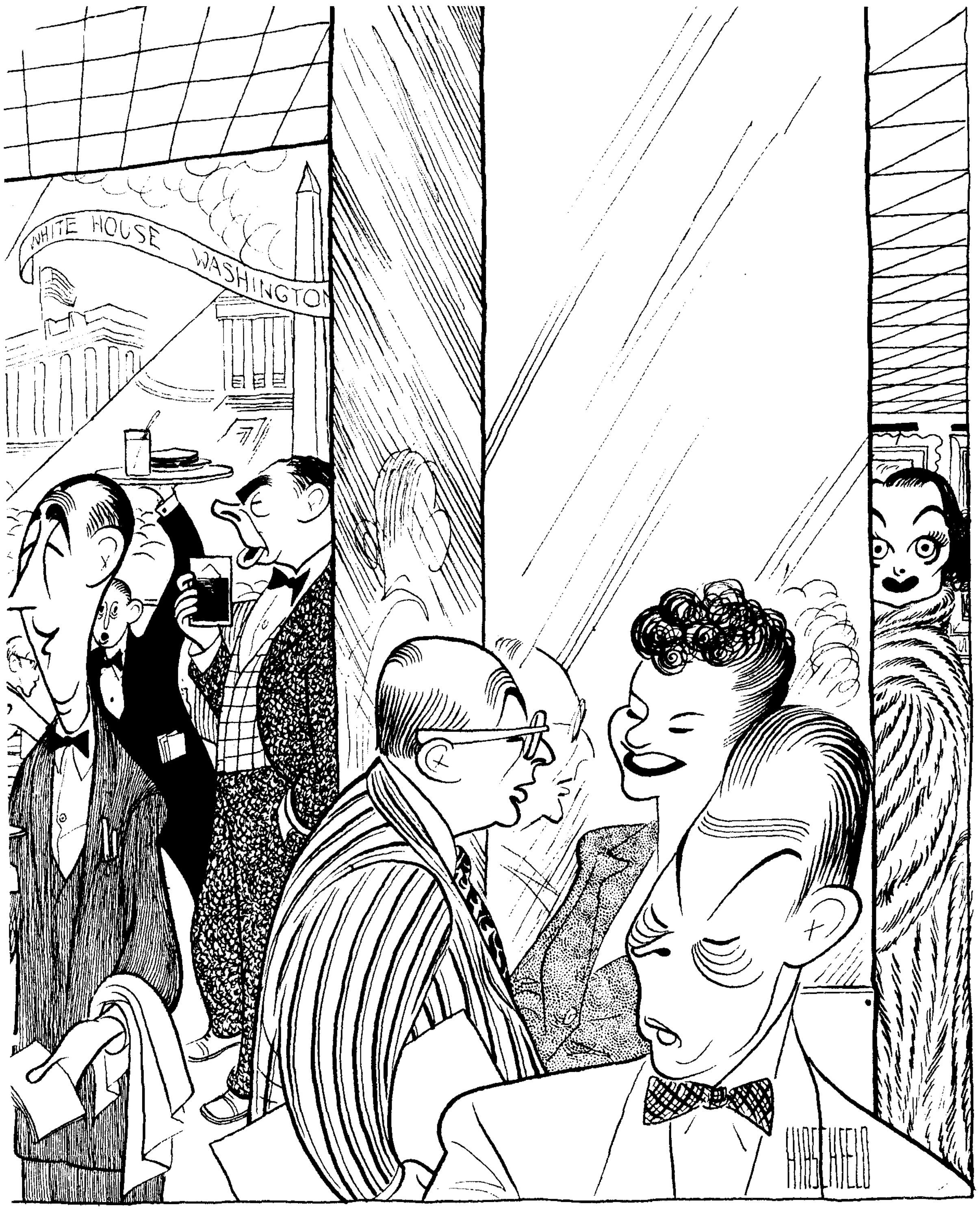
That condition doesn't prevail long or often. Stage, radio, television and night-club comics, gag writers, press agents, civilian (nonprofessional) wits, columnists and other Broadway hepsters gather there almost nightly for gag fests, usually in the early morning hours. They have made Lindy's a fabled storehouse of quip, legend and strange customs. They, that is, and the sardonic waiters who serve them.

Lindy's waiters meet the comics on their own ground. They dearly love to recite jokes to the professional funnymen—or, failing that, to top the pros' own verbal gems. One recent 3:00 A.M., a waiter fed a gag to Joey Adams, a big-time comic turned novelist and jokebook author.

"That one," Adams said with a yawn, "is in my book. Why don't you read it?"

"Why didn't you write it?" the waiter retorted with a faint sneer, and side-wheeled off to the kitchen.

Julie Oshins, another of the army of comedians who make Lindy's their club, yock exchange, show-



WAITER JAEGER JOE E. LEWIS LINDY PORTLAND AND FRED ALLEN JOAN CRAWFORD

Exchange

iters join in the fun

By MURRAY ROBINSON

off corner and psychiatrist's couch, calls it a "Why not?" restaurant. "No matter what you order," he explains, "your waiter always shrugs and asks, 'Why not?' "

Morey Amsterdam, a TV comic with a pixy turn of humor, once rustled up an interesting denouement to the "Why not?" bit. He said to a waiter, "Give me a Monte Cristo sandwich."

"Why not?" the waiter asked automatically. Then his pencil halted in mid-air. "Oops," he said. "A wha-at?"

"A Monte Cristo," said Amsterdam. Recalling the recipe from his youth in California, he explained: "Two slices of bread with chicken, ham and cheese. Dip it in a batter and fry like French toast."

"Nothing doing," the waiter said flatly. "The chef would give me with a cleaver."

The night manager, a pompous gent now in retirement, overheard the waiter's remark. He strolled over, anxious to please. "Kindly repeat your order," he said to Amsterdam. Other waiters gathered around.

"A Monte Cristo," the comic explained again patiently. "Two slices of bread, chicken, ham and cheese. Dip it in a batter and fry like French toast."

"Quiet, men," the manager ordered. He stepped back to get the support of a mirrored column, closed his eyes, spanned his forehead with one hand, and went into deep thought. Finally he opened his eyes and walked over to Amsterdam.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but the picture just doesn't come through."

Amsterdam settled for a pastrami sandwich.

Less fortunate in an encounter with a waiter were Joey Adams and Al Kelly, the hilarious double-talk artist who works with him on the stage. The waiter stood before them, pencil poised over his pad. "I'll have some thrustren fribble, not too well done, y'understand, with some franstrins on the side," Kelly double-talked. "Oh, yes, and some climpstra for dessert."

The waiter made some passes at his pad and turned to Adams.

"I'll have the same as my friend," Adams said smugly.

"Why not?" said the waiter. "Coming right up."

"That," Adams told me ruefully later, "was the last we saw of him that night. We tried to get other waiters, but they all gave us, 'This ain't my station.' We never did get served."

The Fine Art of Eye-Table-Hopping

One of the more curious customs of the comics who take over Lindy's after midnight might be called eye-table-hopping. Adams recalls he was sitting with a friend near the door one night when Milton Berle strode in. "I'll bet you that if Berle stops here on his way to his table, he won't hear a word of what I'm saying to him," Adams told his companion.

Berle did stop. He rubbed the back of Adams's neck in friendly fashion and asked, "Joey, boy, how're they coming?" As he spoke, his eyes roamed the U-shaped room.

Adams groaned. "Couldn't be worse, Miltie," he replied. "I got canceled out of Chicago, I wrecked the car, my uncle died and I need an operation."

"Wonderful, Joey baby, wonderful," Berle said absently. After giving Adams a final pat, he set off for his own table, his eyes still searching the room.

Berle meant no discourtesy; he was merely absorbed at the moment in table-hopping with his eyes. Berle, like his fellow comics, wants to keep tabs on who's in town and who's with whom. None of Lindy's regulars likes to miss a single episode in the continuous matzoth-ball soup opera in progress there.

A successful comic, I was told, finds table-hopping with his eyes also useful in registering triumph over a sulking foe, in doing a bit of telepathic social climbing by eye-contacting a big movie producer, in encouraging an ambitious youngster or an embittered old-timer.

The obscure little funnyman "looking for a Saturday"—scouting for a week-end job—eye-table-hops even more avidly. He hopes to catch the eye of someone, almost anyone, at another table and get a nod or a smile of recognition in return. "Away from Lindy's," one such comic told me, "a person could die of anonymity. In Lindy's you can feel you're part of Broadway. You get some recognition just being there. Big men like Fred Allen and Ben Blue nod back at you, even if they don't know you. It gives you a lift."

Lindy's has been the mecca of show-business stars and their fans since 1921, when Lindemann and his wife, Clara, opened their first store on the east side of Broadway, between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets. Al Jolson gave it a big boost by telling his audiences at the nearby Winter Garden Theater: "If you want wonderful sandwiches, follow me after the show, folks. I'll be at Lindy's."

That original Lindy store—as Lindemann calls it—is still open, but its regular patrons are mainly staid Broadway businessmen and aging Main Stem characters dreaming nostalgically of the Roaring Twenties. The present-day comics "hang" in the new Lindy's, on the northwest corner of Broadway and Fifty-first Street. It was opened in 1930 and enlarged in 1939.

There the laughing boys show off when successful, brood over failure, waver between the urge to get off a good line and the fear someone will steal it, cut one another to pieces with words, and spar with the waiters and civilian hecklers.

Do the comics trust one another? Well, yes and no. Early one morning, I heard one of them say

DRAWING BY AL HIRSCHFELD

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Milton Berle takes a ribbing good-naturedly on hi

about a colleague who had just stepped inside the door: "I haven't talked to that guy in 15 years. If I do, I'll say something clever—and he'll steal it."

On the other hand, Henny Youngman, one of the most steadily employed comics of all time, tries out his gags on his Lindy co-sitters. He gives them to the boys fast, too, the way he delivers his stuff to the public. For example:

"Kid goes to his old man and says, 'Pop, what's faster, a horse or a bus?' Old man says, 'A bus, of course.' So the kid says, 'So how come you bet on horses?' "

Here another Lindy custom should be explained. A member of the Lindy set would rather be caught reading Joe Miller's Jokebook than laughing out loud at a gag. That stamps a party as a real square. At the same time, a Broadway hepster must show he gets the gag. How does he do it?

Well, he looks the fellow who told the story squarely in the eye and if the gag was good, says, dead-pan: "FunNEE!", or "Mur-DER!" If the gag was exceptionally good, he slaps the table with his open hand. The number of slaps rates the joke.

A real yock sets Lindy comics to slapping away like so many nudists in a New Jersey camp at mosquito time.

Too Many Guys Playing Francis

Comedians are sensitive souls. They say wistfully that they're the only performers whom certain segments of the public treat with something short of respect. "Too many guys," one of them complained recently, "take their cue from Francis on the Berle TV show."

Francis is the utterly unimpressed little stagehand played by Arnold Stang, a brilliant comic in his own right, who keeps sneering at Berle: "Big man! Milton Boil! Big man!" Some of the Lindy civilians have been playing the Francis bit with the star comics for years.

One morning a few months ago, a civilian of Francis' general appearance tried acting the part while Berle was having a go at Lindy's blintzes with Red Skelton, Mrs. Berle and Mrs. Skelton. Berle promptly tapped the rude stranger on the head with a tray before a full house of lesser comics table-hopping madly with their eyes.

This routine didn't follow the TV script, in which Francis always struts off with a win over the frustrated star. But it got Berle and Skelton on page one the next day, so the adventure was a practical, if not an artistic success. The incident moved Jan Murray, another TV comic and a bosom pal of Berle, to heckle him with a phone call the next day. "I'm off you for good, Miltie," he said. "When you're in Lindy's with me, you're Little Lord Fauntleroy. But when you're with Skelton, you make sure you get in the papers!"

The popularity of Lindy's among the comics and other famous folk makes it a mecca for autograph seekers. Most of them visit the restaurant during the afternoon and evening in family groups. Red Buttons was dining there one evening, and he saw a woman pushing a little boy in his direction. The kid was clutching a piece of paper—obviously for an autograph.

"You know the gentleman's name?" the woman asked as she shoved the boy ahead. There was no answer. "It's Red Buttons," she said, "you know, the funnyman on television." By now the boy was at Buttons' table. "Go ahead, doll," the proud mama urged. "Tell Mr. Buttons what you want."

"I want ice cream!" the kid howled.

The comics don't mind the usual run of autograph hunters; they bolster the comedians' ego. But another group seems to take over after midnight. They get overly familiar with the funnymen and wound their pride. The comics have a word for these annoying citizens—"Indians."

"One of these Indians will walk up to a comic, shove a menu under his nose, and snarl, 'Here, sign this!' " Julie Oshins says. "Then he'll add, 'Personally, I think you're lousy, but I got to get your autograph for the nephew. He's in the dopey class.' "

Phil Foster, a night-club and TV comic who's been "living" in Lindy's for years when in New York, told me of a spell when the Indians were especially rough on the comics. He made a bet with Oshins that he could get them off his suffering colleagues' necks.

"We wagered our usual 'million dollars,' " Foster recalled, thus revealing another quaint custom of the Lindy set. "This was a mind bet, not a cent cash. As a matter of fact, I 'owe' Oshins two million bucks and Fat Jack Leonard 'owes' me four million, at last count. It's a form of escapism, I guess."

After making the bet with Oshins, Foster said, he left Lindy's and picked up a few of his Brooklyn cronies along Broadway. He took them to a nearby drugstore, applied make-up and marched them into Lindy's. He demanded the "Berle Table"—the honor table front and center as you come in the door—and started calling his guests "Mr. Peck," "Mr. Mature" and "Mr. Gable."

"In no time," Foster related, "the pests were deserting the comics and crowding my table for autographs. They got them, too—signed 'Irving Peck,' 'Sam Mature' and 'Max Gable.' "

Bing's Friend From the Bronx

Bing Crosby once got a different kind of jolt from a stranger in Lindy's. Crosby felt someone tap his shoulder and heard him say: "I'll bet you don't remember me, eh, Bing?" Crosby looked at him and had to say he didn't.

"From the Bronx, remember?" the stranger went on. "You did a benefit for my lodge five years ago. *Now* you remember?"

"Sure, sure," the Groaner said hurriedly. "I remember now."

The man looked at Bing reproachfully. "I told everybody in my lodge then that you'd go places, be a big star," he said heavily. "Bing—what *happened?*"

In recent years, styles have changed in the tight little world of the comics. No longer are wildly padded shoulders, polo coats by Omar the Tentmaker and suède shoes the symbols of success. The funnymen now try to dress like advertising-agency executives—in charcoal-gray suits, pin collars and dark ties.

The comedians appear to have taken their cue from Berle, who has long reigned as king of the Lindy set. Time was when Berle made a production of his entrance. He was usually accom-

COLLIER'S *"All right* already!!!" STAN FINE panied by a half-dozen stooges, one of whom, tradition has it, had no other duty but to carry his box of cigars. His party always occupied the Berle Table.

In the recent past, however, Berle has been passing up his big table in front and taking a booth behind it. Other theatrical celebrities—for example, Marlene Dietrich and Joan Crawford—also are escorted to this section which might be called the "Winner's Circle." By established custom, comics "looking for a Saturday" don't get to sit there.

Comics who fall just short of the Berle–Danny-Kaye–Phil-Silvers category congregate at tables to the left of the street door. Back of them, toward the bar, sit the lesser performers. This whole sector has been dubbed "Hollywood & Vine," after the famed Hollywood street corner, by Jaeger, top banana among Lindy's waiters and unofficial geographer of the establishment. (Jaeger's first name is Sam, but no one calls him that.)

Jaeger refers to the rear left half of the restaurant as "Oshkosh," and J. Edgar Hoover, a Lindy regular when he's in New York, usually sits there to avoid the limelight. The right rear half, Jaeger calls "Dixie." On this side of the store Lindy hung his fine collection of paintings. The booths under them—set aside for affluent theatrical figures, music moguls and prominent people like the TV panelist and Broadway columnist Dorothy Kilgallen—are referred to as "Fort Knox." Near the bakery-goods counter, to the right of the entrance door and past the hat-check concession, is the Damon Runyon Corner, where the late author used to sit with his friends.

Naturally, Hollywood & Vine is the center of eye-table-hopping. It is also the haven of a number of comic prodigies who seldom work.

Why Some Comics Miss Out

Jack Kelly, a TV and recording pianist who has been a regular at Lindy's for years, offers this explanation: "Comics who please other comics don't work. Some of the sharpest wits in the Lindy set miss out with the public because they're too 'trady.' Only other comics dig them. They're called 'inside men' because they're successful only in their own circle."

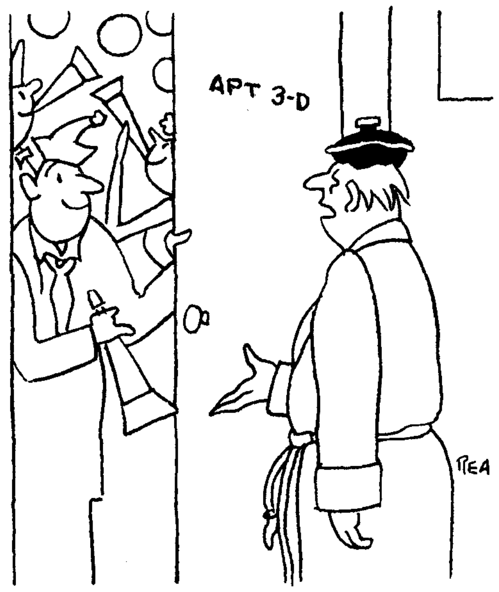
The big exception is Jack E. Leonard, a 350-pound comic with whom other reputedly fast thinkers hesitate to trade insults because he invariably tops them. Leonard is a big money-maker in the night clubs—and he uses the sharpest needle in the trade.

One morning Leonard became annoyed with a fellow comic's gag-fumbling and snapped: "For the last one, I think you deserve a nice little round —of artillery."

Introducing Benny Fields, the veteran "Minstrel Man" of vaudeville, Leonard said: "I want you to meet the Mel Tormé of the Rock Ages."

To a TV standout who was trying unsuccessfully to match gibes with him, Leonard growled: "You got a great mind. Too bad it hasn't gone to your head, like your money." And when Red Buttons kept picking away at him during one session, Fat Jack snapped: "Red, I need you like another belly."

Jack Zero, a completely bald ancient of the comedy dodge, is one of the noncommercial wits of the Lindy set. Like so many other hardy perennial layoffs, Zero ("They named me after my salary," he says) seems to leave his fight in the gym—Lindy's, in this case.



"Ed Bixley's the name. Apartment next door. I just dropped over to see if I could borrow a bit of ice"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Early one morning, when a brash new comic swaggered into Lindy's fresh from reported success in a Las Vegas night club, Zero said: "That bum couldn't even make the winners laugh."

A night-club owner remarked to Zero he'd just hired a certain comic as his master of ceremonies. "Now," said Zero, "hire me as interpreter."

He delights in recalling that Berle fired him from his theater act because he ad-libbed. "I used to walk down the center aisle," he recalls, "while Milton made some crack about my bald head. I felt I was in a rut, so I ad-libbed: I walked down a different aisle."

Mickey Freeman, much younger than Zero but still a veteran, is another Lindy flipster given to greater drolleries at a table than on a stage or night-club floor.

One morning, he brought a stranger to Hollywood & Vine—Leslie Nielsen, a TV actor who had just appeared on a show dealing with the conquest of Mount Everest. "He just came from a job in the mountains," Freeman explained. The explanation made Nielsen one of the boys; to them, there's only one "mountains"—the Catskills, whose resort hotels enable them to scratch out a livelihood in the summer.

Another day, Freeman wanted a waiter to bring a fresh supply of an exceptionally good batch of bread. He tossed the waiter a slice of it and said: "Here's a swatch. Try to match it."

Most of the week-end and lodge-date comics are convinced they're every bit as good as the lions in the business. When Joe E. Lewis, one of the best of the night-club comics, walked in one night en route to the bar (he's one of the few stars in the Lindy firmament who drink), a smalltimer said bitterly: "I tell the same jokes he does—only *he* gets $10,000 a week for them!"

And Freeman, talking about another comic bigger than himself physically, said: "I can do everything he does—only he does it taller."

Big or small, the comics can't stay away from Lindy's. I once met Lew Parker there just after he returned from three years in London. "I used to dream of the sturgeon and cheesecake while I was over there," he said, and then added, "I'm gonna sit here and eat for three solid hours."

"Cousins" Can't Help

Fist fighting and flagrant table-hopping are taboo in Lindy's, and there's a sizable black list of violators. "Once a man has been barred," Lindemann says, "he's out for good, in spite of how many cousins come forward for him." He explained a cousin is a special pleader.

Lindy comics seldom get into real battles. Their fist fighting is about on a par with that of ballplayers, which means nobody gets hurt.

Phil Foster once got into a hassel with the Lindy management and betook himself into voluntary exile. He ate next door—but accepted telephone calls in Lindy's, and he would even send a waiter into the "enemy" camp to bring him some of its famous cheesecake.

No report on life at Lindy's is complete without mention of characters like those with which Damon Runyon peopled "Mindy's," fictionalized version of the fabled eatery, in his stories for Collier's. These are the horse players, touts, gamblers and schemers who abound everywhere along Broadway; and they, too, are comics—in their own way.

When the old Lindy's closes at 1:00 A.M., a few of the old guard drift over to the new place to extend their sitting-up exercises until lights-out at 4:00 A.M. They sit as far as possible from the noisy comics and the Berle Table —away back in "Dixie."

One morning while I was whiling away the predawn hours in Lindy's, I saw a small group of Runyonesque characters engaged in earnest conversation. As I moved closer, I overheard a typical example of what Broadway wise guys talk about at 3:00 A.M.

"Nothing can beat a lion," one of them growled. "Not even a elephant."

"For how much?" another asked. "In my book, a elephant is a spread over a lion."

"So how come the lion is called king of the jungle?" a third demanded. The scientific argument waxed hotter. Finally, the boys decided to put the matter up to a beefy gent in a corner booth. From their respectful tones, it was obvious he was the troop's umpire and sage.

The arbiter stopped chewing potato pancake, sucked his teeth, and pondered for a moment.

His decision was firm. "The elephant is the winner," he proclaimed. "One hit with the elephant's nose, and the *lying* is dead."

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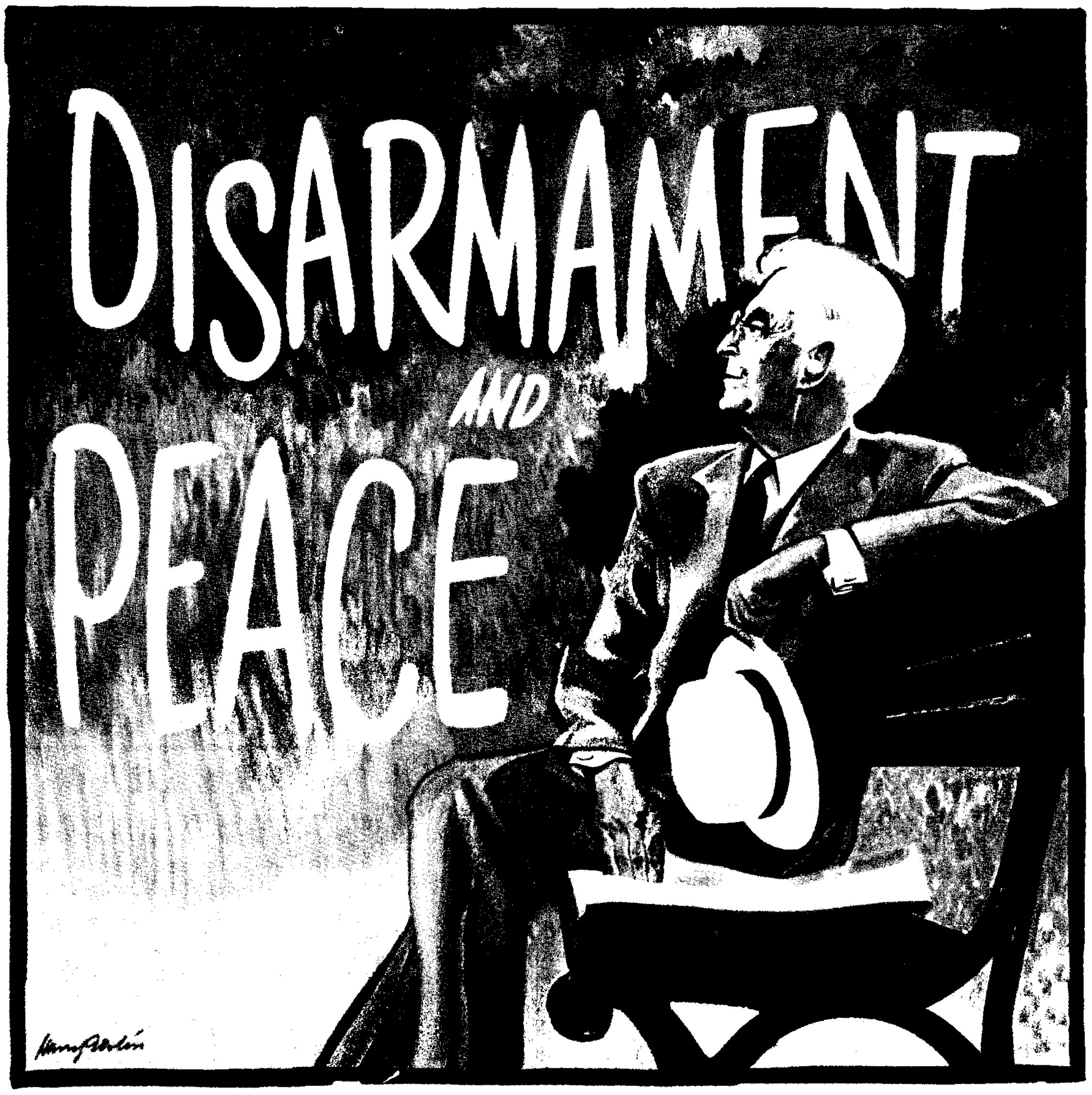


HARRY DEVLIN

"The Challenge of Our Time"

AT EIGHTY-THREE, Bernard M. Baruch is not only a wise but a hopeful man. Perhaps he is not an optimist. But perhaps, too, it takes more courage to be hopeful than to be optimistic. At any rate, his long years of intimate contact with government and politics have left him neither cynical nor hypercritical. He is not a carping oldster who complains that the "young fellows" in charge aren't running the government properly. He is a realist who lives in the present, and who can look with courage at the noisy ruckuses and the deeper, direr perils of our life today.

We think the country is lucky to have Mr. Baruch around. And we reaffirmed that opinion after reading a recent talk which he gave to students of his alma mater, the College of the City of New York. "I have never believed," Mr. Baruch said, "that man had to lie down dumbly before anything, whether flood, fire, famine, disease, drought, earthquake, or the effects of man's own stupidity—including that most incredible folly of all—war. Still, I do not believe that one can ignore economic or natural laws without paying for it."

Mr. Baruch's views coincide so closely with our own that we are taking the liberty of quoting some other of his pertinent observations out of context. He called attention, for example, to "how inexpensive it would have been to have prevented Hitler from breaking loose, compared to the cost of the last war and what has happened since." More currently, he cited the problem of Indochina, where "for seven years we let the war . . . drag on and suddenly we are called upon to act in desperation."

As regards atomic energy, he expressed his consciousness of its latent potentialities for peaceful use, but cautioned that first "one must put a controlling chain on its possible diversion to destructive purposes. . . . If there is to be peace, we and the Soviets must come to some disarmament agreement. But it must be a program of relative disarmament, which balances what one nation gives up against what others keep." And, later in his speech, he made this inescapable point: "There is one luxury that none of us can afford—wishful thinking in regard to the Soviet government."

Mr. Baruch, it should be remembered, was speaking as the man who was America's first representative to the UN Atomic Energy Commission. In that post he presented the practical and logical proposal for international inspection and control of the military uses of atomic energy—a proposal which the Soviets rejected. He has seen their repeated rejections since then. He must be as keenly aware as anyone of the Soviets' capabilities in the field of nuclear weapons. Yet he wisely and bravely counsels that man need not "lie down dumbly" before any actual or possible catastrophe.

A couple of issues ago we expressed on this page the hope that since the United States would not conceivably have dropped the atomic bombs on Japan without assurance that the enemy did not have the same weapon, then Russia would hesitate to use today's more powerful weapons on this country for fear of enormous retaliation. We think that the point is valid. But we are also heedful of Mr. Baruch's warning that danger lies in overconfidence and in wishful thinking as regards Russia.

Our scientists can perform prodigious and frightening miracles. But their miracles can be exaggerated and over-relied upon. For they have not, as James Reston of The New York Times aptly put it, "found the answer to the disturbingly unscientific question of how to prevent war."

The most urgent present need is for firm leadership and astute diplomacy in our government, and unity among the people—not bigger H-bombs. And as the country's political fever rises in anticipation of the fall elections, it will be well for both the candidates and the voters to realize that all else is secondary to the efforts to prevent further wars and to settle present conflicts. Balanced budgets and lower taxes, desirable as they are, may have to wait. Lesser issues, though they capture the attention and the headlines, will have to do likewise. Our nation's economic and military strength must be maintained, of course, but always in the primary interest of attaining a position of power from which we can negotiate for peace and disarmament.

To return, finally, to Mr. Baruch's speech: "I think it can be said that this is the dominant yearning of our time—to be freed of these cyclic spasms which have characterized man's history up to now.

"This is the challenge of our time.

"This is the crisis of our time."

That is not rhetoric, but fact. The "disturbingly unscientific question of how to prevent war" must be answered through skill and will and strength if the challenge of our time is to be met and the threatening crisis averted.

Political Primer

CANDIDATE

He makes a lot of promises
That irk the doubting Thomases.
The guileless, on the other hand,
Think everything he says is grand.

THE INS

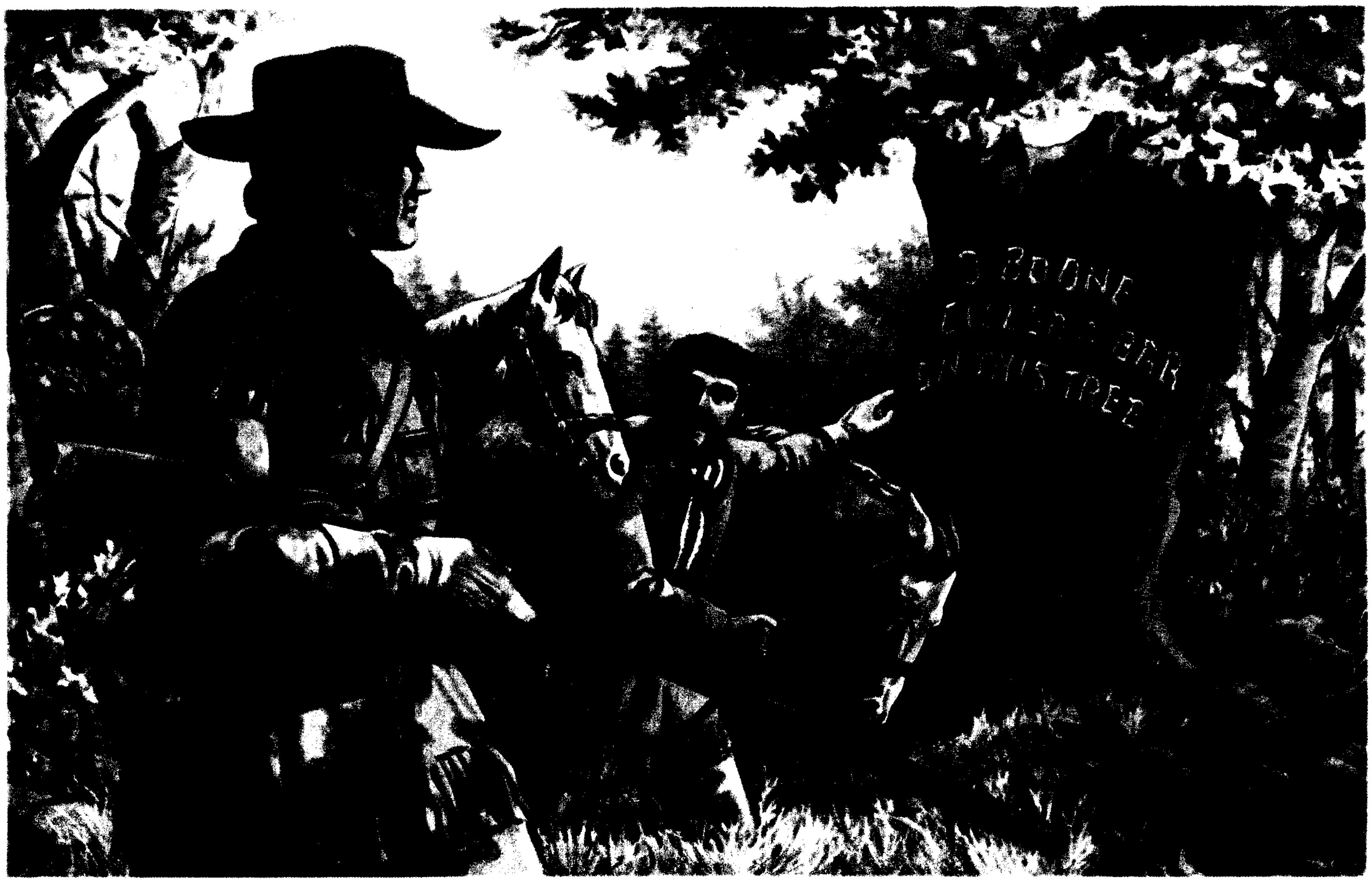
Whate'er we do
Is good for you.

THE OUTS

Pardon our full-throated shout:
"Turn the dirty rascals out!"

CAMPAIGN

A good excuse to talk about
the virtues of Abe Lincoln,
Or Mr. Thomas Jefferson,
according to your thinkin'.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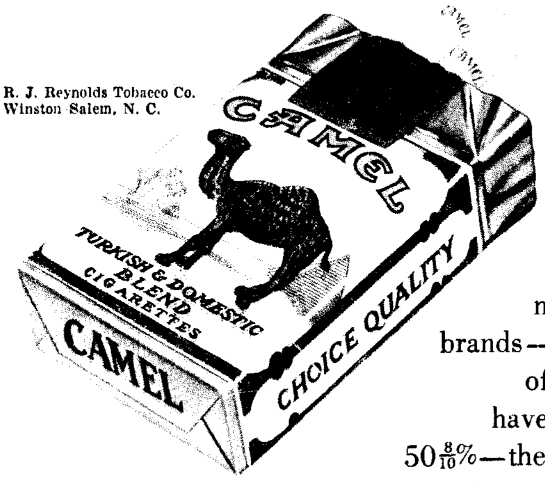

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